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METHODIST REVIEW

(BIMONTHLY)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

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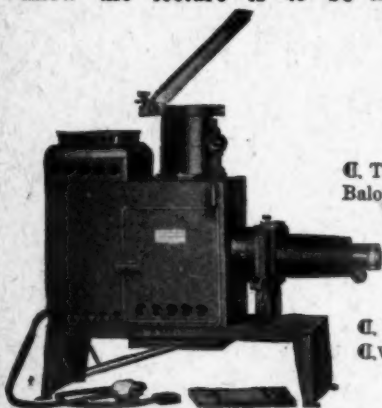
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METHODIST REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1916

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY was distinctively an Indianian, and Indiana remains to this day distinctively American. There is a sense in which Riley was the most thoroughly localized of all our great poets. Longfellow, born in Maine, went to Massachusetts. Lowell, born in Massachusetts, spent eleven years abroad as United States Minister to Spain and England. Whittier, born in Massachusetts, early entered editorial work at Hartford, Connecticut, and issued his first book of verses from that place, while he died in New Hampshire. But Riley was born and lived and died in Indiana. His departures from that State were only brief excursions. The influences of one commonwealth played upon his life from the cradle to the grave. It is no wonder that he was called The Hoosier Poet.

Yet it is only fair to say that he was simply the premier of a group, even as it is only just to say that the adjective "Hoosier" above does not in his case indicate the provincial. Comment is often made upon the literary development of the last quarter of a century in Indiana. Sometimes it is even affirmed that in a democracy the literary center is prone to stay near the center of population. This may be technical, yet it has its meaning. The New England poets arrived when their section had grown into a cohesiveness and before it had been flooded by immigration. They emerged from a certain unity of life. Something of the same condition obtains in Indiana. That State has a singular unity. As yet it has no big problem of assimilation of new peoples. What might be called a "common consciousness" is notable. It is

not an accident that, while other States are named for geographical points, or for animals, or for vegetables, Indiana gets its name from a human quality! Nor shall I be misunderstood if I affirm that her Americanism is rather sterling. Within her bounds people do not pay more for goods merely because they are "imported." They do not apologize either for the State seal or for the Stars and Stripes. Whitcomb Riley was the product of this spirit, and in season he became its exponent.

His early career suggests the troubadour, minus the mediæval dress and the straining for "striking stanzaic forms." The medicine wagon and the sign painter's ladder may not be the most dignified platforms, but Riley did not repudiate them. He and his friends knew well that these roving occupations gave the life of the Middle West a chance to flow in upon him in free and unconventional ways. The human nature that he met along the highways might have an Indiana setting, but it had the universal heart. It is interesting here to note the defeat of mere geography. Henry Watterson says that a railway yardmaster, who had known Riley as the artist that had marked and numbered the box-cars, said proudly, "Riley, sir! Jim Riley, sir! Why, sir, do you know that Jim Riley's got to be one of the best poets in Hancock County, sir?" But the Hancock Poet became duly The Hoosier Poet and was directly recognized as The Human Poet. He spoke in such language of loving insight that the universal heart was made to say, "How hear we every man in his own tongue wherein we were born?" The world claimed him, putting him in the Encyclopedia Britannica and in its "Best Literature," but he remained proudly and lovingly Indianian to the end. The dream that has carried so many literary men to New York never visited him. "Lockerbie Street" was better than Broadway.

His later pictures give a fairly correct idea of his appearance, allowing, of course, that

"The form and color of a mind and life"

never do quite get into a portrait. He was the perfection of neatness. His face was marvelously mobile and quickly responded to his moods. In his early life he wore a bristling mustache, to

conceal what he regarded as an upper lip of extraordinary length. Eye-glasses are supposed to be nonconductors of feeling, but *he* really looked at *you* through those lenses. His companionship paid no heed to ordinary barriers. He was the best public reader I have ever heard. He was painfully nervous over his appearance before an audience, and he never really conquered stage-fright. He told me, after one of his latest appearances in the English Opera House at a benefit gathering, that for a few moments he utterly forgot the poem he was to recite, saw a blue funnel writhingly extended toward the door, and felt just like casting himself upon that imaginary element and swimming to an escape! Then he confessed to the audience that he had "a bad case of buck fever," and the laughter that ensued gave him back his self-control. Nor did he recite his own poems exclusively. His mimicry of the pseudo-scientist who talked to the school children about the "Pea-nut" was excruciatingly funny, while his description of the dense man trying to tell the story of the soldier who had his leg shot away, and whose head was likewise shot off unknown to his Irish comrade, his carrier, made you plead for relief from over-laughter. He could repeat the lines of "Out to Old Aunt Mary's" until you heard the bubbling of the spring, felt the cool of the green house, and caught the tone of the dear one whom the cypress trees could never hide from the gaze of love. You queried why one who could read so well was so timid about it all; and some felt that the backwardness was somewhat assumed. Granted that he knew that an audience was not fond of the confident speaker who jabbed the minds of his hearers, so to speak, with his elbows, I am still persuaded that public speech with him was a grave trial.

He had a genius for friendship. Many have already arisen to claim intimacy with him. Friends of some of these claimants may be prone to smile and to deem that they have found other examples of the presumptuous who parade friendship with the great. The tributes that have appeared since his death have often made claims of friendship with Mr. Riley. Doubtless the claims are just. He did bring many persons into his inner circle, and this not so much because his social nature was adroit as because it was roomy. Still he was not a man with whom you could be overly

familiar. There are great natures, like that of Phillips Brooks, who never seem able to conquer a reserve. You never quite reach the deeper places. Perhaps this explains why they never marry. Like Brooks, Riley was a bachelor. There were many guesses as to a possible romance in each life, yet I have never met any person who was taken into the confidence of either man in this sacred respect. Approach to Riley was not difficult. He sought you out, especially if he felt that you were doing something for Indiana! He quickly discovered the people that were "human." He made these people his own, whether in real life or in books. After several hearty meetings with him I received from him one day by messenger a beautiful copy of *The Book of Joyous Children* inscribed with his own artistic penmanship as follows: "To Edwin H. Hughes. With hale Hoosier greetings of his friend, James Whitcomb Riley." Being much interested in the fact that our home was liberally supplied with children, he wrote lower on the page a quotation from "The Hired Man,"

"I believe *all* children's good—
Ef they're only understood."

His handwriting was a delight, being letter-perfect. The capitals were minor works of art. You felt, after getting a letter from him, that you would never write hastily and poorly again!

The essential kindness that expressed itself in his friendships touched his poems with its own peculiar quality. The man seemed to be friends with everybody. He has no mean characters. If one such must enter his pages for purposes of contrast the drama of villainy is brief. He did not caricature humanity. I have sometimes thought that it was this characteristic that kept him from having much to do with politics. Indiana, being long both a pivotal and a doubtful State, has some plain-speaking campaigns. Vigorous condemnations are hurled from the political platforms. In all this *mêlée* the poet was a man apart. In this regard he was not a Hoosier. When he wrote his delightful verses about the Congressman who was visited at the national capitol by his old-time friend, he did not see the Congressman as a politician, but as a neighbor. It is said that he seldom voted—a neglect of which it

is difficult to approve. I cannot recall that in any of my conversations with him he discussed politics for even a moment. Indeed, I doubt whether it would have been possible for him to be a partisan save from the standpoint of a positive affection. The antagonistic element, so largely absent from his poems, was also largely absent from his inner attitude. Literary critics have already said, and doubtless will continue to say, that Whitcomb Riley was a onesided poet in that he failed to portray the evil side of human nature. His friends will declare that he would not resent being known as the Poet of Life's Good Things.

Probably it was this kindly optimism that made him such a servant of Indiana's reputation. Eggleston's work, *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, had not exalted the State in the estimate of other peoples who did not know that the references were to a limited period and to a limited section. If any misunderstanding had been created by this book Riley lifted it and set Indiana aright. He did not seem to picture a class, but a person, and yet all the while the virtues of the person went to the credit of the class. Moreover, he never construed limitations into vulgarities. The ungrammatical man was not necessarily the unintelligent man. One felt that Riley loved the persons that suggested his own literary creations. Not from the seat of the scornful did he regard them. Some great writers have "looked down" on their characters; one searches Riley's pages in vain for any mean condescension.

The report is that he was ambitious to be more than a dialect poet. If the matter be stated in this form the report is true. This must not be taken to mean, however, that he wished to blot out his dialect verse.

Mr. Riley was in a peculiar sense the poet of the children. One writer has shrewdly said of him that the women forgave him for being an old bachelor because he made his peace with them through the children! The statement is, of course, scarcely serious. While the heart of womankind would naturally be warmed toward the poet by reason of his contributions to the literature of childhood, that heart would be won, as well, by some poems where woman stands in her own right of wifehood. "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" and "When She Comes Home" are

winsome examples. At the same time Riley is one of the pre-eminent poets of the little people. It is too early yet to compare him in this regard with Eugene Field. We must wait for the test of time with its furnishing of perspective. Yet after Riley's death the papers instinctively seized upon his picture amid the romping children as his most characteristic representation. He sits there clad in a dressing gown, evidently just coming back from his serious illness, the playful smile upon his expressive face as he forms the center of that lively group. Still, in one way, I think that this picture is scarcely correct. The poet's understanding of children was, in my mind, not so much a matter of association as of memory. He did not mingle with children as much as many imagine. But his memory of his own childhood and of his own childhood companions was vivid. He told me once that he had a perfectly detailed memory of his own boyhood, reaching back to his very early years, and that he entered sympathetically into the life of childhood in the present day through the gateway of that memory. In this his own self-analysis was true. One has but to read his poems of boyhood, with their peculiarly rural touch, to understand that the observations of Lockerbie Street did not supply their material. But the heart of childhood being always much the same his memory gave him an accurate entry into the joys and sorrows of the wee people.

It was for this reason that teachers felt that he was their colleague. A signal illustration of this occurred in December, 1905. It is the more interesting here because its recital has not been given in any of the articles that the poet's death has evoked. In that year the writer hereof had been honored with the presidency of the Indiana State Teachers' Association. When the president and his Executive Committee planned for the "big" event of the annual meeting the suggestion was made by Mr. B. F. Moore, now Superintendent of Public Schools at Muncie, Indiana, a high-minded gentleman and a loyal and serviceable Methodist Episcopal layman, that we secure the presence of Mr. Riley at a tribute meeting to himself. It was a most delicate program, and we well knew that it would be no easy thing to secure the poet's presence as the self-conscious center of such an hour. By dint of persua-

sions many, and of promises not a few that the speakers would observe all proper limitations, Mr. Riley finally agreed to accept the courtesy of the teachers of his State. The addresses of the day were delivered by Senator Albert J. Beveridge, Charles R. Williams, editor of the Indianapolis News, Meredith Nicholson, and Henry Watterson, while musical monologues of several of Mr. Riley's poems were rendered by Mrs. Hugh McGibeny. A brief and modest response was made by the poet himself. That occasion was crowded with thrills. Tomlinson Hall was filled to overflowing. Members of the association who had paid the regular dues were admitted. As a result the membership leaped to unprecedented numbers. The speeches of the day were all published by D. C. Heath & Company, under the guidance of their Indiana representative, Mr. E. R. Smith. I do not hesitate to say that the literature called forth by Mr. Riley's death has not surpassed in power of interpretation, nor in delicacy of expression, the words found in this little book, of a limited and private circulation. Number one was given to Mr. Riley himself. Number two was given to me, and is proudly kept as a souvenir. Beneath my name on its inscription page Mr. Riley has himself written,

"He strikes—as long as the wrong resists—
With a knuckled faith and force-like fists."

Perhaps in some of the Young Men's Christian Association meetings held in the English Opera House, when Mr. Riley always sat in the box on my left and listened to my words, he saw some evidences of what he regarded as righteous pugnacity!

That teachers' tribute meeting had a personal result of some interest. I had written Mr. Riley an expression of appreciation for his presence and participation on such a beautifully embarrassing occasion. I had received from him a copy of Meredith Nicholson's poems and had responded with a second letter of gratitude. I then received a letter from Mr. Riley which will be reproduced here in fac simile. It gives many of his characteristics—his heartiness, his unconventional ways, his eccentric punctuation, his artistic penmanship, his generous attitude toward fellow authors, his rural figures of speech, his social heart.

June 6,
1906

Dr. Edwin H. Hughes -

Dear Dr. Hughes

It's a hearty, wholesome message
you send a fellow. I thank goodness
plenty for it. Mr. Nicholson, will be
likewise pleased with the welcome
you accord his poems, - for, verily,
his poems are poems, and of such
spirit and uplift at times as will ever
pull a brother = port starward. Mark
"A Prayer of the Hill-Country", "The Heart of
the English", "In the Great Pastures", &c. &c.

Your work flourishes: I can hear
you growing, like a field of corn after
our late liberal rains.

Always your friends

- James Whitcomb Riley.

This letter has not been published elsewhere, and I am sure that it will gratify Meredith Nicholson, whose eyes have not hitherto seen the above appreciation from his fellow-author.

But the Riley meeting at Tomlinson Hall had another result, one that affected the life of the entire State. The membership of the Teachers' Association was so increased, and the paid admissions to the meeting were so many, that we left in the treasury of the association a fine surplus. With this we paid the expenses of a commission, appointed by the Governor, to investigate and report concerning the wages of Indiana teachers and to bring in some recommendations for legislation. Out of all this came the Minimum Wage Law for the teachers of Indiana; a measure which wrought most excellent effects both in lifting teaching standards and in approaching justice for a worthy profession. Thus the poetry of Riley came back to bless the clan of his old friend and benefactor, Captain Lee O. Harris, who had weaned the youth from the reading of cheap novels to a love of the masterpieces of fiction.

Mr. Riley's poem entitled "Bereaved" calls for notice because it is a chaste example of the poet's non-dialect work, because it suggests an interesting personal reminiscence, and because it illustrates in a marked way his power of social imagination. One day I expressed to him my great admiration of this poem. He said at once and frankly that he had always regarded it as one of his best productions, but that he had never understood why it had attracted less attention than some of his less worthy work. Then the story of its writing came forth, and I give it here. One evening Mr. Riley caught the conception of the verses and very carefully worked the lines into form. There was, he said, no objective reason for writing them; nor could he afterward find the motive that had evoked them. They had arrived as an apparent inspiration. But the next morning he received word that his friend's child had died. If my memory acts correctly, the friend was Bill Nye, with whom Mr. Riley had often traveled on the Lyceum circuit. The meaning of the poem, however, is the same, whether it was sent to Bill Nye or some one much less known. We must bear in thought the situation. The poet, unblessed by the actual

experience of parenthood, is writing to bereaved parents. He says,

"Let me come in where you sit weeping; aye,
Let me, who have not any child to die,
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

"The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck; the hands you used
To kiss. Such arms—such hands I never knew.
May I not weep with you?

"Fain would I be of service—say something,
Between the tears, that would be comforting—
But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I,
Who have no child to die."

I employed above the phrase "social imagination." By it I refer to the power to enter feelingly into experiences that one has never had. This power Mr. Riley had at its maximum. Here he enters into a sorrow the like of which he himself never knew—enters with a wonderful delicacy and with the gentle reminder that the little child was still a gift, even though the gift had remained for the brief season. When I told Mr. Riley that the poem which had come to him without objective call was not altogether a mystery to one who believed in the Light coming into the world to light every man, he did not question my theology. On the contrary, he made a quick assent.

This leads forward naturally to a discussion of the poet's religious views. With him I never talked of the formal matters of a theological creed. Yet to easy and natural statements of faith, given in public speech or in private conversation, he made a genuine and warm response. That response entered his poems. It may well be questioned whether any other modern poet has filled his books with more confessions of strong faith. Many pages could be used in giving confirmation of this claim. Nor would it be fair to say that the poet was writing as a proxy, representing merely the faith found in that non-critical humanity that walks his pages. In some of his most serious and personal verses, as, for example, in "Away," a vigorous faith is asserted. But even when he speaks for the hopes and beliefs of others one feels that the poet himself

joins the confessors. There are passages in which the Cross itself is made meaningful, as where he declares it the condemnation of self-righteousness; the "guideboard" set

"To point me out the way;"

as the sacrifice endured,

"That you might be happy here;"

while in one of his earliest poems, and in a really homely connection, he writes of "Him who died for you." There is no arguing about the mystery; there is indeed a reverent reserve in its presence.

While it is true that Mr. Riley's references to faith run the gamut of all the essential things, it is still true that he is a specialist in the verses of immortality. He did not approach the subject, as did Tennyson, with a lengthy and wonderful dissertation, presenting the arguments of a loving instinct, as in "In Memoriam." Still it would be a revealing study to note how many of Riley's poems *assert* immortality. In his response to the tribute of the Indiana teachers he told of a little woman who had been one of his earliest teachers. She had a blind husband, whom she supported by her work, and who day by day sat at a window waiting for his sight to come back to him; and Riley adds characteristically that doubtless the sight had been restored, "as he sits at another casement and sees not only his earthly friends but all the friends of the Eternal Home, with the smiling, loyal, loving little woman forever at his side." It is a characteristic word, and the more significant when we know that it was not merely a stenographic report of a hasty speech, but the carefully corrected utterance arranged for permanent record. It would be a long list if we were to set down here all the illustrations of this faith that could be gathered from his poetry. In "Out of the Hitherwhere" our mothers greet us again, and

"The old playmate that laughed with you
Will laugh again as he used to do."

In "Baby's Dying" we see the wee one going

"Out from us and up to Him."

"Out to Old Aunt Mary's" ends with "All is well"—in spite of death. In "How Did You Rest Last Night?" the grandfather dawns on the "judgment day" to ask the same dear question. In truth immortality is one of Riley's refrains. Evidently, too, the doctrine with him was not a mere abstraction of comfort. His faith was firm amid his own personal sorrows. When friends died the creed of his own "Away" was real still. He waves his hand to Myron Reed and calls out after him,

"Our onward trails will meet and then
Merge and be ever one again."

To another, departing, he says,

"Old friend, good night—for there is no good-by."

The Rev. Joseph A. Milburn, who spoke at Mr. Riley's funeral, told then of the poet's presence at the funeral of an old and dear friend, Charles Holstein. After that service Mr. Riley came forward and said, "Mr. Milburn, Charlie was here and he heard every word of it, and he was pleased." It seems quite natural that his last poem, written seriously, should have had these lines,

"So rest you, playmate, in that land,
Still hidden from us by His hand,
Where you may know again in truth
All of the glad days of your youth—
As when in days of endless ease
We played beneath the apple trees."

It was just the kind of a song that we feel like sending out after our poet-friend.

Minds with a literary-scientific bend are already engaged in the process of classification for Mr. Riley. Due to the fact that one of his early poems was an imitation of Poe, and in fact for a time passed for a discovery of one of Poe's lost poems, some have compared and contrasted him with the brilliant Southerner; but the parallel never runs far. More have likened him to Burns; this tendency being probably due to the facts that both were users of dialect, both spoke somewhat for a group, and both kept close to nature and to the common folks. But even here the parallels

break away from each other, and the opposing directions are not always favorable to the Scottish bard. To speak of Riley as "the American Burns" is scarcely more revealing than to speak of Burns as "the Scottish Riley." Scotchmen and Americans alike will prefer that each poet be allowed to stand on the merits of his own work, and will insist that any implication that either is the miniature of the other is neither gracious nor fair. Mr. Riley has his own place. He was unique. In the glory of good repute one poetic star must differ from another.

We will not, therefore, pay undue heed to the literary critics who bring certain academic standards to the test of the poets. Some of these long ago consigned both Whittier and Longfellow to the commonplace, and even to oblivion. Still it is a safe prophecy that when the critics have found the oblivion themselves they will discover that the poets are not in that neighborhood. "My country, 'tis of thee" has been weighed and found wanting in some literary balances, but somehow the children keep on chanting it and the people keep the hymn in their love. After all, the place of the poet is not determined by the elect who elect themselves. That place is determined by the people. The referendum works here more or less unerringly. Our democracy will decide the height of the niche where Riley's name is to be carved. Plain men and women know their own poets. They find their own. Long ago they discovered Riley. The critics can banish him only when they banish joys and sorrows, Junes and Christmases, the homely mirth of rural life, twilight and katydids, dawns and blossoms, and the smiling faces of the little children. The children of many generations will "watch out" for his "Gobble-una." The boys of many generations will troop forth to "The Old Swimmin' Hole." The mothers and fathers of many generations will find solace in his "Bereaved." The world is so much like Christ that, having loved its own, it will love its own to the end.

Edwin H. Hughes.

CON AMORE

SOME old Latin phrases cling like the fragrance of a pressed rose which the fingers of love plucked long since and other hands laid in the leaves of a precious book, grown much more precious because of the rose having its hiding place there these misty years and the fingers of love which plucked and gave the flower, long since crumbled into dust from which her plucking saved the rose. Mainly I would wade in the surge of our English speech as I would in the surf of the blue ocean when the wind drives the waters shoreward rejoicingly. To see how foreign words and phrases, specially from contemporaneous languages, have all but vanished from our vernacular, is heartening to one who conceives the English-American speech to be the ruddiest, ruggedest tongue ever framed for the expression of universal thought. We can sit under our own language shadow, and rest content. In myself I find the disposition to use a foreign phrase all but vanished. I should prefer "between us" to "inter nos" or "safe ground" to "terra firma" and "very privately" to "sub rosa."

Of course, in all our thought-moods there are traces of sweet irrationality. It is better so. That will be no happy day when we can con aloud our reasons and count them like dried prunes. While we remain a mystery to ourselves we are happy folks. In the interest of the eternal vitalities we must have bursts of unlooked-for glory on us like an evening cloud. Lest we be ossified we must not entirely be classified. So, why a body should slur a thousand phrases fetched from a venerable antiquity and sown to poetry and hallowed by the handling of eloquent voices grown silent, long, long ago, and fondly retain some other flower grown in the same old-fashioned garden, is quite beyond anybody to explain. Better so. It needs no explanation. It is a wild sprangle of vine throwing out tendrils venturesomely but beautifully. So do I fondly retain the old Latin phrase "con amore." Out of Love. The doing things not because we are goaded thereto but vagrantly, like a wandering water. That is *con amore*. We want to. That is *con amore*.

We must do most things. Washing face and feet never arose out of a boy's disposition. This sprouts up through the scoriae of his indisposition. Dirt is a boy's natural element. Fond mothers who demur at such a slur upon their lads must recall they themselves never have been boys. Being a boy initiates into some Eleusinian mysteries which even all the intuition of the woman mind cannot attain unto. This is not that the boy is brainy, it is that he is a boy. A boy takes to water. So does a frog; but in neither instance are we to infer it is for purposes of cleanliness. It is for purpose of wetness. When a boy holds up two fingers by way of attesting that the water is good and should be indulged in and that the party of the second part should hurry up and come on and in, he is not expressing his judgment that this is his washday and that he greatly rejoices in the prospect of being in a cleansed state like his mother's Monday clothes. Verily, no. The remotest thing from the brain of Boyville is cleaning up. The "swimmin' hole" is scarcely a cleansing fount. It is too shallow, too dirty, too crowded with boys. A bath tub with crystal water does not entice the boy. The snowy bath tub and equally snowy towel along with the soap certified to float and be the delight of the little fairie, inhibits the boy. Not that he knows about "inhibits." He always is doing more things than he knows. Words never yet were a boy's strong point. Not words or their meaning or their spelling can be said to fascinate a boy. Washing his feet is in the same category; to wit, in the category of things society demands but which a boy abominates. Some things go by compulsion. Cleaning up is one of a boy's compulsions and revoltings.

The "swimmin' hole," not to be lured out of the path across the pasture which leads to that sociable but unhygienic spot, is a tribute to a boy's sense of frolic, of *camaraderie*, of acrobatics, of "You dasn't and I dast," but never to a sense of cleaning up. To be brief and accurate, having this long time been a boy, with a boy, washing is a concession to the Dagon of respectability and community notion of cleanliness, and is done under the rod—so to feel—while swimmin' is done "con amore." He does it as he "hollers," spontaneously, sporadically, delightedly. For swim-

"Out to Old Aunt Mary's" ends with "All is well"—in spite of death. In "How Did You Rest Last Night?" the grandfather dawns on the "judgment day" to ask the same dear question. In truth immortality is one of Riley's refrains. Evidently, too, the doctrine with him was not a mere abstraction of comfort. His faith was firm amid his own personal sorrows. When friends died the creed of his own "Away" was real still. He waves his hand to Myron Reed and calls out after him,

"Our onward trails will meet and then
Merge and be ever one again."

To another, departing, he says,

"Old friend, good night—for there is no good-by."

The Rev. Joseph A. Milburn, who spoke at Mr. Riley's funeral, told then of the poet's presence at the funeral of an old and dear friend, Charles Holstein. After that service Mr. Riley came forward and said, "Mr. Milburn, Charlie was here and he heard every word of it, and he was pleased." It seems quite natural that his last poem, written seriously, should have had these lines,

"So rest you, playmate, in that land,
Still hidden from us by His hand,
Where you may know again in truth
All of the glad days of your youth—
As when in days of endless ease
We played beneath the apple trees."

It was just the kind of a song that we feel like sending out after our poet-friend.

Minds with a literary-scientific bend are already engaged in the process of classification for Mr. Riley. Due to the fact that one of his early poems was an imitation of Poe, and in fact for a time passed for a discovery of one of Poe's lost poems, some have compared and contrasted him with the brilliant Southerner; but the parallel never runs far. More have likened him to Burns; this tendency being probably due to the facts that both were users of dialect, both spoke somewhat for a group, and both kept close to nature and to the common folks. But even here the parallels

break away from each other, and the opposing directions are not always favorable to the Scottish bard. To speak of Riley as "the American Burns" is scarcely more revealing than to speak of Burns as "the Scottish Riley." Scotchmen and Americans alike will prefer that each poet be allowed to stand on the merits of his own work, and will insist that any implication that either is the miniature of the other is neither gracious nor fair. Mr. Riley has his own place. He was unique. In the glory of good repute one poetic star must differ from another.

We will not, therefore, pay undue heed to the literary critics who bring certain academic standards to the test of the poets. Some of these long ago consigned both Whittier and Longfellow to the commonplace, and even to oblivion. Still it is a safe prophecy that when the critics have found the oblivion themselves they will discover that the poets are not in that neighborhood. "My country, 'tis of thee" has been weighed and found wanting in some literary balances, but somehow the children keep on chanting it and the people keep the hymn in their love. After all, the place of the poet is not determined by the elect who elect themselves. That place is determined by the people. The referendum works here more or less unerringly. Our democracy will decide the height of the niche where Riley's name is to be carved. Plain men and women know their own poets. They find their own. Long ago they discovered Riley. The critics can banish him only when they banish joys and sorrows, Junes and Christmases, the homely mirth of rural life, twilight and katydids, dawns and blossoms, and the smiling faces of the little children. The children of many generations will "watch out" for his "Gobble-uns." The boys of many generations will troop forth to "The Old Swimmin' Hole." The mothers and fathers of many generations will find solace in his "Bereaved." The world is so much like Christ that, having loved its own, it will love its own to the end.

Edmund H. Hughes.

CON AMORE

SOME old Latin phrases cling like the fragrance of a pressed rose which the fingers of love plucked long since and other hands laid in the leaves of a precious book, grown much more precious because of the rose having its hiding place there these misty years and the fingers of love which plucked and gave the flower, long since crumbled into dust from which her plucking saved the rose. Mainly I would wade in the surge of our English speech as I would in the surf of the blue ocean when the wind drives the waters shoreward rejoicingly. To see how foreign words and phrases, specially from contemporaneous languages, have all but vanished from our vernacular, is heartening to one who conceives the English-American speech to be the ruddiest, ruggedest tongue ever framed for the expression of universal thought. We can sit under our own language shadow, and rest content. In myself I find the disposition to use a foreign phrase all but vanished. I should prefer "between us" to "inter nos" or "safe ground" to "terra firma" and "very privately" to "sub rosa."

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min', no day has been discovered long enough. Night is always in a hurry, an unnecessary and indefensible hurry, to boys in the swimmin' hole. The run, the yell, the splash, the dive, the holding up the hands to give illusory certificate of so deep, the holding of dirty freckled nose with dirty freckled fingers by way of giving wary premonition of the dive—all these things are done not out of sense of fitness, obligation, duty, high resolve, nor disposition toward cleanliness, but just for fun, for the everlasting love of it and the everlasting fun of it. *Con amore.*

To all such as ever have been boys I can by no lucubration nor quotations from poets give the impression of *con amore* so vividly and accurately as by the swimmin'-hole illustration.

The doing things out of love for them as a frog sings through the night, is a fine work in a fine life. We smart as with sunburn caught in water, under the eternal, "Now I must get to work." We are hounded. All kinds of curs bark at our heels and bite them; for our feet are bare. Was that what our placid friend, William Wordsworth, was debating inside his singular head when he said, "The world is too much with us"? I think it was. Too many things take us in hand and bring us to book. We get a hid sense of slavery. We demur in the heart. And that is a real injury to character. What we demur at with the lips may or may not be injurious, though too much indulgence in the vocabulary of complaint is deleterious. That soaks in. The mood of complaint in the heart soaks out. That is worse. To set volcanoes in the soul may or may not end in eruption, but necessarily will give a continuous heat, which is scarcely necessary considering how hot weather grows every summer. We need interior refrigerative processes, not so much to refrigerate as to gently cool, so the mosses may grow green on the north side of the rock and the ferns may be ready to stoop to the dew drops which cluster on it in the night. We need a north side furnished for our souls where the lichens may gather on the boles of the forest trees and where shadows may be had at summer noons.

We chafe under the gradual resentment of "I've got to." We are more than irritated by the sweaty hands of compulsion lying

heavy on our naked shoulders. We watch the swallows making fun of the sky and want to be swallows just because they seem to be gadding about obeying nobody, doing nothing to the tune of some invisible and inaudible band playing "It's Fun to be Alive," we not seeing that the swallows are all out not ddoing with the sky, as appears, but working for their board. They are all out after bugs. So are we. They set their industry to such a tumultuous tune, such a jocular irrationality, as that what they are at seems all sport and no work. Indeed, after having on many a day watched many a swallow by evening on church chimney, where they fly and fly with widening and then narrowing circles to get at last with a wild dash into their chimney home, and on many days drenched with sunshine over glimmering waters under the blue sky, the rippling waters and the swaying flags tawn-green by the stream and the somnolent grasses scarce wakened by the wind while the swallows darted low against the stream or high against the azure, or on rare moments when in a spirit of autumnal soliloquy a multitude of these airy vagrants of the air sat like people at a preaching—I, having watched these witching, willowy folk of the sky so many years in so many moods, am yet not able to do other than speculate whether they think they are working for a living or are out fooling around. But we men seem to ourselves like men marching in a huge crushing army where we cannot step out of the ranks for a moment's space to drink by any wayside spring or kiss our little child who peers at us from the dusty march-edge. March we must.

Nor is this attitude altogether mythical. Many things—well, put it broadly, most things are compulsion. We must eat, and clean up, and pay our bills. Not gluttony nor cleanliness nor honesty sets us at these several tasks. To get on decently, we are compelled to them. We must get up, we must move on, we must play ball. Thanks to the good God, who himself works more than all of us, our work is both remunerative and pleasant to us. However, were it neither, we should be compelled to it by the compulsion of life. Work on the rock pile or the work farm. We must breathe or die. We are in the vortex of compulsion.

All the more are we needing some thing or things which we

do for fun—*con amore*. To do a thing because I want to do it and don't have to. Kissing one's wife is to be classified here. It is downright fun. She may not want you to, but you know your business, hence the bussing proceeds. You raise vegetables out of need of edibles; you raise flowers *con amore*. You like to see four o'clocks asleeping in the day to waken at the approach of evening and morning glories awake of mornings and fast asleep till the morning comes again. You like petunias with their gentle fragrance and hollyhocks and roses. You tuck your baby under your arm or hoist him to your shoulder not as a paid nurse but as a man at fun.

The funs of life are worth studying. The auto is a part of the fun of strong men. Costly or not it is quite worth while, for working America has played altogether too little. I love to see hard-worked men taking a sober spree with wife and child in a motor cheap or dear. I am never so engrossed with whether they can afford it. They can't afford not to have fun. They ought to afford to have fun. *Con amore* pumping a tire or lying on your back under the car—the woman or women sitting by the road and the car and the man giving gratuitous advice to all three—this is life at the fun. "Running the car from the back seat" has already passed into a mature proverb in a jiffy. Women do not perform this service out of duty but *con amore*. It is whispered by some of their own sex that they like to. The like ends there. The man would omit that part of the fun; men, however, are known to be peculiar. No strong man, no man who does things in business, have I encountered who did not love to lay powerful hands upon the wheel and feel the might of the engine respond to his control or to whom the purr of the engine, like a cat being petted, did not come like the voice of lutes. He likes to do it. He runs the car *con amore*. "Rather than eat," was the laconic saying of this kind of a man. I loved to hear him say it. I looked at the strong face, the steady eyes, his lines of business care, and then the care-lift like a lifted cloud which discloses the rising sun. This I saw and was glad, for his hours were long, his cares were many, his burdens persistent, his heart often heavy. Here's a lift to his load, a *con amore* stretch of road where the running

is good and no traffic policeman is near to gauge the speed, wherefore away and a song transfused with laughter.

The fads men and women love, the collecting things, are *con amore* marks. For years I have read catalogues of collectors because in china, marquetry and buhl, coins, stamps, autographs, butterflies, old swords, firearms, flowers, no matter what, in them I found winsome signs. Though I knew not the person I liked him. He had days off. His crotchets were humorous, not pathetic. When I hear about a collector his gravitation tugs at my planet till I am swung from my course.

One man I know collects watches. They did not go. They had gone. They had gone enough. He had them, littles and bigs in abundant store, and I loved to watch him watch them. He could run on about them in a topsy-turvy talk which chimed like an old clock on the stair.

Another had violins. He did not play them, which rendered his fad harmless. It was expensive, like collecting orchids (which some moneyed folk do). What a sweet *con amore* it was collecting mute music, which, long hushed, waited only for the mystic touch. He might by some lovely chance come upon a Strad, or some dreamy-eyed master from Cremona. I never see some violins in some dusty window where some stooped violin maker plies his trade, feeling at the throat for melody, without the tang of a musician in my hesitation. 'Tis good to love things just for love of things, to forget cash, the "will it pay," and all that grinding but necessary vocabulary of making a living.

Those piscatorial folk, those followers of Saint Peter (in lying) and Ike Walton, who wrote of the gentility, docility, gentleness, and sweet humanity of impaling worms and fishes, and because neither could speak thought he did God a service, such have I seen gathering a library of fishing books of every age and nature. Just so fishing was on the title, all was well. Though I fish not, I have a steady love for all those lovers of loitering water or hurrying trout stream or evening-shadowed lake, or dimming river at the morning's murk. One lover of fishing I know. He is not young in years. He is wistfully young in heart. He would stand and cast and cast and cast while his boat would take

him a free ride as he did so. He would sit in the burning sun a long day and troll. He would take a delight bright as the flash of sunlight through an angry cloud, in the tug and the fuss and the fight and the struggle of a fish against a man, and tired as if he had been on long soldier march (whereof he knew much by long-past battles), he would march home of the evening smiling like a kid of fifteen and sleep the night through with a smile on his dear face, and one who loved him much ventured the hope one day, that in heaven God might have some sweet water for this happy fisherman to dawdle by and dream over and fish, in where endless sunlight gave a day long enough for such a jocund fisherman to have his fun through.

Another lad, of eighty when I knew him, who when he was waiting to die would gather about him his hooks and lines and flies and reels and, with feeble though loving fingers, would fumble among what the undreaming would have thought rubbish, but what God counted hidden laughter. And when I called one day he blew in my face the memory of happy summers with hook and line and laughing loitering by many a laughing water and showed me mementoes of sunny summers and unforgotten streams and pine shadows on the tossing plunges of riotous rapids hurrying from the drifts of hidden snows. With a fluttering voice like a wounded thing he would rehearse how this caught such and this other such, and so on, lingeringly and laughingly, his eyes all the time like light glint on running waters, while his voice hung on some incident like a singer's on some beloved note, and at the last he gave me a line he himself had braided from horse-hair (an art, he said, which would die with him), and as he chuckled over years of summer days and innumerable fishings I could see the gentle Fisherman whose other name is Christ standing behind the lad-man and smiling brightly, and hear him saying softly, like a caress, "I will make you fishers"; and as in parting I prayed that when this dear fisherman stood on the bank of that wild water where no fisherman casts a line the good Christ would make a way for him across that stormy waste into that tender sunrise where the wide river runs, called by the angels The River of God; and the sweet old fisherman took my hand at

the prayer end and kissed it. Nor have I seen him since he met Christ at the crossing and crossed with him.

Con amore—haunting store windows to catch the gleam of precious stones. *Con amore*—standing with hands behind him clasped in a nervous clasping and unclasping in whispered gladness watching the pictures in the art windows. *Con amore*—childless women watching with hungry eyes children and babies in a park where babies are more numerous than flowers, watching with hungry, feasting eyes, covetous, beautiful mother-woman eyes, and wanting them all. One of these sweet con-amorists I know who adopted three trivial orphans of one mother because she could not bear to see them separated. Sweet collector of motherless babes, thy God sees thee through his tears what time thou doest such sweet deeds, for so doth his well-beloved Son.

Con amore—and a man I know whose means are ample collects old watch seals and crests on sardonyx, and he has permitted my right hand to stumble around in a bag which contained two thousand seals (he stood close, and I thank him for having delivered me from temptation). *Con amore*—and my friend's wall is hung with etchings, etchings, etchings, more etchings. How his dear eyes make merry like a yule tide when he goes from one to one and like a man talking to himself in quiet sleep rehearses how this was found here and this there, and how he came upon that, until it is like hearing some one you love play softly on an organ in the twilight that neighbors on the dark.

Con amore—and one friend has a collection of sunsets in his soul. They are all framed in memory. He has collected them from Spitzbergen to the South Sea. He has seen them on headland and prairie. He has torn them out, a leaf from the picture book of the years, and has hung them in his soul's art gallery. He says he will take them with him to heaven and show them to God; and I think he will.

Con amore—there is where the book lovers gather and smell of ancient pages as if they smelt of mignonette, and finger rare bindings, or grow jubilant over first editions and hunt for some certain book which defies them, or grow garrulous over some beautiful page of manuscript the scribe whereof has been fast asleep in

some meek monastery so long that the writing desk has forgotten that ever he wrote there. Such folks fondle books as curls on a child's topsy-turvy head. What a genial insanity is on these book collectors, these custodians of the world's yesterdays of knowledge and of dreams. I love them all.

These con-amorists—I know them all without introduction. They constitute an imperishable company. Little things delight them as they do idiots and children. Smiles are lambent on their looks like music on hidden water. They can foreignize their souls quicker than a dove can take its flight. They forget where they are, how tired or how old, their fever is put out and all their days become one shining yesterday and all yesterdays become to-morrows. These are the quiet dwellers in The Con Amore Land.

And without intent all of us go wandering into Con Amore Land. The mothers have found it with their babes. The men have found it with their sweethearts and their wives. Maidens and matrons have found it with their beloveds. In that dear land where Love hath empery all things move effortlessly like the weaving of a day dawn. All things Love does she does for love. Her hands are hard with toiling, often bleeding and dying at the task, yet are unwearied as an angel's wings. How sweet it is to affirm that out of love Life's larger issues are all shaped. "My heart aches so," said a woman to me the other day, "because four children I took to rear because they were motherless and fatherless are all gone from me. When can I ease my pain?" "They were burdens," I said, "these many, many years, and you had children of your own, and now you may rest a little of an afternoon." I said it not as thinking so, but by way of provoking her heart and lips to speak poetry. And they did, for she was swift to reply: "They were no trouble. All my trouble is that they are gone." And I wist not a woman spake, but thought an angel sang.

Out of love—sheer *con amore*—is our love to God. A freshet wide-flowing, mad-musicked, swift-running is the love we know to God. Not out of duty but out of love is the south land of Eternity contrived. We should love God. Yet not here lies the ineffable music of Redemption. We love to love Him. As the loving mother and father, so loving God is no compulsion, but we spring

to it as the birds spring to dawn. We spring to it as the water lifts to its rainbow. We spring to it as lips to their kiss. We spring to it as the wild sea to its melody. We spring to it as the woman to the long absent breast of her soldier husband. We spring to it as the Resurrection to the Voice of God.

Con amore. We love the Lord not as told to, not as duty-bound to, but as those nigh spent in the sea-wrath are caught to a strong man's heart and when they thought to lie in the breast of Death are landed on the Heart of Life.

Out of love men and women long since clad themselves in martyr robes and washed their hands and face in fire nor thought themselves martyrs, but only favored of the Lord to witness so: Out of love!

Out of love I battle by the Cross and take God to my heart as the night does the dew.

Con amore, O Christ! Con amore!

Wesley A. O'neal

THE ÆSTHETIC FRIGHTFULNESS OF GERHART HAUPTMANN

THE literature that bridges over the gap between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries has been the literature of struggle. Classic and romantic armaments in their defense of the outer and inner respectively made use of solid shot, where this new poetic employs the destructive shell. The explosive character of such advanced literature seems to be due to the fatal combination of the natural with the classic here, the romantic there. Both the things of the world and the states of the soul were thrown hither and yon by the introduction of a violent naturalism. No longer are we content to read descriptions of nature or delineations of character; we must consider how nature works upon man and how characters strive with one another. Granted that all art must sustain some relation to the sensuous, in order that art may be palpable and perceptible, it does not follow that such fundamental sensuousness will submit to the lordly treatment peculiar to the classic intellect; the art of the day reveals sense under the influence of the will. From this artistic voluntarism follows the drama of strife, if not also the semi-æsthetical cinematograph. Hauptmann appeared at a time when, under the influence of *fin-de-siècle*, art was discarding responsibility, as an exhausted runner abandons form when he enters the home-stretch. His development has been under the auspices of a new century which seems pleased to experiment with æsthetics until some authentic method has been discovered. The result has been to make the drama of Hauptmann frightful; that is, the otherwise spiritual artist has thought it expedient to let loose the forces of frightfulness upon the stage.

The frightfulness of Hauptmann is significant, not because it is his own invention at all, but because his artistic temperament calls upon him to speak of it as though he were an outsider. The war correspondent tells the frightful tale better than the soldier; if Hauptmann enters upon the frightful scene, it is as surgeon rather than as fighter. Elsewhere the literature of genuine struggle has received more sincere and profound treatment than one

finds in the Hauptmann-drama. Russian realism contemplated the frightful spectacle of man's life in the world as though it made for the negation of all that is true and valuable in the world. Scandinavian mysticism, always sea-like and Swedenborgian, has sought to explain the life-struggle in terms of class-class and sex-sex conflict. Ibsen was moved to his famous "indignation," Strindberg suffered and repented. Because of its fineness, the Gallic genius has been content to indulge the morbid rather than to institute reform; the earth of Zola was not much more vulgar than the heaven of Huysmans, Huysmans in his second manner. Nevertheless, the French have sought to adjust heaven to earth, and the period just before the war was significant for the return to religion that was indicated by France and Flanders. For the English mind, experience is usually sufficient, and, strange as it may appear, such empiricism has usually been accompanied by downright optimism. In the special instances of contemporary writers like George Moore and Thomas Hardy, experience has been made to appear pessimistic and frightful. Hauptmann, then, is not alone in his extreme æsthetic pessimism.

To read Hauptmann critically is to ask whether his sincerity is itself sincere, whether his realism is itself a reality. That Hauptmann did not behold the frightful as both Dostoevsky and Zola did appears in the fact that Hauptmann was led to contemplate the tangled roots of things after he had studied science with Haeckel and had read liberally from Zola. In this manner it seems as though the frightfulness of Hauptmann were scientific and æsthetic conclusions rather than perceived facts. In the midst of his naturalistic meanderings, Hauptmann is always more or less of a Kantian and a Lutheran; thus he is inwardly convinced that the just shall live by faith and that man exists for the sake of performing duty. Let us be frank with art and admit that realism is not to be taken for granted. If man observed things as they are, he would need no science to help his eyes of flesh; if he were possessed of direct appreciation of his surroundings, he would never need to strive after the illusion of actuality. Then, in the instance of the Teuton, we have a type of mind which, while not always fine or exalted, is temperamentally unfitted for the

authentic description of the actual; to the south mystical, to the north scientific, the German mind has usually thrown actuality into the form of an oblique genitive, whence it is the idea of or the feeling of reality which has engaged its attention. Schiller's genius made a famous struggle for the *naïve*; Goethe's Faust must descend from the heights of theoretical culture in order to feel the happiness that life as such is supposed to impart. In recent years Germany has looked to Hauptmann and Sudermann for leadership into realms of naturalistic literature. One may admire Hauptmann, but one wishes that he were in better business; on the other hand, one must see that, of the two, Sudermann is the artist who has been successful in substantializing the actual. In all this naturalistic situation, Hauptmann has ever hesitated.

Anxious as we are to know the German mind, and more than anxious to observe what changes have come over it since its Sedan days, we must turn to Sudermann for essential information. The literary history of this robust writer is comparable to the career of Germany from the Thirty-Years' War to the Franco-German conflict. Like the old German, the genius of Sudermann was afflicted by depression, auto-suggestion of inferiority, and *contemptus sui*, a mental state of affairs more than manifest with Sudermann in *Dame Care*. When the spirit of care, *Wellangst* or whatever the term-making spirit of the Teuton may elect to style it, lays its gaunt hands upon the soul, what is that soul to do? Fond readers of Sudermann's pretty story, prone as they are to find in its pages the pathos of German docility and patience, must not blind their eyes to the fact that Sudermann, Nietzsche-nourished, feels free to prescribe iron for this anemia, extra activity in exchange for undue passivity. The soul shall free itself by force. By harboring a criminal consciousness which comes to him by chance, the hero becomes a kind of villain, whence he is able to throw off the spirit of care and, after his sojourn in prison, marry the beautiful maiden. Sudermann follows this idea up with the repudiation of the moral code, as is the case in the play called *Honor*. In a more practical manner, the soul seeks sin as a means of growth into full humanity, which presents the situation in *The Home*, where Magda becomes for Germany

what Evè was for the race. Not content with these attacks, Sudermann intrenches the soul by digging down beneath the principles of repentance and bad-conscience. In this manner, Leo in *The Undying Past* and Regina in *Cat's Bridge* are dug in for a long siege. In a play like *The Joy of Living* and a story like *The Song of Songs*, Sudermann perfects a Berlin-like type of realistic art, which knows nought but joyous, boastful life-luxury. Is it unjust to the German to suggest that in some such manner the Teutonic spirit has passed from excessive concern about Life to an equally excessive confidence in Life, German life? The case of Hauptmann is different.

Hauptmann is a sociological artist who goes slumming for frightfulness, the frightfulness that the German is supposed to experience within the borders of his own land. Such a sentimental journey of a scientist involves no little æsthetic surprise, since the scientific mind, with its love of order and desire for well-being, is not always prepared for the extraordinary and excruciating. Science feels called upon to explain and justify, whence scientific truths, whose rounded-out concepts often ignore the contradictory content which such smooth conceptualizing should express, are usually pale and characterless. Balzac and Zola, Hardy and Moore show themselves to be in possession of an æsthetic pessimism which may make their stories disagreeable, but which brings them as close to their subject as the physician to the patient. Hauptmann is an interne who treats cases for the sake of acquiring experience in his chosen profession; his realism is non-committal, since it indulges in neither etiology nor therapy. Schiller, whom every Germanic writer must keep in mind, sought to turn from the sentimental to the naïve, because the old æsthetic order seemed to him more authentic and real; Hauptmann avoids the romanticism for which he is fitted for the sake of considering the real world as this is interpreted by science and managed according to industrialism. There is in all this the manifest opportunity for developing the Real in its frightfulness, but Hauptmann is in no condition to improve what he interprets. For this realism the Russian mind is requisite; of the assignment given to Hauptmann Dostoevsky had made a story, Gorky a play; but the

Teutonic mind, by nature either sentimental or Bohemian, is able to survey the scene with that monocular vision which yields nought but a superficial picture. Since he cannot disclose that which is really frightful, Hauptmann indulges in the frightfulness of fancy.

In his æsthetic frightfulness Hauptmann hesitates. At heart a Lutheran, Hauptmann attempts to talk like a "roast-beef-chewing free-thinker"; by nature delicious like Novalis, he tries to be robust like Ibsen. If Hauptmann were as stolid as his Ibsen, he would be able to stand up beneath the burden of his fond realism; but, unlike Ibsen, to say nothing of a greater pessimist who said, "It must needs be that offenses [*skandala*] should come," Hauptmann seems disconcerted when the chaotic and painful thrust themselves before his notice. Ibsen tells us that his view of mankind revealed so many "horse faces, donkey muzzles, low-browed dog-skulls, and fatted swine-snouts"; and if he felt unable to stand up before the vision, what can a slender idealist do? Hauptmann's Haeckel, whose fondness for ape-skulls is well known, is sufficiently big and brutal to endure the coarse naturalism of his museum and laboratory, although this same Haeckel has begun to talk about the True, the Good, and the Beautiful; his Zola knew enough worldliness to endure the presence of the Actual; but the wistful disciple of these strong ones is wholly unequal to the scientific and artistic demands which Naturalism is sure to make upon every one who seeks to lay hold of it. Hauptmann has courted a mate which he dares not wed; meanwhile he keeps up his æsthetic coquetry. Sudermann escapes much of the criticism which should fall upon the head of one who makes a pretense of being realistic because Sudermann is boyish and Junker-like, whence he is delivered from taking things too seriously; Hauptmann, however, is too fine, too conscientious to swagger. These later writers differ from Goethe and Schiller, not only in ways obvious, but specifically in the item that, when they talk about the Real, it is no longer the rationalized Real of the Enlightenment, but the naturalized real of a scientism which attempts to interpret humanity in an animalistic manner, just as it interests itself in the lower orders of human life. Now, Goethe

never descended lower than the bourgeois-level of Wilhelm Meister, while Hauptmann would consider the proletariat. The upshot of the whole matter is that Hauptmann's realism is far from being convincing.

Hauptmann has no genuine doctrine of individualism, even though it may be urged that he has characters. To be an individualist, one must do more than love himself, think about his own life, and talk about his personal strivings. Indeed, essential egoism seems to demand a kind of self-sacrifice, the abandonment of all that is petty and personal for the sake of objectivity. Goethe's self did not live in Weimar, Emerson's ego was not called Ralph Waldo, Wagner's Siegfried self was quite unlike the nervous composer, Stirner's Unique One never nestled within his famous forehead, Nietzsche's superman was not found in localities frequented by the hard philosopher, but in Zarathustra's land or in the Florence of Macchiavelli. Hauptmann's individualism is purely autobiographical; his name is Gerhart. Yes, Ibsen too was somewhat autobiographical, although it was expatriation rather than divorce which made him conscious of ego and non-ego; and then Ibsen showed himself capable of that which Hauptmann lacks—objectivity. Great geniuses often make unfortunate marriages and, as Mr. Dooley has suggested, "so do their wives"; but, can such domestic details afford material for what should be an intense ethical doctrine? Were this possible, Mr. Nat Goodwin's autobiography would be more promising than Herr Gerhart Hauptmann's. John Vockerat, in *Lonely Lives*, was less like a superman than a theological student who had been disturbed by Darwinism; his strivings seemed to have been thwarted by an unsympathetic mate and rendered oblique by the strange appearance of a clever young woman of the short-haired type. Heinrich, in *The Sunken Bell*, finds himself in the atmosphere of individualism, since he has his valley (old Germany) and his mountain peak (*Deutschland über Alles*); but the egoistic hammer, instead of being wielded by a Siegfried, is too heavy for Hauptmann's hand. In all this we sympathize with the poet's perplexities and sorrows, but cannot help feeling that he has not delivered a doctrine.

Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn has done the world a service in editing a standard edition of the Hauptmann plays. Lewisohn's introductory essays make him what Archer is to Ibsen and Shaw to Shaw; the prefaces are more than ads., since they indulge in synthetic criticism. With such an arrangement as he adopts, the editor tends to minimize the fact that Hauptmann is wanting in consistent development from naturalism to romanticism; the chronological order of the plays would show that Hauptmann has vacillated in a manner quite significant, whence one is unable to find such definite *manières* as appear in Raphael, Wagner, Ibsen. In an attempt to come to an understanding with these plays, one might perhaps hazard the suggestion that of the realistic dramas only *Rose Bernd* need cause serious notice, while the romantic efforts, far less important, present only *The Sunken Bell* as a work which deserves and demands æsthetic criticism. Of the remainder, it might be said that *Before Dawn* may be accepted as the fulcrum upon which Hauptmann, as Ibsen in *Love's Comedy*, found it possible to balance his artistic burden. In *Dame Care*, *Sudermann* made a truer start, but the question now is one of Hauptmann, not of his rival, who, by the way, did not carry off the Nobel prize. *The Weavers* may pass because the possibilities of the versatile stage are such that any subject from osteopathy (Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots) to prohibition (*Hit-the-Trail Holli-day*) can find a niche in Broadway.

Realistic plays should be plausible, romantic ones need only please; thus it is only in connection with tragedy that we are prone to ask the question, "Is this so?" From *The Weavers* we learn that, in spite of German efficiency and the Social-Democrats, there are poor people in Germany. From the classic land of socialism we had a right to expect a different story, since Karl Marx proceeded from distinctly British premises when in German fashion he drew his philosophical conclusions, while his colleague Engels was just as careful to keep his eyes to the northwest when he made his significant study of modern labor conditions. Just now, when the heart of European nations is laid bare before us, we may suggest that England is inclined to be more just with other nations than with its own people, while Germany treats its

own people with efficiency, others with frank frightfulness. Hauptmann seems to have sought frightfulness at home, but it is a question whether he has made a plausible affair out of his realism. The old man in *The Weavers* suffers because he is poor; the old man in *Before Dawn* suffers and makes others suffer because, having been poor, he has become rich. Now, in which direction does the argument of Hauptmann really lead? Again, all temperance agitators have been told that, with its wholesome beer-drinking, the German nation has no such drink-problem as confronts the whisky-consumers of England and America; yet Hauptmann insists that German drunkenness, like German poverty, is a problem for the German to consider. Has Hauptmann given us a genuine account of capitalism and alcoholism in the Fatherland? Until more authentic advices come to us, we must continue to believe that Germany is still careful of what its precious people possess and of what they drink for beverages. Meanwhile, we can only conclude that Hauptmann has indulged in a kind of æsthetic frightfulness.

When Hauptmann forgets social science, he comes nearer the illusion of reality so desired by all who write plays, whether they be for the stage or the moving-picture screen. Hauptmann is most sincere when he is neither scientific nor social, as in the case of *Rose Bernd*. The plot of a married man and a young girl is not altogether new in literature; the complication which may arise is one with which many an individual has been confronted. In England, the land of stricter sex-morality, the difficulty of extricating one's self from coils that may gather about one is far greater than in Germany. But Hauptmann is bent upon the terrible, so that, if he cannot find a real predicament in the case of such a German girl as Rose, he will manufacture one. Rose's problem is how to save herself and her child; trying as such a problem may be in the abstract, Hauptmann develops the plot in such a manner that the wife of her betrayer is willing to help the girl in connection with her maternity, while her lover, not aware of the general situation, is quite willing to marry her. But, with her affairs maternal and matrimonial well-nigh adjusted, Rose realizes all the possibilities of dramatic frightfulness by strangling

her new-born babe, just as though the *Polizei* was not accustomed to such situations. Under similar circumstances, both Tess of the D'Urbervilles and Esther Waters were able to conduct themselves in a manner far more like their sisters in real life, where the heart, unaided by dramatic devices, knoweth its own bitterness. Thus of poor Rose Bernd one might say, "If it had been true it had been a pity."

Woman ever a mystery to man, woman never a mystery to woman—Hauptmann knows this full well, but so did O. Henry; so do all who become successful writers. The Sphinx and Mona Lisa smile so mysteriously, but no one ever heard of a woman pondering on the problem of that smile's content, and that because no woman has ever wondered at it. The Sphinx smiles "because"; is not that enough of an answer? In *The Rats*, a title taken for the sake of dealing in ultimate pathos incident upon the rodent reality of human life, Hauptmann tries to show how woman understands woman, and how art does *not* understand art. Again it is the Rose Bernd *motif*, for the Polish girl, Pauline Piper-carcka, has been "unfortunate." As if to say that Poles have no pride, when they are eminent for such superior sensations, Hauptmann insists that the girl-mother in question shall defy the world and cling to her little son. As in the Bernd play, there is a childless married woman who agrees to help the unmarried mother; but, in her noble furtherance, the woman in question, Mrs. John, goes quite beyond the bounds of plausibly sympathetic action in that she, in the long absence of her husband, plans to pass off the little stranger as her very own, a plan which had worked well, so it seems, had not the actual mother returned to the scene to claim the child as hers indeed. All this sounds more or less possible, especially when one recalls how Rachel desired her maid Bilhah to "bear" her a son by proxy, but the æsthetic frightfulness now leads to make Mrs. John commit suicide because the little sojourner had been taken from her. Now, there is no lack of cruelty in nature and no failure of the part of society to emulate nature's frightful examples, but the physico-social order does not conduct its affairs in such ways as to urge a Mrs. John to sacrifice herself for the sake of such a situation; such hysteria is hardly human.

As woman, so art, except that art is a mystery to the artist who does not understand his would-be art. The painter is told to paint what he sees, the writer to tell what he has learned; but there is seeing and seeing, learning and learning, and if the æsthetic light that is in one be darkness, how great is that darkness. Once upon a time, in old classic days, it was said that art imitates nature; but in those same classic days nature knew none of the details or the nuances that the ferret-mind of modern naturalism has tracked out. If our light is not darkness, it is an excess which is blinding. Hauptmann is an artist who blinks most painfully in the sunlight of contemporary science; thus he wonders why the art notions of German classicism, Lessing's, Schiller's, Goethe's, cannot comprehend the quasi-art of recent naturalism. If the character appears in life, why should it not make its way into literature? If the personage walks along the street, why should he not enter upon the stage? Thus he muses in *The Rats*, although at the date upon which this play was written, 1911, he seems to share the feeling of the French who in the 90's were speaking of "the bankruptcy of science." The realists are like rats, they are "gnawing at the roots of the tree of idealism." For the artist to doubt his art is not unheard of; Ibsen did it in *The Master Builder* and *When We Dead Awaken*; Manet destroyed what the papers estimated to be \$100,000 worth of impressionistic painting. But Hauptmann has not the courage which really criticizes and repudiates, still less that which applies fire and the knife; his realism makes him doubt his idealism, his idealism repudiates his realism. As a result, Hauptmann's art is in itself an insincere piece of work.

Hauptmann hesitates, turns against himself, and raises the question of success where criticism must raise the question of æsthetic sincerity. The Michael Kramer illustrates and enforces all this, and then the Kramer has the value of showing a kind of juncture in the career of one who, as it were, sought to rise from realism to romanticism. Let us be frank and admit that again we see the habitual question of matrimony and domesticity; for, German life is family life (the case of Bismarck, Kaiser Wilhelm II, *et cetera*), and Hauptmann the poet keeps thinking of Haupt-

mann the husband. A genius unhappily wedded to one who has no *Kultur*, Kramer thinks of his two children, Michaline the faithful but geniusless girl, Arnold the dissolute but talented boy. One is an æsthetic, the other an ethical disappointment; as for Kramer senior, he seems wedded to his art through which he has begotten beauty; but home is more than the studio and the old painter longs for grand old German family-life. The trouble with Arnold Kramer is that his conception of art is somewhat like that of Hauptmann in his early period, for he aims at the lowest and most shocking forms of naturalism; the glory of Michael Kramer is that he realizes the art-ideal at which Hauptmann now gazes so furtively, so wistfully. Kramer, like Hassenreuter in *The Rats*, is of the old pre-Haeckelian school; he recalls the time when Bocklin visited him, strives to paint *The Man with the Crown of Thorns*, and keeps a deathmask of Beethoven. Kramer's colleague, Lachmann, speaks for the general situation when he confesses the "bankruptcy" (Brunetière's term) of naturalistic art and for himself longs to nurse romantic "illusions." The play ends with the Hauptmann-like suicide of the dissolute youth, over whose body the father recites in a manner partly grandiose, partly Goethean. The flickering candles over the bier of the reckless son lead Kramer to utter the symbolic sentence, "I have seen the flame of many a light, but I tell you this light is different."

The "different light" shines with some clearness in Hauptmann's idealistic trilogy, *Hannele*, *The Sunken Bell*, *Henry of Auë*. In dealing with these extra-Hauptmann plays we succumb to philosophical temptation, and thus reason that in *Hannele* the spiritual is clothed in a spiritual form only, *The Sunken Bell*, with its valley and mountain peak, makes real and ideal of equal import, while in *Henry of Auë* the spiritual is clothed and clothed upon with sufficient objectivity. To this dialectal play, criticism may reply that *Hannele* and *Henry* are only Germanic curiosities, so that when one seeks æsthetic satisfaction he must turn to *The Sunken Bell*, a play which is poetically adequate, dramatically plausible, and philosophically coherent. Yes, the matrimonial *motif* is there, since the bell-founder cannot cast and hang melodious bells as long as the *deutsche Frau* of the old school is his

companion; great work is to be accomplished when the genius repudiates his wonted domestic ties and mates with the woodsprite, Rautendenlein. The setting of the play is a bit puzzling, inasmuch as it lodges naturalism at the heights, while it relegates romanticism to the valley, while it further suggests that the call of the sunken bell may indicate the poet's nostalgia for that realism which he had long been following. Again, the autobiographical interferes with the artistic; but, if the former was written in by the poet, the latter may be drawn out by the reader, who will gladly confess that Hauptmann has written one work of worth.

Hauptmann shows that he is capable of health, even though his hesitation continues. The naturalism of *The Sunken Bell* is genuine inasmuch as that, instead of moving about in Life as the spurious product of civilization, the hero finds himself in nature among creatures that are natural. Then, the idealism of the play, although it represents a mood still marked by hysteria, is otherwise sound. Best of all, this one Hauptmann effort tends to convince criticism that realism and idealism are capable of mutual understanding; the æsthetic synthesis of extremes is admirably effected by this poet, who elsewhere is too sociological and lyrical to be convincing. To look to *The Sunken Bell* for a philosophy of work is to expect too much perhaps, although Hauptmann does attempt to portray the activities of a superman. In such a play as *The Weavers*, the dramatist laments that man's work fails to receive due compensation; in *The Sunken Bell* the artistic lament is to the effect that genuine work is often unrecognized and in vain. On the mountain-top the master bids the dwarf at the anvil, "Strike harder!" But, himself weary of work, the master bell-founder lies down by the side of the anvil and sinks into a sleep from which the tones of the sunken bell arouse him. Is not this like Hauptmann himself? If so, he should "strike harder!"

Charles Gay Shaw

A PACIFIST ON THE QUIRINAL

JOSTLING, excited throngs crowded the streets of Rome. The cafés were full of smoke and talk. All day long soldiers in unending lines had marched out toward Porta Pia, coming from somewhere, bound for somewhere—no one seemed to know just whence or whither. There were fresh news from the slaughter fields of France, notices of impending battles in Eastern Prussia, stories of advances and retreats in the Balkans, rumors of naval conflicts in the North Sea. "Turkey is preparing to enter," "Bulgaria is undecided," "Italy and Roumania are coming to an understanding." So the rumors flew. So they had flown for two months. It was war, nothing but war—in the papers, in the streets, in the hotels—until one's brain reeled and his soul revolted from the sickening, monotonous horror of it all. There seemed to be no barriers over which it had not or would not break, no forces of peace, no civilization it had not or would not engulf. In the first propulsive moments Socialism had capitulated. And in all the long, dragging, bloody hours not one commanding word had issued from the Vatican. In the Methodist temple that stands at the corner of Via Firenze and Via Venti Settembre some units of the passing throngs were gathering. They came until the seats and the aisles and the doorway could accommodate no more. Squeezed inside the entrance, I saw Tina, the little flower girl. The subject of the discourse was Alberico Gentili.

Months have passed. Italy is now in the war. But that Sabbath evening in Rome, on the old Quirinal Hill, Italian Protestantism delivered a true message of peace in the heart of times crowded with inhuman violences. From the outbreak of the conflict influential secular newspapers in the peninsula claimed that Christian Europe might have spoken the commanding word of peace. There is a genuine appreciation in modern Italy of the power of Bible Christianity.

To return to Gentili. In 1875, through the initiative of Peter Sbarbaro and under the presidency of His Royal Highness,

the Prince of Piedmont, there was constituted an International Committee for the purpose of erecting a monument to Alberico Gentili, the great Italian jurist of the sixteenth century. This committee proceeded to collect the necessary funds, but almost immediately met with two formidable obstacles: first, the ill will of certain foreigners; second, the cruel hatred of the clericals, who in Gentili recognized neither humanist nor jurist, but only the heretic, enemy of the Holy Mother Church. The hostility of the latter culminated in a counter proposal, a monument to Garzia Moreno, a name which in clerical thought and culture was and is the very antithesis of the name Gentili. The proposal of the monument was withdrawn, the committee discharged. Later the English took it upon themselves to do that which the Italians, the fellow-countrymen of Gentili, had not done, and in 1877 a beautiful monument of alabaster and red marble was raised to Gentili in London in the churchyard of Saint Helen (Bishopsgate). It was here Gentili was buried in 1608, having died an exile in England. In Italy also the proposal of the monument was revived. A new committee was formed whose president was Zanardelli. With him were associated many illustrious persons, among them being Pierantoni and Saffi.

Gentili was not a papist. Born in the sixteenth century, the century of the Reformation, educated by a learned father (the physician Matthew), he was from his youth associated with the Evangelical Community founded at Pisa by Peter Vermigli. By his own studies and by the free and conscientious movement of his own spirit he was carried toward the religious ideal which the Reformers were professing and preaching. Gentili was a Protestant. Student in Perugia, prætor in Ascoli, lawyer for the Commune of San Kinesio, his own country, where very honorable duties were intrusted to him, among these being the revision of the statutes, he not only through all these varied activities immersed himself in the study of the doctrines of the Reformers, but privately and secretly, as the times permitted, preached them. There happened that which in so many other Italian provinces happened, and to so many Reformers! The secret conferences, which he and his father were holding for chosen audiences in the

rooms of the Brotherhood of Saint Thomas and Barnabas, were discovered and violent persecution by the Inquisition started. The two Gentili fled, separating themselves with a grievous wrench from the rest of the family. The Inquisition vented its wrath on all that was left behind: the statutes of the Commune, reformed by Alberico and already approved with public festivals, were abolished; the property of the father was confiscated; the names of both were removed from the public registers, and both were condemned to the galleys for life; further, the penalty of infamy and the loss of all rights for him who would ever dare to propose their reinstatement!

You who regard lightly the history of the Religious Reformation in Italy, if you could know its tears and its blood! Read Tiraboschi, Giannone, Cantù, Ricotti, Masi—to cite only Italian authors and not Protestant at that—and you will find hundreds of facts of persecutions equal to these. While the Gentili were fleeing from San Ginesio, Bernardino Ochino and the two Socini were flying from Siena, Fonzio and Altieri from Venice, Alciati and Landi from Milan, Zanchi from Bergamo, and Aconzio from Trent, Vermigli and Pucci from Florence, Castelvetro from Modena, Burlamacchi, the Diodati and the Turretini from Lucca, Biandrata from Saluzzo, Gribaldi from Chieri, Betti from Rome, Pacio from Vicenza, Stancari from Mantova, Vergerio from Capo d'Istria, Caracciolo from Naples. Many others were arrested before they could flee, or, less fortunate than the Gentili, were seized while they were fleeing and thrown into torture prisons. In the end they were beheaded, strung up, or burned in the public squares! It was Italian blood. It was Italian blood and the noblest Italian blood! Think of the names of the Marchesa of Pescara, of the Duke of Paliano, the Duchess of Fondi, of Camerino, and of Ferrara. The large majority of the fugitives were learned. They were illustrious men, those who, hunted out of Italy, were appointed to the honored chairs of learning, in Switzerland, in Holland, in Germany, and in England. Alberico Gentili was first honored by the universities of Tuebingen and Heidelberg, afterward he was appointed professor of the Right of Nations in the University of Oxford. Open Gentili's *De jure belli*, and you

will find at the end of the three books a prayer. It is as follows: "May God, the Most High, bring it to pass that the princes of the world shall make an end of all wars and cultivate in holiness the rights of peace and of arbitration. Thou thyself, O God, do thou make an end to war and give us peace; be not angry because of our iniquities, and be merciful to us for the sake of thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ." In these days we hear of prayers, solemn prayers, rising even from the lips of kings and emperors. What kind of prayers are these? Prayers imploring victory for him who offers the prayer; prayers that demand "to me and to mine the victory, to the others extermination!" Every prayer reflects the psychological state of him who prays. If one feels himself threatened by peril, he also feels himself pushed by the fundamental laws of his being to ask preservation. He may even pray that harm may come to the one who threatens him. But more elevated, more Christian than the prayer that desires the victory of one is the prayer that implores that peace which is the victory of all. It corresponds to the spirit of Him who said: "Ye are all brothers"; and "Love ye one another even as I have loved you." It corresponds more to the great Christian prophecy of that era in which the people, conquered by the spirit of the Prince of Peace, "shall beat their swords into plough shares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." The light of this Christian prophecy does not project itself on the prayers which invoke more spears and more swords, or more fortune to the spears and to the swords. But shining bright and waving in a triumph of divine approbation is the prayer which supplicates: "Thou thyself, O God, do thou make an end of war and give us peace."

Are there not prayers which, even answering to the spirit of the Master in all that they ask, depart from him in the manner in which they ask? Imagine one who asks for the purification of the world and does nothing to purify his own heart, asks for the diffusion of the truth and does not move so much as a finger to do his part in the diffusing. It was not thus with Gentili. There is that famous book which after three centuries from its publication the University of Oxford republished and which the

learned continue to read and meditate upon. This book represents the effort—what gigantic effort—to put the prayer into force, into practical operation, that war may be wrested from the habits of history, from the methods of civilization, and peace established forever! Turn to the seventy-three crowded chapters. Here is a magnificent confutation of the jurists who sustain the necessity of war as an order of nature. “No,” exclaims Gentili, “war is not nature, it is the corruption of nature, it is sin!” In another place is a long and sharp discussion of the legitimate causes of war. The war of defense—yes, Gentili admits it. The war of intervention in favor of nations brutally attacked—yes, also that he admits. The war of natural expansion—that is when the increased population can no longer be sustained within the limits of its old territory and must of necessity find another place in the sun—also this third cause of conflict Gentili admits, but with some just restrictions. The war of religion (think of the century in which he was writing)—that, no! because faith does not impose itself with the club. The war of greediness, of imperialistic suffocation—no! And against it not alone must rise the nation threatened, but all nations must rise, says he, because the ambition of one threatens all and the wrong done to one is done to all.

We see the genius of Gentili throwing itself into the attempt to make laws for war to the end that some of its more savage impulses may be eliminated. Here he forbids, there he imposes, farther on he exhorts or entreats. And he has no object except to make to pass the Right where all has become Violence, to make to appear the Man where all have declined toward brutality. In a moment of creative genius, he proclaims the new theory of the Equilibrium of the States, a theory to which Europe owes that little of peace which it enjoyed between 1870 and 1914. Gentili remembers the many contests peaceably settled during the centuries, thanks to arbitration. He exalts the civil work of arbitrators. Gathering up all the threads of the discussion and directing all the energies of his mind to a last major effort, he shows the possibility of the constitution of a Supreme Court of Nations invested with the authority to settle by arbitration, without war,

without slaughter, the differences of nations. Arrived here, Gentili stands upright in all his majesty as legislator and as Christian. Henry IV and his minister, Sully, failed in their attempt to put into practice the idea of Gentili for a Supreme Court of the Nations.

It is still true, generally speaking, that only questions of little importance are handed over to arbitrators, questions whose settlement does not involve great gain to the one side or serious loss to the other. Even yet diplomacy is skeptical. Some time since Nansen was its true interpreter in his Christiania discourse. He said frankly, "Wars have been and wars will be, and humanity will never have peace." New doctrines, like that of Frederick Nietzsche, appear, proclaiming the Empire of Force: "To the ground, ye Weak. You are the way over which will pass the 'Strong!'" Savage enthusiasm invades all the world. Armies battle, fleets engage, millions of human creatures are massacred on land and on sea.

We are three centuries distant from Gentili. Did the project of Henry IV altogether fail? Henry IV was assassinated when he had just begun to work out his idea. But his project secured at least the right of citizenship among those human aspirations which, as aspirations, impose themselves on the thought of society and can nevermore be exiled. From 1816 to 1889 recourse was made to the method of arbitration sixty times. Run through the list of the questions arbitrated and you will find that at least ten of the matters settled were such as on other occasions had led to war. Skepticism? Yes, there is much. But against it there is raised Faith, and it is an ardent faith that preaches in reviews and organizes in leagues. Nietzsche? But there has been Tolstoy. Savage, instinctive enthusiasm? In Rome, in other times, enthusiasm, savage and instinctive, hurried along immense crowds to the Coliseum to witness the brutal exhibitions that they called "games." To-day, however, these games are not held and the people do not feel in the least the need of them.

International arbitration has become a part of the social program of Protestantism. Even before Gentili it shone in the mind of Podiebred, King of Bohemia and follower of Huss. Then

there was with Gentili and Henry IV the Huguenot king. Then came the meditations of Grozio, the other great son of the Reformation, who in his *De jure belli et pacis* followed the magnanimous way over which the Gentili had passed. The first Society for Peace was organized by the Quakers, after which followed, only a distance of half a century, the Democrats and the Internationalists of the Genevan Congress of 1830. The contest is between the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christ. The spirit of the world wishes to conquer at any cost, and, drunk with certain bloody spectacles, already it announces that it has conquered. Has not a famous general written, has he not written, that the question is finished: Corsica has conquered Galilee?

We should gather up the holiest ambitions of our faith, the most fiery impulses of our enthusiasm, the purest essence of our culture, the most tenacious forces of our activity, and prove that Corsica has not conquered Galilee, nor is it on the way to conquer it. If the spirit of Napoleon registers some partial victories over the spirit of Christ, it possesses no guarantee of final victory. The final victory will be of Christ, to whom Napoleon himself, at the end of his career of blood, bowed the knee, saying to him, as said the ancient ruler: "O Galilean, thou hast conquered!" It is the prayer all vibrant with the spirit of the Master, the prayer that will not die, the prayer that at last will triumph: "O God, do thou make an end to war and give us peace. Forgiving our iniquities, be merciful to us through thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ."

B. M. Tipler

THE SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE OF DANTE

THE *Divine Comedy* is so vast and profound in itself, it has called forth such an immense body of literature, it contains such varied and different fields of research, it demands so many years of earnest study in order to fully understand it that it seems almost foolish to discuss it in the brief period of time at my disposal in this article.

Nevertheless I will try to give at least a glimpse of one side of this famous book. Few if any poems have been so highly extolled as the *Divine Comedy*. A German historian, Dr. Sell, has said that it is far and away the greatest work of poetic art the world has ever seen. Carlyle has declared it to be the most enduring thing that Europe has produced; and Dr. Edward Moore of Cambridge University calls it the greatest work of human genius in any language. I have not time here to give the reasons for these extraordinary tributes of praise; to show how Dante founded the Italian language and literature, how his poem contains all the science, philosophy, theology, customs and even the daily life of the Middle Ages; how his architectonic genius surpasses that of all other poets. Nor can I even touch on his extraordinary mastery of form, the wonderful conciseness of his language, the exactness and vividness of his metaphors, his pathos, pity and tenderness, his dramatic power, and above all his sublimity. It is for all these things that Ruskin says: "I think that the central man of all the world, as representing in perfect balance the imaginative, moral and intellectual faculties, all at their highest, is Dante."

I must limit myself strictly to one phase of that all-embracing genius, his spiritual power as seen in the *Divine Comedy*. Dante has been regarded as the greatest moral and religious poet outside the Bible. Says James Russell Lowell, "We cannot help thinking that if Shakespeare's be the most comprehensive intellect, so Dante's is the highest spiritual nature that has expressed itself in rhythmical form."

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are only two religious poets, David and Dante; while Schelling calls him a high priest who stands in the holy sanctuary where poetry and religion are one.

In order to better understand the Divine Comedy I must give at least a few details of Dante's life: how he was born in Florence in 1265; how he grew up in that beautiful city on the banks of the Arno; how he entered politics and became one of the magistrates of the city; how in order to quell the incessant conflicts between the two parties of Whites and Blacks who filled the city with their broils he with others caused the ringleaders to be banished from Florence, thus incurring the hatred of both parties, so that he himself in the course of time was banished from his native city under the charge of graft. Thus in 1301 began the long and dolorous period of his exile which lasted till his death in Ravenna in 1321. During all these years he was a wanderer, a beggar, knowing how salt is the taste of another's bread, how hard a thing it is to climb another's stairs. A pathetic story is told of how one day at sunset a weary, travel-stained traveler knocked at the door of the Monastery of Saint Ilario, and when the monk who came to the door asked what he wanted, uttered the single word, "Peace." Longfellow, whose sonnets on Dante are the highest expression of his poetic power, has described this scene in beautiful words:

Methinks I see thee stand with pallid cheeks
By Fra Ilario in his diocese,
As up the convent walls, in golden streaks,
The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease;
And as he asks what there the stranger seeks
Thy voice along the cloister whispers, "Peace."

One outstanding event in Dante's life is that beautiful scene in early youth where he met for the first time the fair young daughter of one of Florence's most distinguished citizens, Beatrice Portinari. No more beautiful love story exists in literature than the Vita Nuova, in which Dante tells how a "new life" came to him through his love for Beatrice. She became to him the symbol of all that is good and beautiful and true in life. "Her beauty, her goodness, all her perfections, are to him but proofs of God's

unending love." When Beatrice died she became to Dante a holy, tender, reminiscent affection and a lofty symbol, "who," he says, "dwells in heaven with the angels and on earth with my soul."

Dante's apotheosis of Beatrice has been called by Shelley the noblest imagination in all literature. Inflamed with holy zeal, he determined to build about her beloved personality the mighty structure of the *Divine Comedy*. It is she who induced Vergil to come to Dante's aid in the dark forest of sin. She comes to him and reveals her glory in the Earthly Paradise, and it is by looking into her eyes that he receives the power to rise from star to star on the steps of the celestial staircase that leads him to the throne of God.

I cannot discuss here the various books written by Dante, not even the *Vita Nuova*. I must confine myself entirely to the *Divine Comedy*. This was written toward the end of his life. During all the years of his exile he had ever nursed the hope of some day going back to his beloved Florence, and when, in 1310, Henry VII of Luxembourg came to Italy to restore order in Church and State, Dante hailed his coming with words of exultation and delight. But alas, his hopes were soon to die out forever. Henry suddenly died at Buonconvento in 1313, of poison, it was said, and Dante saw the last chance of return disappear. His life now seemed an irremediable failure. What should he do? Like so many others of the defeated in life, shake off forever the burdens of his world-weary flesh? No, he was too strong for that. He sat down and looked over the course of his own life, with its joys and pains, its hopes and despairs, and its apparent failure at the end. He saw the awful sin and vice around him, and the crimes that stained the annals of mankind; but he saw also the world filled with good men and women; saw sinners repenting and striving to climb slowly from sin to holiness. He saw the evidence of God's love over all things, and, believing as he did in the divine origin of the Bible and the adamantine foundation of the Holy Church, he lifted his eyes to the brighter glories of the world to come, where

Anthems of rapture unceasingly roll
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

And these things he strove to put into poetic form, so that all men might see, as he did, this world of ours against the background of eternity.

The form he chose was that of an allegory, in which the soul of man, a pilgrim of the Infinite, made his journey from time to eternity. Many men before Dante had described the world beyond the grave—Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise—such as Alberico, Tundal, Saint Brendan, and others. Only their descriptions were crude and unartistic. Dante differed from all his predecessors in the consummate art in which all his vision of the unseen world is clothed. He tells how on Easter Day in the year 1300 he found himself astray in a dark forest, how Vergil, the symbol of reason, appears to him and conducts him to the gates of Hell, with the fateful words engraved thereon: "All hope abandon, Ye who enter here." He goes through the nine circles of Hell, sees the punishment of the wretched sinners there, the licentious and the misers and the atheists, the murderers and suicides, the hydra-headed monster of fraud, and, lowest of all, the traitors against God and country. Climbing through a narrow passage, he with Vergil issues out upon the shore of an island rising steeply in the midst of the great southern ocean. This Mount of Purgatory is divided into seven terraces where those guilty of pride, envy, anger, avarice, sloth, gluttony, and licentiousness purge away their sins by terrible sufferings, which, however, are lightened by the hope of pardon and peace at last. At the top of the Mount of Purgatory he beholds a lovely landscape, Earthly Paradise, where finally Beatrice comes in all her celestial beauty to take the place of Vergil as his guide. Drinking the waters of the rivers of Lethe and Eunöe, he loses the bitterness of the sense of sin, and becomes pure and fit to ascend to the stars. Then begins the journey through the nine celestial spheres. Beatrice gazes at the heavens and thinks of God, Dante gazes into the eyes of Beatrice, and so together they are wafted away to Paradise. The celestial journey ends in the Empyrean, the heaven of light and love, the seat of God, who is surrounded by the nine orders of cherubim and seraphim and archangels and angels, while gathered around are the saints of all ages, whose hearts are filled with love and adoration.

Then Dante, in one blinding flash of insight, catches the glimpse of the mystery of the Trinity, and, overcome by this view, his mighty genius sinks and the vision comes to an end.

In all three parts of the Divine Comedy there are famous scenes. In Hell we have the story of the guilty love of Francesca da Rimini, where the

dusky strand of death inwoven here
With dear love's tie makes love himself more dear.

We have the infinite pathos and pity of the scene in the Wood of Suicides, the City of Dis, the last journey of Ulysses, and the story of Ugolino and how he with his children were starved to death in the Tower of Hunger at Pisa. In the Purgatory we have the scene in the first canto, the lovely morning with the sun shining on the mass of the Southern Sea, the angel boatman, the landing of the spirits, and Dante's friend Casella singing as of old to comfort his friend. We have the idyllic beauty of the twilight scene in the Valley of the Princes, and the beautiful landscape in the Earthly Paradise, where Dante sees a lovely lady walking over the meadows, singing, and plucking flowers to make a wreath for herself. Then in the Paradise we see Piccarda in the heaven of the Moon, telling how all are content with the station God has assigned to them, uttering what Matthew Arnold calls the one incomparable line: *In la sua volontade è nostra pace*. In his will is our peace. In the heaven of Mars he meets his ancestor Cacciaguida, who predicts his exile, and in the Empyrean he sees the spirits of the saved of all ages seated in the form of a celestial rose around the liquid lake of God's light and love. And each of these three great divisions of the Divine Comedy has an atmosphere of its own. Hell is filled with darkness, broken only by the fitful glare of lurid flames; the air is full of groans and lamentations, curses loud and deep, shrieks of despair. Purgatory is surrounded by a lovely atmosphere of peace and joy. The sky is blue above; the spirits as they purge away their sin are filled with love and adoration, and kindly words and holy songs meet the pilgrims as they mount from terrace to terrace, while all Paradise is one blaze of glory.

Such is a brief outline of Dante's three-fold journey to the world beyond the grave.

What makes the spiritual value of the *Divine Comedy* so great is the sincerity and truth of it all. It is a piece of human life. It is Dante himself whose soul wanders through the scenes. And what he saw is just as true to-day as it was in his own times. This makes the unique attraction of the poem. It is not something that happened ages ago, but we see the same things all around us at the present time. For, to-day as we look out over the world, we can too see Hell and Purgatory and Paradise. No more awful sights did Dante describe in his *Inferno* than the description of the opium joint in Hartford published in the *Courant* a few months ago, with its reeking, filthy rooms, where drunken men and women lay promiscuously in the same beds. Was the story of Francesca da Rimini more poignantly tragic than that of the Boston clergyman Richeson, who a couple of years ago poisoned the fair young girl who had trusted him, in order that he might be free to marry a rich girl? And that pathetic scene in the Wood of the Suicides, in the seventh circle of the *Inferno*, is as nothing to the multiplied examples reported in the papers every day of those who see no other escape from their difficulties than that of a voluntary death. Like Dean Huffcut of Cornell, who, worn out by overwork, shot himself on a Hudson River steamer and who left a note with these words:

Sweet after toil is rest.
Then wherefore should we sorrow
For those who fall asleep to-night
And shall not wake to-morrow?

or that poor young girl who lost her lover and jumped into the Niagara River, and turned and smiled and shook her head at her would-be rescuers. Or finally like the English poet John Davidson, who, unable to earn a living, went off one day and never came back, and left these lines behind him:

Farewell the hopes that mocked, farewell despair
That went before me still and made the pace.
The earth is full of graves, and mine was there
Before my life began, my resting place,

And I shall find it out, and with the dead
Lie down forever, all my sayings said;
Deeds all done; songs all sung;
While others chant in sun and rain;
Heel and toe from dawn to dusk;
Round the world and home again.

This seems to me to represent a whole multitude of men and women to-day to whom this life, which we think is so beautiful, is as full of hopelessness and despair as the *Inferno* of Dante.

But, just as we can see Hell all about us if we turn our eyes that way, so we can see the purer and sweeter sight of men striving to better themselves, the reformed sinner saved by grace, the drunkard and even the convict repenting in the hopelessness of prison. One can hardly read with dry eyes the story of the conversion of Colonel H. H. Hadley, told in his own words: "On July 26, 1886, at midnight, I entered a saloon at the corner of Third Avenue and One Hundred and Seventieth Street, and with a lawyer who was also a heavy drinker, had six brandy cocktails. I had been drinking terribly all day. I had fifty-three drinks that day and night. I thought I would drop dead. Two days later, trembling in every nerve, with a thirst no man can describe, I concluded to call at the McAuley Mission and see my brother, who was then superintendent, himself a saved drunkard. As I sat there listening to the testimonies, I thought how true he had been for more than three years and what a hopeless drunkard he used to be. I stood up and told the condition I was in and then coming forward with all my sin, I fell down on my knees at the bench in front and cried to God with all my heart for mercy and forgiveness. As I asked God to forgive me for the sake of his dear Son I felt that Jesus died for me alone. Somehow I had lost my load. I could feel sad no longer, and from that moment to this I have had no desire nor thirst for alcoholic beverages. I went home and told my wife. 'You need not have told me, darling boy, I knew it when you came in.' O, the tears of joy that night. When at last I slept I dreamed I was in the Mission, singing the hymn they sang that night: 'I have found refuge for my weary soul.' The next morning I awoke singing. I felt I was free. The birds

never sang so sweetly as then, and the very rocks seemed to wear smiling faces for me."

The whole atmosphere of this story is the same as that which envelops the Purgatory of Dante.

It is this perfect application to the facts of everyday life around us that has made men not merely admire the Divine Comedy as a great work of poetic genius, but as a means of moral uplift and spiritual growth. Says Mr. Gladstone, "The reading of Dante is not merely a pleasure, a *tour de force* or a lesson; it is a vigorous discipline for the heart, the intellect, the whole man. In the school of Dante I have learned a great part of that mental provision which has served me to make the journey of human life up to the term of nearly seventy-three years."

So, too, Longfellow, when the awful tragedy of the death of his wife by fire came to him, found peace and consolation in the study and translation of the Divine Comedy. In the sonnet he wrote about it he compares it to a cathedral where the weary burden-bearers of life can find rest and peace:

Of't have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden and with reverent feet
Enter and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er.
Far off the noises of the world's retreat,
The loud vociferations of the street,
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So as I enter here from day to day
And lay my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer—and not ashamed to pray—
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmur dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

A whole book could be made up of what men have said about the spiritual and religious influence of Dante. Instead of quoting from others, however, I may perhaps be allowed to give a page out of my own personal experience with the great Florentine poet. For some reason or other the one great passion of my life has been the Divine Comedy. From my earliest youth I have been fascinated by its pages. I was only sixteen years old when I

slowly and painfully made my way through the original Italian. The reading of this book was even at that early stage of my life fraught with the highest intellectual pleasure I have ever known. I remember one night at midnight, in the silence of the sleep time, finishing the *Vita Nuova* and the strange feeling of uplift I experienced as I read the last words:

"After writing this sonnet it was given me to behold a wonderful vision, wherein I saw things which determined me to say nothing further of this most blessed one until I might more worthily magnify her; and to this end I labor, as she knows truly. Wherefore if it be the pleasure of God that my life continue yet a few years, I hope to write that about her which has never yet been written of mortal woman. After which may it be the will of him who is Lord of all grace that my spirit go to heaven to behold the glory of its lady, to wit, this most blessed Beatrice, who now gazeth upon the face of Him *qui est per omnia secula benedictus*."

Since then I have read him over and over again; I have studied and written about him, and have taught him to my college classes. I admire him for his greatness, but I love him for what he has been to me. He has colored my whole view of life. Through his eyes I have looked out upon the world of sin and crime, seeing its awful consequences, the hopelessness of certain deeds, symbolized in the *Inferno*. I have seen how we may, by purging our hearts of pride, envy, avarice, passion, alone insure ourselves of a happy life here and salvation in the world to come. With Dante I climb the higher plane of the spirit, see God's way with men and learn how we may approach him. What may be the state of my own moral and spiritual life at present I do not know, but there is no doubt in my own mind that it is largely the result of my love for Dante. I, too, can say, with Dean Church, that the seriousness of the *Divine Comedy* "has put to shame my trifling; its magnanimity, my faint-heartedness; its living energy, my indolence; its stern and sad grandeur rebuked low thoughts, its thrilling tenderness overcome sullenness and assuaged distress, its strong faith quelled despair and soothed perplexity, its vast grasp imparted the sense of harmony to the view of clashing truths."

But above all I owe to Dante something of his own lofty view

of the ultimate goal of the intellectual life; that glimpse into the unspeakable love of God which shows itself in all the infinite variety of this world of ours, which although at times it seems so cruel and harsh is yet so full of the beautiful and the strange. No deeper experience has come to me in recent years than this almost physical sense of abstract beauty and harmony; the beauty of nature, of field and forest, bird and flower, sea and sky; the beauty of the little child with its

locks of golden hue,
Cheeks so soft and eyes so blue,
Voice so piercing sweet, it seems
Angel music heard in dreams;

the beauty of love, who keepeth his vigil on the soft cheeks of the maiden and sitteth enthroned beside the eternal laws; the beauty of heroic deeds, high thinking, kindly words and sympathy; the beauty born of goodness that never dies; the beauty of a soul in prayer, of the mother smiling upon her sleeping babe, the beauty of the thought of God, the immortality of the soul and that spiritual perfection which is its far-away goal.

And perhaps I cannot better close this talk of mine about the spiritual influence of Dante on my own life than by relating a dream I had not long ago, when, thinking over these things, I fell asleep. I seemed to be walking down the slopes of a mountain road. Above me rose the snowy summits of the Alps piercing the blue sky that bent above them. On all sides were running streams, trees with singing birds, grassy meadows, bright with flowers, where groups of little children were playing, themselves the fairest flowers of all. Along the pleasant roads and in the sylvan glades young girls were walking arm in arm singing the old familiar songs of love and joy and knightly deeds of long ago. Far below I could see the towns and cities of men with the blue lake flowing around them. I could see the smoke of factories and hear the busy hum of the market-place, the church bells ringing out the silvery music of the Angelus, and the sound of voices mingled with organ notes that came from the open doors of the churches, with their kneeling worshipers within. And in the late afternoon sunshine I could see a bridal procession moving slowly

along; while at a cottage door a young mother was sitting bent over her babe, crooning it to sleep with soft and tender words. A strange thrill of joy seemed to pass through me as I looked at these things in my dreams. Tears came to my eyes.

O happy living things, no tongue
Their beauty might declare;
A spring of love gushed my heart
And I blessed them unaware.

And with that I woke and found that it was morning. The soft light of the dawn was gilding the eastern horizon; all nature was full of the hushed expectancy that marks the coming in of the morn. For a long time I lay thinking of my dream, and as my mind wandered over all the beautiful things it had been my privilege in life to see I found myself softly murmuring, "Yes, my dream is true." And outside my window the soft rustling of the breeze among the leaves, the rosy tints that stained the brightening east, all the beautiful things that mark the birth of a new day kept whispering

persistent and low
With their all-but-hushed voices, E'en so; it is so.

Oscar Kuhnz.

THE SHEPHERD WHO DID NOT HASTEN TO BETHLEHEM, BUT ARRIVED

It was mid-winter of the year seven hundred and fifty since the founding of Rome. A half-mile east of Bethlehem, in one of the broad hilly pastures, four shepherds were keeping watch over a flock of a couple thousand sheep. Although it was almost midnight, a bright moon and innumerable twinkling stars shone down with almost uncanny brightness upon the backs of the great gray flock, and disclosed in a near-by corner of the field the sturdy structure of stone "Migdol Eder," or "the Shepherds' Tower." It was a month later than the sheep were ordinarily kept out in the pasture here, but the extraordinary crowds coming up to the City of David for the enrollment had made accommodations for men and animals very scarce. Three of the watchers of the sheep were lying on the ground, still enough to be asleep. One other, his rod and staff in hand, stood at a little distance, motionless, but alert. Closely seen, even by the moonlight, the faces of these shepherds betokened men of higher grade than were usually found in the occupation of shepherding. Except perhaps for the one who stood aloof, who had a harder look than the others, they appeared to be clean, honest, and high-thinking men, and not a bit like the ruffians who usually watched the sheep of Palestine. And these *were* better men, for these were better sheep—the sheep destined for the sacrifices in the temple services in Jerusalem, six miles to the north.

Noticing a slight stir by one of his companions lying near him, one prostrate shepherd, Acheel by name, said, "The night is too bright to sleep, Cynacus. I haven't even dozed."

"True," answered the one addressed, "it is uncommon bright, but something else seems to keep me wakeful—a strange presentiment, a sense of some unusual happening as imminent. I don't know why. But look at the sheep even. They are not as interested as usual in their feeding. See how they look up and around every little while? But—it may be a wolf edging near. Still,

you know, Acheel, as we lay here I have been thinking that momentous things have happened right in this vicinity of Bethlehem. Around these fields somewhere Boaz reaped and Ruth gleaned. Not very far south are the pastures where Amos kept his herd and dressed his sycamore trees. Great David was born yonder in the town; this is his city, and I have read, I think in the roll of Micah, that this same little town, though overshadowed by her great neighbor Jerusalem, is to be highly honored some day and produce again some great one, a 'governor,' who shall be a 'shepherd' to the people of Israel. 'Shepherd' is the word, Acheel, that's how I happened to remember it. And while I lay here thinking, I could not help but feel that as such great things have transpired hereabout, more great or greater things may still occur. We children of Abraham have certainly waited a long time for something to happen—for One to come. I get disheartened sometimes, the Messiah delays so long his coming. And they say that from the tower yonder, too, the announcement of his advent will first be made. How fine 'twould be to hear the proclamation made, Acheel. Stephanus, here, does not seem to be disturbed or hindered from his sleep by either moonlight or forebodings."

"You're wrong therein," said the third shepherd, turning squarely toward them as he lay on the ground. "I haven't slept a wink, either, nor have I missed a word of your none too subdued conversation with Acheel. Ever since I came off watch, I have been looking up at the stars, and thinking of that old song of David's about the 'heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.' My mind, too, has been turning back to the splendid history of our nation, and dwelling on some of the blessed promises that have occurred to you, Cynacus. But I am amazed at the discouraged tone in which you speak, as though you despaired of their coming true. Think you those promises of Jehovah which Isaiah declared to us about the 'shoot out of the stock of Jesse and branch out of the roots,' and the 'child' who is to be called 'wonderful' have been forgot? Do you think, indeed, that the Shepherd whom Ezekiel wrote about to gather the scattered sheep of Israel will not appear? Have you forgotten

the 'zeal of the Lord of Hosts' who surely 'will perform this'? I'm confident that the 'sure mercies of David' are 'sure,' though they may be long in coming to us. Jehovah doesn't forget his oath, which he swore to our father Abraham—no, never. It may be a long time yet, my friends. But let us not give up our confidence in the God of our fathers, nor the hope of Him who is to come. It may be long, it may be soon. But, be sure, it *will be*. A thousand years is but a day, remember, unto Jehovah, and a day like a thousand years. When we give up our faith in Jehovah, then we would do well to quit this work of keeping sheep for his offerings. If we do not trust him for whom they're slain, we are close to hypocrites, and they are, as far as we can make them, 'vain oblations.' Don't let that despondent strain steal into your tone, Cynacus, when you recount the achievements and the promises of Jehovah again. That sounded more like Missael here."

Although the last remark was in a somewhat lower tone, it reached the ears of the shepherd standing not far removed from the three. With an impatient move he turned directly toward the three, who now were sitting up, scowled at them, and said with a half-sneer on his face.

"Wakeful fellows, I've heard, also, most of your conversation, as well as the last complimentary remark of Stephanus. You'd better sleep than indulge in this moonshining nonsense that I've overheard. Arrant folly, that's how it sounds. This raving about promises and deliverers, child to be born, and shoots and roots—much better dream and rest than keep yourselves awake with these old wives' tales. Those promises of kings and conquerors are all fulfilled as much as ever they will be. The glorious kingdom of Abraham has reached its zenith. The splendor of Solomon's realm will never be equaled. You put fond hopes, but vain, in those old dreams and poetic effusions. Israel's history is writ; and 'finis' has been written after all there is worth telling of the Jewish nation. Our golden age is in the past, that's clear to any man who's not a fool or dreamer—or a sleepy shepherd in the moonshine. Looks like 'deliverance'—doesn't it! This tyrant Augustus stamping his iron foot on all the Jews. Now stirring up this mess of 'enrollment,' driving families across the country

to write down their names and possessions in their native village census list. And what for? To grind out more taxes from us—to squeeze us a little tighter for revenue! We surely need a 'prince,' though not 'of peace,' and there is poor chance of having any kind." So blurted out Missael, venom, unbelief, sarcasm hissing in every word. And then with a little less of sneer he went on, since no one offered to answer him. "There was a time when I believed all that stuff and had some beautiful hopes of my own. But that's all gone away and done with. I doubt whether there is a Jehovah, sometimes, and am sure that he has no care for us poor creatures, Jews or Gentiles. Just work, eat, drink, die some day and go somewhere—or nowhere, who knows?—that's my philosophy. This sacrificing business and the temple and so on—it provides a living for us, and for the grafting priests and Levites; the worship and sacrifice don't hurt the dupes who believe in it, except the very poor. But it is all vain and simply form, as far as interesting any God is concerned. It's sad, maybe, but true; I've felt it so for long."

The three men on the ground who listened in silence thought they knew about *how* long. Though Missael had lately come among them as a shepherd, they had heard of him before, and knew something of his sad history. Years ago he had married a sweet wife from the tribe of Levi, a beautiful and pure-souled girl, who had exerted a powerful and refining influence on Missael. Their home had been a happy one, but she had died when their joy would have been greatest, at the birth of a baby boy. Then, in two years more, the boy had died. This double loss had hardened the soul of Missael and driven him away from God—steeled him against all that was good and gentle. Instead of being refined by the fire, he had been coarsened. Instead of dross, the gold had all been lost, and his heart made like flint. A sort of vagabond he wandered around the land. He had no friends, and wanted none. Offers of friendship were repelled; self-sufficient, cynical, cold, sullen, he drifted from town to town, an utterly miserable but unapproachable figure, caring for neither God nor man.

Stephanus was the only one who ventured any answer to the outburst of Missael, and that a brief one. "Be not too sure and

hasty in throwing over those childhood hopes and that early faith of yours, Missael. Just wait. You may see something better, in yourself and in Israel, some day. For one, I look *forward*, not backward; and to a Child that shall be born, not to great kings that *have* lived and died. There is more comfort in the forward look at least."

"O, idle prattle. Hug your precious comforting beliefs and vain hopes if you want to. But to a sane man, who has lived long and much and sees straight, it is like clutching at a straw when drowning. What ails those sheep?"

This last ejaculation was called forth by a sudden huddling together of the flocks, as though in self-protection against some new strange enemy. Before the duller sense of the men had realized it, the sheep, perhaps, had caught sight of the dazzling shaft of light descending, meteorlike, from the sky. But in a second the men, too, had seen it: a glowing path of fire, brighter than the stars by far, brighter than a comet's trail, descending from the heavens down to the field. And near the earth, just a little above them, there stood a figure glistening white, angelic, awe-inspiring. At the sight of that effulgent visitor the four fell, dazed and speechless. Could Moses in the mount of God look at him or his glory? Could Isaiah stand and gaze, undismayed, upon the Holy One in the temple? And so in terror these simple shepherds all fell flat, except for Missael, who went only as far as his knees, clutching as he fell at his rod as though it might be some defense against this awful visitation from above. There, on his knees, with his face averted, he stayed while a voice sounded clear, limpid, unearthly, and yet not terrifying but reassuring.

"Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people: for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you: ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger."

The moment that the voice was still there broke out, as though it had been long pent-up and waiting, a song of heavenly

voices, singing together and accompanied by a thousand harps, though not of "solemn sound," but most joyful,

Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased.

Almost as quickly as it had come the brilliance in the sky was gone, the anthem ceased. It was night again and sky and earth just as before, save for one star in the east, which had not shone, at least so brightly, until now. It was long before the men arose, and then with faces blanched and full of awe, but eyes all agleam with some new light. Instinctively, as when men have come together through some great disaster, as shipwreck or fire, they drew a little closer to one another, even Missael did. The latter's face was white, but still he gripped his cudgel; his face was set in lines which deepened against the pallor of his countenance, and revealed a struggle going on within. The joy and the responsiveness which the others showed through their alarm was lacking in his sterner face.

As they arose, they all—even Missael—looked upward. And so they stood in quiet until at last Acheel spoke out, "Come—why do we stand here and gaze up? He said, 'Ye shall find a babe'; did he not?"

"True," shortly said Cynacus. "Let us hurry—let us see. Can it be these portents were well grounded? Have we, the common shepherds of the field, been highly honored with the news of that Child so long awaited?"

Stephanus simply picked up his staff from the ground and started toward the village, saying, half to himself, "I said it might be soon, and *might* be here. Here is Bethlehem; here is Eder; he is to be a Shepherd of his flock. 'Tis not unlike Jehovah to show his glory to humble folk. It may be that the 'dayspring from on high has visited us' this early morning. Come, Missael" (who showed no signs of moving), "your doubts can now be settled once for all."

Missael's face darkened with scorn. If any emotion of love or wonder was within, only cold hate showed on the exterior, as he said in answer, "Not I. Run on, if you will. I'll stay and

do the work. Some one must watch the sheep while dazed dreamers search out babies. They'll think, in the village, you have turned lunatics in the night. But, go on," this last as though he was glad to see them hurrying away. But as they disappeared below the knoll, and he saw them no more, a change came over Missael. His austerity melted; the sullenness and sarcasm on his face softened into bewilderment. "What was it that had happened? A falling star? Did lightning ever come from a sky like that? The music—was it borne from the chanting choirs in the temple at some midnight service?" So he questioned, groped, and struggled with himself. Catching sight of the shepherds hurrying over another hill near the town he said, without the sneer now, "They go as if they really expected to find something or some one. 'A child is born,' was it?" At that memory his face grew hard again, but his eye was almost moist with something like a tear. "I had one born to me once, long, long ago, it seems. We had a son. If only he had lived—or she—this heart might not have been so heavy nor hateful. I might be hurrying with the other three there. But now—" He sank down on the ground and buried his head in his hands, while the sheep wandered where they would, unguarded and unhindered.

It was forty-odd days after that eventful night. The streets of Bethlehem were not so thronged with visitors as they had been a month before. The inn was well-nigh deserted on this particular evening. Near it on the ground sat Missael. He looked older, more coarse and unapproachable than ever. His memories were not pleasant at sundown that day, nor were they ever nowadays. He was thinking of that strange bewildering midnight on the plains with Acheel, Cynacus, and Stephanus. He had stayed there that night with his thoughts, and they had grown bitterer every hour his companions tarried. He had heard their wonderful tales when they came back. But the more they glowed, and the happier they waxed, as they described the manger and the little family, the angrier he became, the worse he hated them all. He had flung out some cruel and mocking word at them and left them there. Since then he had drifted around in and near Bethlehem.

In the town he kept hearing about the wonderful birth, the baby born in a manger, and he wanted to get away from it all. And yet something held him there. A few days' work at the inn he had done, but mostly he had idled, and drunk more old wine than usual. Somehow he wanted to be away from this cursed city of David, yet he stayed. He wished he would never hear again about the family and the baby of that Nazarene, but still he heard and remembered every detail of the incident, whether it was told by the host of the inn or the stable boy and village gossips.

As he sat there, utterly miserable, through the dusk he caught sight of three camels entering the village. They were richly caparisoned; their riders were plainly Easterners, and yet not traders. As they came up to the inn, he could see that they were too dignified and noble looking to be merchants, and too finely dressed. They looked like Babylonians, rich and aristocratic. The host was out to greet them, bowing and offering to help the strangers dismount. But they seemed not inclined to tarry at the inn, but said with unusual directness for Easterners, "We are travelers from Babylon searching for a child [Missael started, scowled, and listened intently]. We saw the star of some great prince some weeks ago, and have come hither looking for a newborn King of Jews. The advisers of Herod say he will be found in Bethlehem, if anywhere. Is there any child in the village of ten days past a month or so in age?"

"Ah, yes," said the host. "That must be the one who was born in my inn during the rush of the enrollment time. [He did not mention that it was not *in* the inn.] Shepherds came in from the fields that night saying incredible things about the birth of a Saviour or King. He was the child of a Nazarene carpenter and wife, both of David lineage. They are all here yet. They have found a house now and dwell now at the end of this street, almost without the village."

The men upon the camels exchanged satisfied glances, expressed their gratitude, and rode on with scant courtesy, as though the business on which they were bent allowed no delay. For some reason, he hardly knew why, Missael, the shepherd who had one time refused to go with his comrades to look for the child,

followed them. If he had tried to explain such unexpected conduct to himself he would have probably reasoned thus: These men are no idle dreamers. They are learned men. If they too have heard about the child there must be something in it. At least it would be no harm to follow them. No one would see him in the dusk, and he might get a glimpse of this wonderful child that everybody was talking about, and slink away unnoticed.

Thus it happened that Missael walked down the street behind the wise men, and easily kept up with the slow-gaited camels. At last, as they came to a humble house at the outskirts of the village, the foremost one halted, looked up, and said, "Ah! the star; the very star."

And there, sure enough, was one bright star above them—the evening star, and the only one yet visible. "It is an auspicious omen. At the start and at the end of our quest the star appears. And this must be the house." "And here must be the child," another said in joy.

The camels knelt. The men dismounted. Each took a shining box in his hand and entered the door of the humble house. Close behind, unseen by any, came Missael. As they entered the main room, which was not large, Missael drew close behind them, and a strange new feeling of expectancy possessed him. Half-ashamed of what he did, and yet half-glad, he sought a shadowed corner of the room and stood behind the flowing garments of the Magi.

The reverent seekers from the Orient and the cynical shepherd of Judæa, they in the foreground, he in the background, all looked upon the same entrancing scene of homely beauty, of simple charm and vast significance, which gifted artists have but feebly put on canvas. By the light of a single lamp they saw three persons, yet there was but One who held the eye and gripped the attention. Half concealed in the shadow behind stood the elderly husband, with a face benign, strong, tender, as he looked down on the two within the circle of the lamp's illumination. The mother seemed hardly more than a maiden; but motherhood had written lines of love and joy and responsibility upon her face. A pensiveness like that of one who thinks much of high and holy

things was on her countenance; a seer's look, as though she could discern things hidden to ordinary people, was in her eyes while she gazed, not on the visitors, but at the child she held. And in her expression there was more than mother's love, there was holy awe, a reverence for One divine. That same ineffable sense of holy reverence crept into the hearts of all the four who watched, as they too looked upon the babe. Besides the innocence and charm of all babyhood, there was in this infant here some sort of loveliness and winsomeness that would draw forth responsive love from the coldest heart, and made one think of God and heaven.

As the belated shepherd looked past the fine garments of the Wise Men to that adorable mother and child his mind was wooed backward to his past, inward to his heart, and upward to his God. The pure mothering face above the child had brought before him his own sweet wife of years ago—her goodness and her reverence, her unbounded love. It all came back to him as clearly as though it were but yesterday they were betrothed. The baby face there in the room reminded him of the baby he and she had looked upon. She had prayed for a boy and promised Jehovah he should be given to the temple service. He, too, had promised the dying mother that sad day she died that he would train the lad for God's service. And, maybe, he would have done it, but—another blow, unforeseen, inexplicable, had fallen. The boy was taken too. And he had forgotten God, and hated him, almost, when he thought of him who did such cruel things. He knew it was not just as she would have him be, but that sense of injury, that deep, brooding resentment was there, and nothing since had lightened it.

"Yes," the mother was saying, without a glance toward the noble visitors, "his name is Jesus, for the angel said, 'It is he that shall save his people from their sins.'"

"From their sins," the shepherd in the corner heard her say. Did she look up then, and see him, half-hidden in the corner? Perhaps it was just imagination, but Missael felt somehow that a mother's pure eye had pierced him through and seen there in his heart, and revealed to him as well, sin—hatred, unbelief—which for years he had been hiding from himself. With this brief

look, which he may have imagined, there came into his mind, out of those halcyon days, the prayer they were to teach the boy: "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Jehovah, my Rock and my Redeemer." Ah, yes. He was willing to face it now—he had sinned, against her, against the boy, against his God. His thoughts, how bitter and evil they had been. His words, how blasphemous, and how cruel to men. O God of Abraham, was there forgiveness for such triple sin? And then it seemed as though he heard her say it again, "He shall save his people from their sins."

When the Magi bowed down to lay before the child gold, frankincense, and myrrh, Missael slipped out into the street—but not the same Missael. While under the spell of that Holy Child he had seen and felt enough to send him out a different man. As when the warm sun of spring shines down upon the frozen river and releases the great cakes of ice and sends them sweeping down stream, so in the presence of the sinless Child, the holy mother, all the pent-up hatred and unbelief of years had broken down and been swept away. And as the same sun touches into bloom the tulips long covered with snow, and kisses into color the flowers of the wood, so, as he stood and looked on that charming circle, a new and gentle warmth had crept into his heart—such love and rapture toward God and all men as he had not felt since the day when love had gone out of his life with the death of his dearest ones.

Out he came from the sight of the Child a new creature, a different man from the one who had slunk in behind the Magi. The silent stars above him were not more peaceful than his heart now. The bright evening star that seemed to twinkle down upon the house was not more bright than his heart with its new-found joy. Out past the inn he went, straight toward the pasture to the east where he knew his three comrades of the great night were still keeping watch. "First," he was saying, "I must find them. I hurt them with my sarcasm. I grieved the faithful friends and mocked their simple faith. Jehovah, forgive me. I must tell Stephanus I have seen the child too, and he has made me different. He may be the long-awaited Messiah for our nation. I know

not. But this I do know, he has brought God back to me. He is Immanuel, for God is with me now. I love him, I love them, and all men, since I have seen the child. A little child, I will tell them, a little child has led me back to God and back to them to ask forgiveness."

From a knoll he saw them a little way ahead keeping watch once more over their flocks by night. And as he went, with love in his heart, he heard again, what they had heard one night in the heaven, but which now was music in his soul,

Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray.
Cast out our sin, and enter in—
Be born in us, to-day.

John Leonard Cohen

THE LITERARY WORKMANSHIP OF "MATTHEW"

AFTER nearly two thousand years of study we know very little about the Gospels. We do not so much as know their literary form, or forms, or whether they have any. Eminent scholars are in utter darkness on this subject. Some of the learned men who have put forth the volumes of the incomparable International Critical Commentary deny that there is any literary workmanship to be found in the Gospels, one of them excepting the Fourth. The importance of their literary character can scarcely be exaggerated. Until the form of any work is in some degree understood it will not be easy to understand its heart or spirit, and it is not to be supposed that the Gospels would prove an exception. The fact is that the exposition of the First, Third, and Fourth Gospels and the Acts is well-nigh impossible, because we have not the forms upon which these works were written; and it would be difficult to name a subject of greater importance to the Bible student than the literary craftsmanship of these precious writings. I wish to ask the readers of the *METHODIST REVIEW* to examine with me the literary scheme of the First Gospel; a piece of writing of the highest literary character and a work worthy of a foremost place among the world's masterpieces. If the following exhibit is correct, it is safe to say that to create the First Gospel required gifts and training of a far higher order than to create the greatest piece of architecture the world has ever known, or the Moses of the Italian master in sculpture, or the Madonna of Raphael, or the Messiah by Handel, or anything done by Homer or Shakespeare. This will surprise numberless literary devotees of to-day, and yet it will be admitted by every one of them, and in the literary workmanship of the First Gospel will be found the choicest field imaginable for the training of the genius that would do really great work. Renan once said that the Gospel by Matthew is the greatest, or, rather, the most important book ever written. The famous French critic thought only of the amazing grasp of history shown by the book. He might have added the equal comprehension of personal character

or biography which the book shows and, especially, the unapproachable gift of the essayist, which is apparent at every step as we pass through the work.

Evidently the artist had prepared for his guidance a very exact framework or model of most attractive design, and he has followed its requirements with slavish as well as brilliant skill. It will be very interesting for us at this place to make a sketch or drawing of the design, which is shown on the following page. Such is the preliminary draft of the artist for his work. We know of nothing like it in secular literature. The Old Testament or Hebrew writers of the later periods—exilic and post-exilic—used the seven-fold model or draft for other purposes, but this is the first instance in which anything like this form was used for a treatise or essay. It is a highly featured model. The gospel story is told in seven parts. There are an introductory prologue, a clever device, contrived with fine literary skill and executed with telling force, connecting the parts, and an epilogue containing a seven-fold concluding summary.

The prologue contains a three-part genealogy setting forth the prophetic, kingly, and priestly ancestry of Jesus Christ.

The first part identifies Jesus as the Jewish Messiah, in a portraiture setting forth the nativity, the manifestation thirty years after, the Messianic temptation, and the settlement in Gentile Galilee, by seven proof-citations from the Hebrew Scriptures. The story is very skillfully told, the requirements of the form or model are obediently observed, and the work is craftsmanship of the highest order.

The second part presents Jesus as the Messiah in his prophetic character, the author assembling the logia, or sayings, of Jesus in a seven-fold address of great power and beauty. This address is well known as the "Sermon on the Mount," and almost completely occupies the area of the frame designed for the second part. Such a piece of work is altogether unknown in literature. The first of the seven sections of the compiled address shows a seven-fold beatitude, with prologue and epilogue, and when properly edited is one of the treasures of language.

The third part contains a portraiture of the Messiah in his

PROLOGUE 1. 1-17.	
PART ONE	
i. 18-ii. 23. iv. 1-11.	iii. 1-17. iv. 12-16.
FIRST SUMMARY iv. 17.	
PART TWO	
iv. 18-22. v. 1—	iv. 23-25. —vii. 27.
SECOND SUMMARY vii. 28, 29.	
PART THREE	
viii. 1-17. ix. 1-34.	viii. 18-34. ix. 35-x. 42.
THIRD SUMMARY xi. 1.	
PART FOUR	
xi. 2-30. xiii. 1-35.	xii. 1-50. xiii. 36-62.
FOURTH SUMMARY xiii. 53.	
PART FIVE	
xiii. 54-xiv. 36. xvi. 13-xvii. 21.	xv. 1-xvi. 12. xvii. 22-xviii. 35.
FIFTH SUMMARY xix. 1, 2.	
PART SIX	
xix. 3-xx. 16. xxi. 1-xxii. 14.	xx. 17-34. xxii. 15-xxv. 40.
SIXTH SUMMARY xxvi. 1, 2.	
PART SEVEN	
xxvi. 3-16. xxvi. 36-xxvii. 26.	xxvi. 17-35. xxvii. 27-xxviii. 15.
EPILOGUE xxviii. 16-20.	

priestly character, and is wholly occupied with instances of the healing ministry of Jesus. It begins at the eighth chapter and closes with the tenth chapter, the eighth, ninth, and tenth chapters being contained in exactly the area assigned for the third part of the story. As in the other parts, there is a four-sectional narrative, relating the healing ministry of Jesus, first in Galilee, secondly in Gadara, thirdly in Galilee again, where there is a ministry of social as well as physical healing, and fourthly in the mission of the twelve to the Jews, where we find the second of the seven great discourses contained in this Gospel. It is interesting to note that the healings in Galilee are ministries to the body; those in Gadara to the soul in its struggle with evil; and those in Galilee, after the return, to the social organization—outcasts being restored to proper standing in the community—while the closing section shows a complete healing ministry for all the children of Israel.

The fourth part contains a brilliant portrait of the Messiah as the King of Israel, and completes the demonstration, begun in the second section, that Jesus is proven to be the Messiah of the Jews by his personal ministry as prophet, priest, and king. This idea is not new, but the literary workmanship of the author of the First Gospel has not been so determined heretofore that the proof of the Messianic argument may be placed beyond cavil. This part begins at the second verse of the eleventh chapter and concludes at the fifty-second verse of the thirteenth chapter. In the first section of this part Jesus replies to the inquiry of John the Baptist by showing his personal power; in the second section he is shown in his authority over the law, concluding with the third of the seven great discourses; while the third and fourth sections show the kingly Messiah in the delivery of the seven parables of the kingdom of heaven. Here the literary artist as well as the Christian or Messianic philosopher is at his best.

The fifth, sixth, and seventh parts portray Jesus, not in relation to the Messiah, which portrait is now complete, but in relation to the kingdom of heaven. The fifth part is prophetic, and portrays the glory of Jesus over against a background of shame in his rejection by the Galileans. Herod and the elders reject him, but Peter confesses his unquestionable Messiahship and is rewarded

by the Transfiguration vision of the glory of Jesus. The section begins at the fifty-fourth verse of the thirteenth chapter, and is completed at the end of the eighteenth chapter, the portrait being concluded by the fifth of the seven great discourses found in this Gospel.

The sixth part portrays the great triumph of Jesus in Jerusalem, beginning at the third verse of the nineteenth chapter and ending with the close of the twenty-fifth chapter. The Son of David and King of the Jews stands forth vividly in this part and the work is sustained with great ability by the author-artist. There are four sections, the first showing the sojourn in Judæa, the second the approach of Jesus to Jerusalem, the third his triumphal entry, and the remainder of the part setting forth the kingly utterances of Jesus, first in his denunciation of the false kingdom established at Jerusalem, and secondly in his marvelous address on the end of the world and second coming and judgment. The work of the artist, both in conception and execution, seems masterly and altogether finished and perfect. There must have been extraordinary power of vision and comprehension, the human genius being overwhelmed by a supreme mastery of expression such as is rare in biblical history; not greatly surpassed by such workmen as Isaiah and David in Old Testament prophecy and psalm.

The seventh section, which begins at the third verse of the twenty-sixth chapter and concludes at the fifteenth verse of the twenty-eighth chapter, deals with the Messiah in his priestly relation to the kingdom of heaven as the Lamb of God slain for the sins of the world and raised again for the justification of all. There are no addresses in this part, the last two of the seven great discourses which are included in this book being set in the previous part and known as the Indictment of the Pharisees and the Eschatological Discourse. The first section narrates the approaching feast of the Passover, the second the observance of the feast, the third the arrest and condemnation of Jesus, and the fourth the death and resurrection. In this as in the preceding parts the artist works strictly within the scheme made before his work began. The model is carefully drawn and as painstakingly followed.

The one feature of the entire creation now to be noted is the

summary; the unique device of the artist by which the various parts are bound together. They are interesting when taken out of the story and placed together:

1. "From that time Jesus began to preach, and to say, 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.'"

2. "*And it came to pass*, that when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine: for he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes."

3. "*And it came to pass*, that when Jesus had made an end of commanding his twelve disciples, he departed thence to preach and to teach in their cities."

4. "*And it came to pass*, that when Jesus had finished these parables, he departed thence."

5. "*And it came to pass*, that when Jesus had finished these sayings, he departed from Galilee, and came into the borders of Judæa beyond the Jordan."

6. "*And it came to pass*, that when Jesus had finished all these sayings, he said unto his disciples, 'You know that after two days is the feast of the Passover, and the Son of man is betrayed to be crucified.'"

The above exhibit needs no word of exposition. There is no darkness that can conceal the purpose of the artist in writing these summaries. The introductory phrase is instantly arresting, and the purpose further shown, of setting forth the Messiah and his kingdom in the logia, or sayings, is not to be mistaken by the veriest blindness or dullness.

The closing summary, drawn in the epilogue or closing outline of the scheme or sketch set forth above, is not only marvelous as doctrine but strikingly beautiful as art. The following editorial arrangement will show its doctrinal and poetical character at the same time:

"Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them. And when they saw him, they worshiped him; but some doubted. And Jesus came and spoke to them, saying:

*

"All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth,

* *

"Go ye therefore and teach all nations,

* * *

"Baptizing them in the name of the Father,

** **

"And of the Son,

** * **

"And of the Holy Spirit;

*** **

"Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you:

*** * ***

"And lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' "

Notwithstanding the importance and value of this study I have doubtless used all the space that should be devoted to one article in any magazine. It remains to be observed that, when the student of literary history reflects that the only predecessors "Matthew" has are the "logia," or sayings of Jesus—written by Matthew at Jerusalem in the year 42, at the time of the new organization of the Church and the departure of the apostles from the city—and the Gospel of Mark, he cannot deny that in the First Gospel there lies before him a piece of work in both philosophy and art which it would be quite difficult, if not altogether impossible, to duplicate; and the conclusion is not doubtful that this is the greatest piece of work the human mind ever did.

S. Leonard Mason

THE MINISTERIAL VOCATION

WHEN you call the roll of the literary lights of England you cannot afford to omit the name of George Eliot. While much that she wrote will, in common with the production of many others, be forgotten, of other of her writings a fair degree of immortality may be predicated. Once she remarked, so it has been said, "There are three sexes: men, women, and clergymen." A bit of biting sarcasm that which had for its objective the assertion that clergymen were neither men nor women; a species of humanity of such mongrel or hybrid types as to defy classification. The sarcasm may have been deserved by some "gentlemen of the cloth" with whom the novelist was familiar, but surely not by all. As I have reasoned it out, either her acquaintance with ministers was singularly limited or she must have been grossly unjust in her characterization, for one may easily demonstrate that among the manliest men who ever graced the earth with their personality and enriched it by their works conspicuous place must be accorded ministers of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Well, let it go. I have referred to it in order to lead up to this statement: While to-day but few would care to go to the unwarranted extreme of George Eliot, there are a great many who, to say the least, entertain very curious notions of the ministry. Time would fail to adequately represent the varied views altogether too current; suffice it to say that there is to-day a quite prevalent idea that the ministry as a class is a sort of fifth wheel, an unnecessary luxury. Indifference easily becomes disrespect, and it is a by no means uncommon thing for folks, in free-and-easy intercourse, to say with elevated eyebrows, and more than the suggestion of a sneer, "The preacher! Indeed, I'm not afraid of the preacher!" As though any preacher worthy of the name desired his people to fear him! No reason in the world for fear; all the reason in the world for love. Fine are the words of the greatest of the apostles: "Esteem them highly in love for their work's sake." However, in passing, it may be said it is not difficult to find a

plausible reason for such boasted freedom from fear; you may find it in the suggestion that such emancipation is but the reflex of the dread often and for a long time felt by papists toward their priestly confessors, men who swayed an arbitrary scepter, an exercise of authority justified to them by a perversion of the "doctrine of the keys." To us it seems curious that intelligent people should allow themselves to be thus affected, or permit themselves to believe that in the word of a man should inhere such tremendous power as the determination of immortal destiny; heaven's doors be opened or closed at will; souls prayed out of purgatory or consigned to perdition eternal according to priestly caprice plus lay generosity or the reverse. Small wonder that the pendulum should swing wide, or that conscious freedom from that old dread should beget such license in thought as to explain the liberty of speech adverted to. But such superficial reasoning as is illustrated in such flippant remark does not seriously affect the basis on which the gospel ministry rests, and we may, unabashed, look into the eyes of our critics and say, "Ah, but you need us still! The help we can afford you is beyond price. You place emphasis on 'the life that now is'; it is for us to challenge your attention with greater emphasis to 'the life that is to come.'" And, doing that well, the ministry will win the regard the apostle enjoins in the words, "Esteem them highly in love for their work's sake." "But preachers don't work!" a thousand voices exclaim. "They have a cinch! Such pleasant pastime as they know isn't work!" Well, let us see.

The accomplishment of the work the world requires imposes a huge task. Rightly to undertake it demands large faith, large hope, large love. It can only be accomplished as the result of sustained endeavor on the part of a multitude of toilers, and this multitudinousness characteristic not alone of numbers but of variety of workers. No one can excel in all lines of activity. This it was that led to the discovery and application of the great principle, Division of Labor; a principle fundamental to all real success. This it is that explains the trades: the farmer, tailor, blacksmith, etc. As in the industrial so likewise in the professional realm: law, medicine, pedagogy, art, science, philosophy. There can be no thoughtful dissent from the statement that to-day it is

better understood than ever before that the "Jack of all trades and master of none" cannot be depended upon to play a conspicuous part in helping forward the world's destiny. This is the day of specialists because it is the day of specialties. Well, what of it all? Why, when all these varied toilers of both brawn and brain have been employed, and have each successively and successfully carried out his program in the service of humanity, and man has been fed by farmer, butcher, and baker; been clothed by tailor, shoemaker, and hatter; housed by carpenter, blacksmith, mason, and bricklayer; warmed by woodchopper and miner; instructed by teacher; cured by physician and healed by surgeon; conserved in civic rights and reputation by lawyer; delighted by poet, musician, dramatist, artist, sculptor, and historian; further initiated and inspired by scientist and philosopher—have all man's needs been met? all his desires been gratified? Think of it carefully for a while and you will come to see that it is indisputably true that the very utmost reach of the endeavors of all these artisans of head and hand is but the conservation of man's physical and intellectual well-being, and it is only a fair question we ask: When all that is done, and well done, has everything been done that needs doing? What says your judgment in the light of the knowledge acquired with the passing years? Let another question be asked: Is man only body and mind? Is there not another aspect of his nature, in addition to and distinct from those to which reference has already been made? I need not press that question; your mind is already made up; the truth appears and compels expression: Ay, man is other than mere body and mind; he is soul and spirit as well; nay, soul and spirit even more than these. And here we get a glimpse of the profound meaning of Christ's word, "The life is more than meat. . . . A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth." And but a short study is required to prove that that inner, deeper life is not apprehended by nor satisfied with the utmost achievements of either or all of the several ingenious artisans of brawn and brain.

Ah, there is a sense of hunger known by the human soul that no product of field, garden, or orchard can satisfy; a consuming thirst that neither fountain nor stream can slake, nor concoction

of vat or still; a feeling of nakedness not relieved by any fabric of cotton, flax, wool, or silk, product of finest human looms; a conscious home-sickness unprovided for by tent, cottage, mansion, or palace; a realization of ignorance beyond the power of pedagogy, science, or philosophy to remove; an intense suffering from a disease for which the physician's *materia medica* is wholly inadequate; a sense of hurt past remedy by human surgery, however potent the anesthetic or keen the blade; an esthetic yearning that fails of satisfaction before glowing canvas or speaking marble; a profound disquiet not soothed by poet's muse nor allayed by composer's symphony. Ay, when we come to cognize the spiritual nature of man, the divine soul of him, which is as distinct from his physical nature as the bird is distinct from the cage which confines it, it is then that we realize the reason of the utter failure of all human expedients. External, material supplies can never fully or finally gratify internal, spiritual appetites. O this mysterious spirit of man! It is an abyss in our nature absolutely past sounding by any plummet reason has devised. Such are its nature, possibilities, value, that it is not difficult to understand why it is the object of both divine solicitude and satanic solicitation. For its possession the powers of heaven and hell are engaged in fierce and well-nigh interminable conflict. The original pronunciamiento, "And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel," was prophetic, and the prophecy is ever in process of fulfillment; and the conflict, inevitable as the operation of the law of gravitation, is destined to continue until the dawn of the day when "the seed of the woman," the "fullness of time" having again come, shall lift His conquering heel and "bruise Satan's head" with the eternally unhealable wound. Not without reason was it that the Master distinguished the spirit of man in the never-to-be-forgotten words, "For what shall a man be profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

A very impressive side-light is afforded by a study of the creation, as distinguishing between the universe and man. Distinctness of origin is implicit in the ancient narrative. Take just a hint. This universe with all its wealth of wonder and beauty

came, according to the Genesis account, in obedience to the successive fiat of the Creator. God said, "Let there be light, and there was light." Thus, as the psalmist puts it, "He spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast." But when man's creation was contemplated, how changed the statement: "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." So "God made man in his image; in the image of God created he him." He made "man's body of the dust of the ground," and, later, he "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." Just as distinct as the flame is from the lamp so is the soul, which God inbreathed (the inspiration of the Almighty), distinct from the body. Fine is Alexander Pope's phrasing, "Vital spark of heavenly flame." This essential distinctness from all nature, inherent unlikeness to the material universe, is of itself a cogent reason why all things that are "of the earth, earthy," must necessarily come short of satisfying the cravings of the soul, or with adequate recompense match the aspirations of the unearthly spirit.

Hence it is a very clear proposition which we now discuss, growing out of a demonstrable fact, that the soul's hunger can be appeased only by "the living bread"—heavenly manna; its thirst be slaked only by the gushing waters of life and truth—waters not distilled by cloud nor sent gushing up through the soil, but flowing free from the throne of God; its nakedness be covered only by the contents of a divine wardrobe, "robe of righteousness and garments of salvation"; its ignorance be instructed only by the "Teacher sent from God," who "spake as never man spake"; its leprosy be cleansed only by the Great Physician who alone knows the secret of Gilead's balm and the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness—who alone has supreme knowledge of the surgery of the soul and can bind up the broken heart and heal the wounded spirit; its home-sickness be allayed only by the possession of "a title clear to mansions in the skies," "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens"; its esthetic longings be fully met only in the revelations of the "beauty of holiness" and the transcendent effulgence of the glory of God; its capacity for profound insight be met alone by "the mystery of godliness," and utmost effort be

courted by the "philosophy of the plan of salvation," which "things the angels desire to look into."

Now, since these needs are thus really existent, and matter of universal consciousness and individual realization, and since all human artisans—workers of brawn and brain—have not met and, so far as we can foresee the future in the light of the present, cannot ever meet these needs, then how are they to be met and satisfied? Clearly only by another class of workers, a distinct type of effort, and already you have guessed the riddle; already you have answered the question—What other class of workers? The ministry of the "gospel of the blessed God"; that is, a class of men divinely chosen and ordained, and by them the effort is initiated and prosecuted by which these insistent desires of the spirit of man are to be met and satisfied. Following that assertion this statement is reasonable: It is only justice to affirm that the Christian ministry is a class of workmen as distinct in its vocation, as special in its qualifications, as particular in its preparation, as devoted in its activities, as any of the other classes of toilers referred to as essential to the doing of the work the wide, wide world requires. Moreover, in the deeper reasoning, by so much as the soul is superior to the body, by so much as the spiritual transcends the material, by so much as eternity outlasts time, by that much does the service rendered humanity by these craftsmen of the soul transcend in value of service that rendered by their compeers in the varied "arts and crafts" required to promote man's physical and mental wellbeing.

The next step in the argument takes us into a very sanctuary, in which if we heed the divine mandate addressed to Moses when he drew near unto the burning bush, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground," we shall find the conclusive answer to the questions, Why the ministry at all? and, Why a divine call, expressive of a divine choice, essential to the successful outworking of its service? Here is revealed the inherent, vital, essential difference between this vocation and all other work, in the specific, personal and definite calling of God to "the office and work of the ministry." How full and explicit are the statements of Scripture on this point!

By way of suggestion take the following: "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit." "No man taketh this honor upon himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron." And is it not plain that it is indisputably right that thus it should be? For think again of the soul, that divine part of us which, as we have already seen, allies us to God; that on which his image was originally imprinted, an image which, though lost by sin, is possible of recovery through the redemptive work of Jesus Christ, by the Holy Spirit inspiring the truth preached by the disciples of the Saviour. The nature, necessities, aspirations and destiny of the soul all transcend this earthly environment and all that such an environment can evolve. So it is perfectly natural that God, the soul's Creator, should reserve to himself the prerogative of choosing and designating those whom he will have represent him to men and so bring them to him for salvation. Having chosen and called, he endows, furnishes with the gifts and graces of the Spirit, and thus qualifies by special endowment those who are to carry on the work through which the "knowledge of God," which is salvation, may come to the souls of men.

Other workers, whatever may be the fields toward which they may direct their attention and in which they may come later to exercise their talents, are at liberty to choose their work, and should evidence accrue of mistaken choice in impending failure they are at liberty to discontinue their employment, repudiate their choice, and choose again—and again, and again, if need be. But here it is vastly otherwise. Jonah in the Old Testament and Demas in the New Testament may be cited as suggestive examples of possibilities. How fraught with significance is the conception of Paul, "For necessity is laid upon me, yea, woe is me if I preach not the gospel." And how stern the commands, "Go preach the preaching that I bid thee." "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." "He that endureth unto the end shall be saved." Then how startling the contrast in the sentiments of these passages: "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man

can work." "He that putteth his hand to the plow and looketh back is not fit for the kingdom of God."

We come now to inquire to what specific service the Divine Master chooses, calls, and ordains men. The writer is conscious that it is but a bare remove from presumption to attempt to say anything new on this time-honored theme, the dignity, solemnity, and variety of the ministerial vocation, but perhaps a ministry covering well-nigh thirty-eight years may plead exemption from that charge and entitle to a hearing views long considered. And, let it be suggested, this analysis may further answer the criticism adverted to in the introductory words of this essay as to the quality of the work done by the ministry.

I. To Preach. That is, to "proclaim the gospel"; declare the glad tidings of peace; "preach the unsearchable riches of Christ"; call men to "repentance" and declare the advent of "the kingdom of God." "Well, that's easy, is it not?" "Easy?" Yes, very easy, if preachers were altogether such as these believe them to be, or such as they themselves are; yes, very easy, if preachers gave themselves to the simple requirements of the times and people among whom they live, those people and times being judges of what those requirements are; yes, very easy, if preachers will but square the sails of their ecclesiastical craft to the shifting currents of public and popular opinion; yes, very easy, if they will subserviently heed the demands of the human nature which to-day is identical with that of the olden time when it perverted prophets by its clamors, "Speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits!" Yes, then indeed preaching would be an easy thing. But the preacher who, in order that he may faithfully preach the truth as "the truth is in Jesus," will get so close to the heart of Jesus as to hear and interpret its throbbings; will be as attentive to the "still small voice" as to the "thunders of Sinai"; will strive to ascertain the will of his Lord, and then, without fear or favor, will definitely consecrate his life to doing that will and "cry aloud, and spare not," declaring "unto Jacob his transgression and to Israel his sin"; will give fresh emphasis to the Old Testament "The soul that sinneth it shall die," and to the New Testament "The wages of sin is death," and will unfold the dread content of

the grim word death so that people shall apprehend its threefold doom, certifying it as "death physical, death spiritual, and death eternal"; and will do all this with the passion of Gethsemane and the abandonment of Calvary, having come to see and know, as did Paul, "the terror of the Lord" and therefore saying, "We beseech you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God"—that preacher will not find preaching easy work.

In proof of this the history of preaching through the ages may be cited. Ask Nathan when he confronted the sinning king with the words, "Thou art the man!" Ask Elijah when he stood before Ahab in the vineyard of Naboth; ask Micaiah when he said to King Ahab, in defiance of Zedekiah and the rest of the prophets, who had prophesied the success of the pending battle, "I saw all Israel scattered upon the mountains as sheep that have no shepherd; and Jehovah said, These have no master." Ask Daniel when he interpreted the dreams to Nebuchadnezzar and the handwriting on the wall to Belshazzar; ask Isaiah when he had to tell Hezekiah the penalty due to his pride in the matter of the ambassadors from Babylon; ask Jeremiah of many a painful circumstance in his pathetic career. Ask John Baptist when he confronted Herod and gazed into the revengeful face of Herodias; ask the Lord Jesus when he, time and again, came in conflict with the perverted and perverting leaders of the people and, at last, faced the Sanhedrin and Pilate; ask Paul when he appeared before the Council, then Felix, then Festus, then Agrippa, and finally Cæsar. Ask Polycarp, Huss, Lattimer, Cranmer, Ridley, Savonarola, Beza, Luther, Zwingli, Knox, Wesley, Whitefield, and a host of others, and they will all say that to preach the truth without fear or favor, in strict fidelity to the God who calls and the man to whom he is sent, is the hardest work to which a life may be consecrated. Ah, full well did the Master know, and it is worth while to hear again his words, "If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you." And the brief record is, "They crucified him!" And yet in view of it all his command is, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

II. To Shepherd the Flock. The common synonym of shepherd is "pastor," a word as beautiful and descriptive of an-

other aspect of the minister's life and work as it is familiar. It is a "picture word." Many to whom the word is familiar as the name of mother have never considered the picture it enshrines. For a moment regard the letters *p-a-s-t-o-r* as a frame and look through to see what I behold. A lovely landscape presents itself to view: verdant meadows, quiet pools, leafy shade, a flock of sheep. The shepherd hard by, with affectionate interest attending to his task. Yonder, in the near distance, are undulating foothills, while just beyond them tall mountains lift themselves toward the clouds. Here and there are dark shadows, suggesting deep ravines and dark clumps of thick bushes and tangled brush, and in the night-time you may see in the gloom the gleam of fierce fangs and the glare of savage eyes of the wolves, lions, and bears that infest those shadowy ravines and underbrush, threatening the safety of the flock. That is the picture.

Now to "shepherd the flock of God" is no small part of the "office and work of the ministry." And how well the analogy holds! How like sheep people are! Innocent, heedless, prone to wander—even the "bell-sheep." And how defenseless and, alas, often how willful! And what dangers impend! Dangers from deceitful quagmires, precipitous slopes, ravenous beasts! Ah, what a menagerie of wild beasts can easily be conjured up as threatening the security of the fold and safety of the flock! And to shepherd the flock, be a pastor to the church, the minister is called. Does a heedless lamb leave the flock and frisk and gambol too near danger? The watchful shepherd sees and, with gentle movement of crook (staff), he checks the advance and catching the little thing folds it to his bosom and replaces it in safety. Does a young sheep, proud of approaching maturity, venture at a rapid pace away toward the danger zone of precipitous cliffs, and will not the sharp recall avail? Swiftly the shepherd follows and with firm strokes of staff halts the headlong flight and compels return. Does an old sheep, perchance a "bell-wether," insist upon special privileges because of age and experience and, defiant of shepherd's remonstrance, rush pell-mell towards doom? Again, with the energy of determination, almost despair, the shepherd rushes after, nor relaxes zeal in effort, passion of endeavor, until the recalci-

trant sheep, thrown hard upon its side, is saved. Has the flight (backsliding) gone to the very verge of the ravine and are the wild beasts already whetting their fangs in anticipation of the feast? Laying aside his staff, he seizes his "rod," which you should spell c-l-u-b, and, flinging himself between the bloodthirsty pack and the devoted sheep, he swings his club to protect and defend it at the risk of his life. Ay, even to that limit! Hear now the Master, the pastor's Pattern: "For the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." And as the type-shepherd he said, "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. He that is an hireling, and not a shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, beholdeth the wolf coming and leaveth the sheep and fleeth, and the wolf catcheth them and scattereth them: he fleeth because he is an hireling and careth not for the sheep. I am the good shepherd, . . . and I lay down my life for the sheep." This is the test that determines between hireling and shepherd: "faithful unto death!"

Nor is this all. In addition to dangers incident to protecting the flock there are grave perils of a personal sort, perils peculiar to the shepherd himself. How striking the words of the Master, "Behold, I send you forth as lambs in the midst of wolves"; and who can adequately set forth the wolf-pack that, with insatiable blood-thirst, seek the high game of the ministry? But multiply the difficulties and dangers, and enhance the dread of it all, yet this duty of shepherding must be done! O the insistence on it in the ringing tones of the head-shepherd when, in that thrice directed question to Peter, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" he urged, "Feed my lambs. . . . Tend my sheep. . . . Feed my sheep." And O! failing in the supreme duty, coming up to the inevitable judgment, how shall the unfaithful pastor face the searching inquiry, "Where is the flock that was given thee, thy beautiful flock?" Ah, looking at the task as thus hurriedly outlined, need we be reminded that the work of daily and nightly shepherding the flock is not only not easy, but hard; past the measure of human speech to describe!

III. To Edify the Church. "Edify?" The word sounds

familiar, and it is common enough, but, again be it said, it is curiously meaningless to many who use it. And again we deal with a picture-word. As before, let us make a frame of the letters and look through in order that the content of the term may be cognized. Look! and you may see a huge pile of rough stones, shapeless rocks, huge in size, flinty in hardness and full of jagged points and sharp angles. Standing nearby is a man; he is stalwart and strong, brawny of arm and broad of chest. His sleeves are rolled up above his elbows and in his hands is a ponderous iron sledge which he swings with strength and brings down with heavy blows upon the rocks. Stroke follows stroke with but slight appreciable result. Who is he, and to what end is his labor? He is a mason, a builder, and he will erect a building, and is here busy preparing the material that is to enter into the makeup of the walls. And that is the significance of the word "edify"—to build up; and the mason-builder must, by sledge, smaller hammer and chisel, reduce these rocks into workable sizes suitable for his plans. And that is a picture of what the minister is called to do in the church. And how apposite is the analogy! All around the preacher is a mass of humanity, unregenerate, rough, unshapely, hard, full of angles and unloveliness, and out of this mass of crude material he is to edify, build up, the church of God. How? By the use of the divinely appointed means. "Is not my word like a fire, saith the Lord, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" And, that accomplished, then must come the employment of smaller tools, like hammer, chisel, trowel, square, plumb, and by and by these crude materials take form and after awhile each one appears "polished after the similitude of a palace," and finds incorporation in the walls of the rising spiritual temple of God. Otherwise expressed, humanity, under the influences of grace, convicted, repentant, believing, regenerated, justified, adopted, sanctified, is accepted as an integral part of the spiritual church, the "body of which Christ is the head," a Temple the cap-stone of which will presently be laid with "shoutings of Grace, grace unto it!"

Thus the picture and its meaning. Follow a step or two further and you will see that this work is not easy; nay, verily. In-

deed, the preacher who aims to be after the Pauline type, "a wise master-builder," studying to "show himself approved unto God, a workman needing not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," will find the same rebellion in the human nature he hammers, chisels, squares, plumbs, and polishes as does the true preacher and faithful pastor. But, notwithstanding all, to this he is chosen, called, ordained, to "edify"—build up—the church of God; and whether men will hear or forbear the process must go on in the employment of the sledge of the law, the hammer of the gospel, the chisel of discipline, and all the rest of it, until the roughness, angularity, and unsightliness have all gone, and the perfected "living stones" are incorporated in their destined place in the structure of the Church of the Living God.

Thus the argument might progress, but surely enough has been said to silence those who insinuate the easy character of the ministry of the Word, and to vindicate the emphasis attaching to the work-aspect of it. How specific the Master's conception: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work. . . . I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work. . . . I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard." That is our pattern. The reason for God's choice to the ministry, the significance of God's call to the ministry, the solemnity of ordination in the ministry, and the tremendous need of this sin-cursed world for all that the ministry is or can be, should stimulate us to the very uttermost endeavor in closet, study, pulpit, homes, streets, shops, stores, offices, factories, farms, or wherever we may confront the call to duty and face the opportunity of service.


Some time ago I had the privilege of hearing the famous Belgian violinist, Eugene Ysaye. He was accompanied by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. One of his masterly renditions took thirty-five minutes, another forty-five minutes, and without halt or stop, with neither hesitation nor uncertainty, for every one of those eighty minutes that majestic bow swept with the dignity and grace of conscious mastery over the vibrating strings, filling the great auditorium of Massey Hall with entrancing melody. Of

course, the great orchestra was heard, but, even when in crescendo burst of thrilling harmony the fine combination of instruments flooded the room, the leadership of the master's violin was always distinctly perceptible. As I listened I wondered: How was it that for so long he could read into those unerring bow-movements the exquisite conception of the masters he interpreted for us without a single scrap of notes; marched into and on through those bewildering intricacies of music without once resorting to the crutch of sheet-music? After wondering a while I reasoned: Because of the love in his heart for his work, the care of his mind for the perfection of his art, the keen desire that those who came to hear should have pleasure unalloyed, that each rendition should stimulate the desire of his hearers for more, and that sympathetic souls might come to know something of the paradise of harmony into which he had passed and whose gates he would fain open wider for their more abundant entrance. And was Ysaye justified in the weary hours, days, weeks, months, years, decades he had spent in laborious study and nerve-taxing practice to acquire that consummate ability? Ay, surely. And to what end was it all? To entertain, perchance thrill for a passing hour, those who might choose to invest their money in such pleasure and find in punctuating life's drudgery by such delight some surcease from fatigue, grief, or care.

Have my readers guessed the wherefore of such an illustration in bringing this study to a conclusion? Surely it is plain! Contrast the preachers' calling with that of Ysaye, their opportunities with his, their resources with his, their instructors with his, the need for their best with his, the reward they are to have with his, and then say what should be the measure of their devotion, the facility of their skill, the spirit of their consecration. Ah, it seems to me I had better not attempt in lame phrase of my own to close this essay, but rather let Paul in inspired eloquence do it for me. Hear him, then: "Herein I also exercise myself, to have a conscience void of offense toward God and man always." Sent unto the Gentiles "to open their eyes that they may turn from darkness to light and from the power of Satan to God; that they may receive remission of sin and an inheritance among them

that are sanctified. . . . Ye yourselves know, from the first day that I set foot in Asia, after what manner I was with you all the time, serving the Lord with all lowliness of mind, and with tears, and with trials which befell me by the plots of the Jews; how I shrank not from declaring unto you anything that was profitable and teaching you publicly and from house to house, testifying both to Jews and to Greeks repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there; save that the Holy Spirit testifieth unto me in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But I hold not my life of any account as dear unto myself, so that I may accomplish my course, and the ministry which I received from the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. And now, behold, I know that ye all among whom I went about preaching the kingdom shall see my face no more. Wherefore I testify unto you this day that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I shrank not from declaring unto you the whole counsel of God. . . . For I am already being offered, and the time of my departure is come; I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give to me at that day; and not to me only, but also to all them that have loved his appearing."

Richard H. Gilbert.



ROMANISM AND SCIENCE

THERE is a most interesting book, that has appeared within the last few years, by one of the living English scientists. It is not only interesting; its content is a real contribution to scientific as well as to religious thought. So important is this contribution to religious thought that one feels the book should be especially recognized in some religious periodical like the *METHODIST REVIEW*. Without venturing to project at this time many of his own opinions, the one responsible for the present paper merely bespeaks the ear and the clear judgment of the *REVIEW*'s readers, while this scientist speaks to us at intervals from his book.

That the book's author is a scientist is enough to command attention in this science-loving age, when men are realizing as never before the debt the world owes to science, a debt that is ever increasing. That he is an English scientist should lend particular interest to his words, for we remember a galaxy of brilliant scientific men with whom this man has been in touch, if not personally, at least through a technical knowledge of their work: such men as Kelvin, to whom Cyrus Field and his engineers used to go for advice and help when they encountered peculiarly great difficulties in the laying of the first Atlantic cable; Faraday, who laid the broad foundations for our present achievements in electricity; Clerk-Maxwell, who in a wonderful mathematical prophecy predicted the use of wireless waves, subsequently discovered by Hertz and applied by Marconi; Rayleigh, the dairyman, a giant in science; Rutherford, the master mind of radioactivity; Sir J. J. Thomson, the genius responsible to a high degree for the development of the physics of the electron. This English scientist-writer is William C. D. Whetham, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Fellow of the Royal Society of England. The book is called *Science and the Human Mind*. It was written in collaboration with Mrs. Whetham, and was published in 1912 by Longmans, Green & Company. The title page states that the book is "a critical and historical account of the development of natural

knowledge," from the beginnings of that knowledge to the present. Being an historical treatment, its function is to present the relations between the development of science and prevailing beliefs and modes of thought at different periods of time and in various localities. And so a discussion of the relation of science and Romanism, which has been a mode of thought of considerable consequence, is inevitable in such a book, and is not inspired by any purely religious point of view. We listen to Professor Whetham's words with deference, for they are spoken in the restrained tone of the schooled scientist, as a scientist, and not as his antipode, a ranting dogmatist, nor yet as a pure religionist.

Introduction, p. 15: "The essence of the mental state favorable to the growth of science seems to be a recognition of the fact that the careful and patient study of nature is the true method to obtain a knowledge of this aspect of the universe. . . . From this attitude of mind, common to all the heroes of the romance of science, it is but a step to the religious position which regards inward spiritual experience and direct personal apprehension of God as the fundamental religious verity. This is the position of the moderate and sane mystic, who, declaring that the Kingdom of God is within, studies the soul in its relations with the rest of God's creation by an inward extension of the open-minded method of experience proper to natural science. The passionate love of nature, which is characteristic of such great mystics as Saint Francis of Assisi, gives, when directed to its systematic study, an intuitive insight concerning its workings that bears other fruit in the life and work of Paracelsus, of Kepler, of Newton, and countless pioneers, who turned at times from the laborious methods of observation, experiment, and mathematical calculation to fare forth in travel, 'voyaging over strange seas of thought alone.' If we contrast this attitude of mind (of Northern Europe) with that prevalent among the peoples of the south of Europe, and with that of the early inhabitants of Assyria and Egypt, we are at once struck with a complete difference of outlook. Saint Francis, the Northerner, . . . preached to his brothers, the birds. The Southern Italian ill-treats his mules on the understanding that they have

neither souls nor feelings; while the modern Levantine pursues the same course, dubbing the four-footed creation collectively 'the unreasoning ones.' . . . The Northern mind is not a thing apart from nature, but readily acknowledges his kinships, bestowing spirits and souls of like kind to his own on the animate and inanimate objects by which he is surrounded. . . . The Southerner in his pagan moods reverses the process, and to express his religious convictions adds bestial countenances to the human form in order to obtain his inhuman gods. . . . Throughout the ages, the Southern races appear to have emphasized the necessity of form, of definite and concrete statement such as finds its highest expression in clear-cut dogma. There is a finite tree of knowledge in their philosophy, attainable somewhere, yet impious for the ordinary mortal to aspire to. Religion becomes an affair of the priesthood, of those set aside and devoted to the service, the propitiation, or, it may well be, the outwitting of the gods. There is a desire to get the conflict over, ascertain the limitation of human will and power, produce a clear-cut scheme of salvation, set the machinery in order under suitable supervision, so that humanity may continue with its worldly avocations and cease from troubling about its internal relations with God and the Universe."

And now Mr. Whetham becomes more specific: "The Jewish Law, the Roman Empire, and the Ultra-Montane Roman Church represent the culminating achievements of the advocates of universal form and dogma. In none of these instances can criticism be tolerated, nor is conscious expansion of thought permissible. It is symbolic of the two opposite types of mind, that Saint Peter, the Jew and upholder of the Law, with his very concrete keys of the Babylonian heaven and hell, should rule in Rome, the religious gathering place of the Southern race, while Saint Paul, with his Hellenic affinities and mystical outlook, should hold sway in the cathedral church of the Northern metropolis.

"Now the thought, the essence of which is to create, cannot long brook rigid forms or the constraint of unchanging dogma, and the soul which acknowledges a relationship with nature demands the liberty to consort freely with its kith and kin. Hence

it has been said that 'the real high school of freedom from hieratic and historical shackles is mysticism.' . . . The light by which science ultimately advanced on its way has always come from the North. . . . The Northern mind, while quick and sure in intuition, is slow and persistent in reasoning power, and pursues its age-long enemy, intellectual authority, with the unerring instinct of a bloodhound; for the thought, the essence of which is to create and reinterpret, can make no lasting truce with the priests of the unchanging law. Erigena, Occam, and Martin Luther, the great apostles of mysticism, are not more effective in the society of their day and century than Petrarch with his daring criticism, Erasmus with his 'Praise of Folly' in bitter satire of the whole external paraphernalia of the Roman Church, or Voltaire and the rationalists of the eighteenth century. Once the true conception of historical events had been obtained, the free mind of the Northern race set to work to find the correct interpretation of present tendencies in the light of past history and thought. . . . It is not a fortuitous chance that Isaac Newton, who represents the supreme triumph of mathematical and physical thought, should have been tall, fair- or ruddy-haired and gray-eyed, and should have seen light on a Lincolnshire freehold, in the central home of that Anglo-Danish stock which has proved the most fertile nursing mother of pure science. Whoever is unable to appreciate the inward meaning of these facts—often deemed irrelevant by folk who are prepared to see miracles everywhere—will never comprehend the interrelations of science and the human mind."

To sum up, then, these extracts from Professor Whetham's book. The attitude of mind of the races of Southern Europe has been one of abject subservience to authority, a characteristic essentially pagan; a man must get his ideas from authority and not through his own open-minded experience. This attitude of mind is clearly that of the Roman Catholic Church, as witness the present tendency, unmistakable, even in this twentieth century, to suppress facts, to throw the masses back into the slough of ignorance from which they have so painfully begun to emerge, and to keep them there.

This attitude is utterly opposed to the development of science: "the thought, the essence of which is to create, cannot long brook rigid forms or the constraint of unchanging dogma." Therefore, history has shown that science owes little to the spirit of the Roman Catholic Church, unless indeed that church may have rendered a service in driving men to seek relief in contrast, by going to the extremes of open-mindedness.

On the other hand, the attitude of mind of the races of Northern Europe has been one of love of nature, and a desire to learn more about her laws, with ever an open mind and an acceptance of all facts that might come to light. And thus the great Newton, a supreme example of "man with his miraculous brain," as Carlyle would say, came out of Northern Europe. And thus, also, "the light by which science ultimately advanced on its way has always come from the North. The Northern mind . . . is slow and persistent in reasoning power, and pursues its age-long enemy, intellectual authority, with the unerring instinct of a bloodhound; for the thought the essence of which is to create and reinterpret can make no lasting truce with the prophets and priests of the unchanging law."

Therefore, in conclusion, had the spirit of the ultramontane Roman Church completely dominated the whole of Europe, we should not now, as Professor Whetham's argument adequately shows, be enjoying the benefits of telegraphy, telephony, wireless telegraphy, electric lights, trolleys, interurbans, steam railways, phonographs, modern surgery and treatment of disease, modern agriculture, etc.

An intelligent public patiently awaits from men of scholarly caliber in the Roman church a reply that will satisfactorily refute this argument of Mr. Whetham. But there will be no reply, or it should have been heard long since. If the intelligent public were made up of ignorant, superstitious adherents of the Roman church, the reply would doubtless be a terrible threat of denial of absolution, or some like disaster equally horrible.

We close with a poem used at the opening of Professor Whetham's book. In this poem, it will be noticed, disposal of the priests is made in the first stanza:

"Hark," cried the priest of old,
"Within mine ear God breathed the hidden word."
Men came and listened, whispered, shook their heads:
"He hath not wholly heard."

"Stay," cried the gray-haired sage,
"Within my mind the plan, laid out, I see."
His fellows drew around;—"Not so," they said;
"He has not found the key."

"Here," cries the latest age,
"The atom breaks, and life gives up her tale."
"Is the soul nought?" the world-worn spirit sighs;
"These men must also fall."

"Lo," wise men cry, "we stand,
Like children, picking pebbles on the shore;
God of our fathers, give us still Thy light,
And when that fades, give more!"

L. E. Dodd

METHODISM AND THE HIGHEST CRITICISM

"ONE thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." The skeptical neighbors could not deny this much. They could question the man's own interpretation of the fact, but they could not question the fact itself. They could deny any authority on the part of the healer. They might criticize his method of healing. They could philosophize concerning the origin of the sin of which this blindness appeared to be the penalty. But there was one thing they must concede, that this man who was blind could now see. For here was an actual result in terms of personal experience which no skepticism could face. Here was a good effect, whatever the nature of the cause. But why quibble about the cause? It was sufficient to produce this worthy result. Is not that enough?

No, not even the man who had received his sight could vouch for this strange healer any more than to say that a certain man whom the people called Jesus had placed clay upon his eyes and commanded him to wash it off. This Jesus might have been a good man or a bad man. He knew nothing of his history. He might have been a Pharisee or a Sadducee or neither. The happy man could only rub his eyes and stare at the great world that had suddenly been thrust before him. Just one thing he knew—he could see now.

But that was such a simple faith, too short for a creed. There was no system about it, no premise, no argument, no rhetoric. Well, what of it? Simplicity is an advantage in mechanics and a merit in art. And in a man's religious faith truth of experience is better than length of analysis. Just one thing it was, but through that one simple fact of consciousness this poor man who had been groping helplessly in a dark and formless world now strode confidently forth in a beautiful universe flooded with celestial light. Now he could keep his bearings. He could see where he was going. He could arrive. Was not that enough? One thing—but everything.

It is evident that Jesus went among men not to win applause

for himself, but to help them to see. It is materialistic blindness, spiritual ignorance, that causes men to fall into the ditch. A man's most helpful friend is that one who helps him most to see. Blessed is he, whoever he may be, who giveth light unto his brother that he fall not into a snare. Jesus would be a light to men, a light to the whole world. Men are saved through light. Only light can dispel the darkness. Jesus made himself a light unto men by revealing to them in his own choices, desires, and ideals the eternal verities and values of life. And it is this revealed light we need more than we need to hold any one or another particular theory of that light. The actual benefits derived from the sunlight were as great for the man who believed the sun revolved around the earth as they are to him who now believes the contrary. The light, warmth, and resultant life are the chief concern in both cases. Christ is the Light. Christology is the theory of the Light. It is Christ the person, not Christology the theory, that men need most of all. Some men are skeptical of some Christologies, but no man is skeptical of Christ. In those days when doctrines and dogmas out-rivaled Jesus himself there were many arrogant atheists, and skepticism harassed the church. In these days when religion is more a matter of personal life than of metaphysical creed there are no "Tom" Paines or "Bob" Ingersolls. Christ is the constant; Christology is the variable. Of course there must be creeds. Every man who has a mind has a creed, more or less clearly defined. But it is the inductive, empirical method that yields the safest and sanest results in the matter both of inquiry and application of knowledge, and likewise it would seem most reasonable to begin with the ennobling religious experience in the individual life, and therefrom to form our creed, than to begin with formal statements of doctrine and by suppressing the individual's personality and intelligence to attempt to produce an experience which could be nothing more to him than artificial, unsatisfying, and disconcertingly irrelative to all truth that was actually his by virtue of experience.

Thus it must seem that whatever is truly worthy to hold such an important place in a man's life as what he calls his creed must be the resultant of the combination of the best intelligence and

most universal experience. A borrowed creed must also bring with it a borrowed experience, the result being that the individual has neither creed nor experience of his own, and since they do not fit nor serve the borrower he sets them upon the shelf, and from time to time, when caught in the whirlpool of difficulties, doubts, and temptations, he cries out despairingly to the impotent, half-forgotten idols on the shelf—but they answer not, for they are not his gods, but another's. Yet there are those who say that all men must have the same type of experience and must express that identical experience in the same terminology and manner. And we have heard it rumored that there are some even more unreasonable who would have all men hold the same creed and intellectual conceptions on religious matters; and if any should vary from the well-beaten path of dogma (not of virtue) let him be "anathema." Yet, thank God for this great truth, we can be one in Christ even if we vary in interpretation. There was a day when men were entirely confident that they could explain the personality of Jesus, deeming that such explanations were to be taken by all succeeding generations as final and complete. But in the sober second thought of the present the man who really knows anything of the matter knows that *personality* in himself or in any other man is so vast, so complex, so mysterious, so elusive, so divine a thing that he modestly refrains from dealing out metaphysical powders, hurriedly compounded, to be taken by his (patient) parishioners at a gulp to effect a final cure for all Christological questions of little or no practical bearing. He is satisfied rather to turn on the great white light of the Christ life and focus it upon the lives of the men before him, for by its warmth and radiance it draws them to itself. Regardless of the varying interpretations of the light, there is the light itself; regardless of what may be the truly scientific theory of that power, there is the wonderful, compelling power of his life over the human heart. Indeed, if he be lifted up he will draw men, all men, unto him, for he is a life, a character, a person. No creed, no "articles," no mere theological interpretation of Christ will draw all men, but Christ himself; not the analysis of the light, but the *Light*. Some have faith *about* Christ; some have faith *in* him.

An occasional rash critic has thought to forward the cause of the church by loudly heralding a twentieth-century interpretation of Jesus as antagonistic to a sixteenth-century conception of him. And, to oppose the "false prophet," there has always been a sufficient number of zealots who have grasped the sword of orthodoxy and gone out, crusaderlike, to reclaim their priceless dogmas from the unreverential hands of the unholy destructionists. Is there not some mediator, some true prophet of eternal verities at hand to help both sides to understand that it is not a head full of orthodox or of liberal *views* of Jesus, but a heart full of his *spirit* that saves men? Systematic theology has its essential place, as does the theologian his very important relation to every age. Theology as a science attempts to rationalize. But to *rationalize* a conception of God is not to *realize* an experience of God; and if the former is necessary it is because the latter is essential. God as a fact of intelligence makes theists. God as a fact of consciousness makes prophets. The scholastic theist writes a few books to mold on a shelf; the prophet shakes a universe, upsetting some things, righting up others.

Formerly the man *believed* in a universe. Now that his eyes were opened he *saw* it. His belief was determined and strengthened and "rationalized" by an experience. He was the highest critic now. The others were theorists; he an empiricist. They "believed" many things; he *knew* one thing. Let us utilize the many good things that men believe, but let us give first consideration to the empirical knowledge of the new life in Christ Jesus.

Is not this the characteristic accent of the Methodist tongue? Methodism was born in the consciousness of a heart "strangely warmed," not in a barren theology, orthodox or revised. And in this age, when everything must pass the laboratory method of investigation and bear the scientist's inspection tag before it is worthy of popular acceptance, when Christ himself has had to pass through the crucible of the modern mind, is it not imperative that this great church keep the emphasis upon that realistic common factor, the "experimental note" in religion? If this has characterized the denomination and yielded prime fruitage in her past history, let her realize both her obligation and her opportunity

of service in this new day when men are turning *en masse* from antediluvian theories to facts of experience, from abstractions to personal factors. No longer is the great question in religion to be one of historicity, but of vital efficiency. What spirit within will bear the best ethics without? The old traditional line artificially drawn between "religion" and "morality" must be blotted out. No religion is worthy of mankind that does not produce the highest type of morals. And no system of morals, however ethically perfect, can effectualize itself in the actions of man unless it is spiritually energized from within. True religion is a spirit within expressed consistently without; a spiritual germination which bears ethical fruitage. Is Methodism "adrift"? Not if she can still say, "One thing I know," and that knowing is a knowing of Jesus rather than any dogmas of him. Is the church of Wesley upon "breakers"? We do not perceive it to be so. Of course the ripples on a pool are "breakers" to a toy craft watched by a boy. But Methodism will not come to her own upon stagnant pools, but out in the ocean of mankind where none but the strongest craft go. After all, the life boat that rides the breakers for souls is more honorable than the slimy old "junk" asleep in the harbor. However, if the church should be, as some seem to fear, dangerously near such "breakers" as would imperil her usefulness, it is not because "liberalism" or "orthodoxy" is gaining or losing, but rather because of a weakening of the emphasis upon religion as a fact of consciousness.

And if, by virtue of this psychological factor, the church ever won spiritual victories, her possibilities of achievement in this day are immeasurable. We are appalled at the turmoil of international war. It is the travail hour when a new era is to be born on the earth. It could not be otherwise. The house built upon the sand could not stand always. This awful phenomenon we call a war is the crash of a failing and falling civilization. It was not the Christ-type; it had to fall. The wonder is the crash had not come sooner. But the new day cometh, is even near at hand, when strong hands must clear away the debris and lay the foundation for a humanitarianism broader than the national ideals and so-called "civilization" of any past age, a humanitarianism which

takes into account the solidarity of the human race, and is identical with that universal brotherhood, the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. The task is for the church. It is a spiritual task, and to accomplish it the church must remain a spiritual force. She must not crystallize theologically, or the swiftly flying ages will leave her as a landmark in the progress of the race. She must be more than an institution, for as such she will prove a poor rival to the state. Her ministry must be messengers rather than mere managers, prophets rather than priests. The church cannot always carry all that was useful in one age into the next. Her ritual, her laws, her interpretations—these are necessary, but they are the *variables*; not ends in themselves, but aids toward an end—*Virtue*. And as means toward an end they are governed by the law of utility. But there is one thing that is constant—Jesus, “the way, the truth, and the life,” and, as such, Saviour. It is not a first-century or a sixteenth-century or a twentieth-century Christology that the church is to hold up, but Jesus as the Way, the Truth, and the Life; and that Way, Truth, and Life not simply perceived objectively, but realized subjectively as the greatest factor of consciousness, the empirical knowledge of the *new life in Christ Jesus*.

Hugh R. Orr

THE RELIGION OF NEW YORK

Now that New York is the largest city in the world, is building the fourth largest cathedral in the world, and has invited a "Billy Sunday Campaign," it is proper to discuss its religious status.

The Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, now building on Morningside Heights, will rank fourth in amount of floor space among the world's cathedrals, the floor space of each, according to The World Almanac, being as follows:

	SQUARE FEET
Saint Peter's, at Rome.....	227,069
Seville, Spain	124,000
✓ Milano, Italy	107,000
✓ Saint John the Divine, New York (according to present plans)	99,500
✓ Cologne, Germany	91,464
✓ Saint Paul's London	84,025
York, England	72,860
Amlens, France	71,208
Saint Sophia, Constantinople	70,000
Chartres, France	68,260
Lincoln, England	66,900
✓ Winchester, England	64,200
✓ Notre Dame, Paris	64,108
✓ Westminster, England	61,729
✓ Saint Patrick's, New York	55,000

The figures have little to do with the religion of New York and are merely given for the benefit of the reader, and because America is beginning a period of cathedral building if peace can be maintained for another half century.

The first thing noticed by the traveler who goes from city to city is the great difference of the people of one city from another in social customs, business methods, and what might be termed the city consciousness. Cities differ from each other almost as much as individuals differ. This is specially true in church and religious work. For orthodox religious work Philadelphia is probably

the most fruitful city field of its size in the world. Much of this is due to the Quaker influence which founded it. New York looks at things commercially. Her first question is, "Does it pay?" Her chief text is, "Godliness is profitable for all things." While New York city furnishes headquarters for many who experiment upon the country, those who go there to experiment upon the old inhabitants of the city will probably go hungry if they do not go to jail. Some 250,000 people are said to enter New York every day. A large number of these are careless dispensers of cash in small or large quantities. It is safe to say that almost every fraud—religious, financial, medical, commercial, or otherwise—which exists in New York largely depends for existence upon outsiders and visitors. After for several months making a special study of the religious work in New York I have been gladly surprised at the orthodox, business-like, aggressive work done in the churches. The leading pulpits dispense the most orthodox, common-sense, and evangelistic gospel to be found in America. To describe the personal experiences in churches served by such preachers as Jowett, Burrell, Hillis, Cadman, Parkhurst, Jefferson, and others, is not possible in space allotted here. The real weakness of the churches in New York seems to be their inability to present a united simultaneous movement against a united foe. Some of them are not unlike Elijah under the juniper tree, unconscious of the real number who have not bowed the knee to Baal. Some of the problems of New York, which because of the very size of the city are intensified, are the conditions which change so rapidly, the ever moving population, the yielding of many church people who move to New York to the temptation to become church tramps, as they visit from church to church with no tie anywhere, or to seclude themselves altogether and become lost. Pastoral work among so many types of people is peculiarly difficult in New York. It cannot be done as in smaller cities and country towns.

The Field. The Church Census Bureau reports for its last census 1,070 Protestant religious organizations with 372,690 communicants. In round figures, they are divided as follows among the leading denominations:

	CONGREGATIONS	COMMUNICANTS
Protestant Episcopal	188	92,000
Methodist—all branches	196	56,000
Baptist—all branches	119	46,000
Presbyterian—all branches	126	52,000
Lutheran—all branches	127	50,000
Congregationalist	47	21,000
Reformed—all branches	86	26,000
Independent Churches	33	7,000

Various other small Protestant bodies have less than 5,000 each. The Catholics report 1,413,775, which is approximately the Catholic population among the 5,500,000 inhabitants. These are distributed into 278 organizations. The Jews report 30,414 heads of families distributed among 615 organizations. This is far from complete in reporting for the Jewish population, estimated by careful workers at 900,000. It is probably, in round figures, an even million, as compared with 200,000 in Chicago, 75,000 in Philadelphia, and 150,000 in London, and over 2,000,000 in the United States.

The analysis of the divisions of Greater New York shows, in round figures, a population estimated at the present time of nearly 6,000,000. Of these we may place under Catholic influence 2,000,000; under Jewish influence, 1,000,000. The other half expect to be buried by a Protestant minister, if by any.

In the last church census which compares Protestants, Catholics, all other bodies, non-church members, and total population, New York is number thirty-four, with a little less than ten per cent of its population at that time communicants of some Protestant church. As compared with some other cities Washington had thirty per cent; Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Denver, and others over twenty per cent; Philadelphia, Cleveland, Buffalo, and others over fifteen per cent; Saint Louis, Chicago, and others less than fifteen per cent. The "all other" branches are comparatively such a small part of the total population that they can be ignored. As compared with Philadelphia and Chicago, the two nearest rivals in population, Philadelphia is first, Chicago second, and New York a close third in proportion of Protestant communicants to the total population. When the Catholic and Protestant com-

municants are added New York is first, Chicago second, and Philadelphia is a close third as compared with total population. The table below is approximately correct:

	Protestant Communicants to Population Per cent	Catholic Communicants to Population Per cent	Non- Communicants to Population Per cent
Philadelphia	18	20	62
Chicago	12	28	60
New York	9	36	55

Of course it is to be remembered that the Protestant following is frequently five times as great as the communicant membership. The better way for making comparisons of this kind is to deduct the Catholic and Jewish populations from the total and class the others as Protestant. Those who were classed as non-communicants are Hebrews and Protestant followers, barring a small per cent of unbelievers. The real problem of Protestantism is to reach the non-members, that of Catholicism is to keep its communicants. While a surprisingly large number of Jews become Christians this phase of the question need not be considered here.

To understand the New York problem it should be remembered that by far the larger part of the foreign born population is found among the Jews and Catholics. Under the conditions it should be far easier for the Protestants to care for their followers than for either of the other two classes. The Protestants have the home born; they should have a larger per capita wealth; they should have a higher average of intelligence and education; the activity of their laity should be far greater.

Of course it is understood that every Christian is responsible to a certain extent for every non-Christian, regardless of classification. While Protestantism must not evade its responsibility to the half of the population which is non-Protestant, its first work is among the more than two million Protestants who are not identified with any church and who have no consciousness of pardoned sin.

Some Real Needs. One of the first needs in New York seems to be the realization that modern church work cannot be done in

a divided manner, as in former years, and that a few hundred sharpshooters cannot win a battle against modern artillery. I am willing to admit that the churches as individuals are working as consistently as ever. I am sure that standards of conduct are higher. The average per capita giving is ten times that of half a century ago. The weakness of the church is that it has not learned to practice the lessons already learned in the business world. Lost motion must be eliminated. Wasted energy must be utilized. Effort must be united, and concentrated, and directed. The enthusiasm of the mass movement must meet the indifference everywhere. The assurance that numbers will bring victory makes many willing to die who would not volunteer to die a useless death. Churches have much to learn from labor organizations, modern business, the European war, and "Billy" Sunday. Organized and united *right* must meet organized and united *wrong*. Divide Niagara Falls into individual drops of water and its power is lost. The constant flow of immigrants must be assimilated. The ever-drifting and moving population must be followed. The indifferent must be interested. There is no time for two preachers to be at work on one preacher's job. The unreached must be reached. Best and quickest and most economical methods must be used. It is time for organization and concentration of effort. The religion of the religious in New York is as nearly perfect as in any large city. It needs the encouragement of united, organized, concentrated action. This will doubtless come in the readjustment of things, and when it comes New York churches will become a mighty factor in American church work.

W.C.P.O. 12

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

WE have obtained permission to state that the letters from An American Girl at the French Battle Front which appeared in the July-August and September-October numbers of this REVIEW were written to a relative in America by Miss Norman Derr, daughter of Doctor and Mrs. Ezra Z. Derr, of Decatur, Georgia. The letters were written in family privacy with no expectation or desire for publication, and were published without Miss Derr's knowledge, on the urgency of literary advisers among whom was the editor of the METHUENIST REVIEW.

A JOYFUL MELODY UNTO THE BIBLE¹

THE CHAIRMAN, HON. JOSEPH H. CHOATE: Don't go; don't go—the best is yet to come. [It is now 10:10 P. M., and several have started as if to leave the auditorium.] If Jonathan Edwards had found any in his congregation leaving before the service ended he would have commended them to a very warm place. Now I have the pleasure of presenting to you for the final address the Rev. Bishop William Alfred Quayle, who has come all the way from St. Paul, Minn., to speak to you. (Applause.)

THE REV. BISHOP WILLIAM ALFRED QUAYLE: *Mr. Chairman—*I greatly regret to keep anybody out of bed. I am not a dweller in the village of New York and don't just know the time of retirement of these citizens; but the Honorable Chairman intimated at the beginning of the meeting that they went to bed early, and I suppose

¹ It is said that when Satan, after his fall, was asked what part of the heavenly life he missed most, he answered, "The sound of the trumpets in the morning." In the doleful depths to which he had descended there was no sound of jubilation; no *Surreum Corda* was ever lifted there. The heavenly trumpets blow through the joyful melody which one man's soul, kindled by the hallowed glory of the Christian faith, lifted at the centennial of the American Bible Society in Carnegie Hall, New York, last May, in an address which pressed God's lamp against each hearer's heart and made the Bible's splendors pierce the gloom: an address more affecting, persuasive, winning and effectual in glorifying the Divine Word in the eyes of men than Biblical polemics, apologetics or criticism. It is worth tons of such; it voices the response which the common human heart has made through the ages to the Holy Book.

they sleep. Is it bedtime now? That is what I am interested in specially. (Applause, and several voices—"Not at all!") If peradventure we might stay awake for a few moments I might venture a few remarks; but I don't want to hazard them to those that are asleep or sleepy, though I think, if let alone, I can put 'most anybody asleep by my talk.

We have witnessed a great matter here to-night, and if we have nerves that are accessible we have had strange thrills. We have been speaking in the language of a century and of a planet and of the kingdom of God. If a century may not stir us mayhap a planet will; and if a planet will not stir us surely the kingdom of God must stir us.

We have been talking about the Book that proceeds through the centuries and through the earth and to that majestic mystery called the kingdom of God. Now I am to pitch a love note for the Bible to-night. I am simply here as a child of the Bible, to carol out a little music of it from my own heart, and in it, as the robin-redbreasts in the spring carol, not knowing why they carol, but God knows why they carol—because it is spring. So to-night I would lift a note of laughter and of singing because of what the Bible is to me; and what the Bible is to me it is to you, the strange, beautiful Book that goeth everywhere, that knocks at everybody's heart—"Good morning!" You cannot feel of the Bible that it is a miscellaneous Book. It is so personal, it calls you by your name. It is like somebody in a crowded thoroughfare or through the jangle of the traffic of a crowd: when his name rings out, your name rings out and you knew not anyone knew you were there at all, or anywhere at all, but—Oh, the beautiful Book that comes and calls you by your name and me by mine! Oh, the beautiful Book of the beautiful voice of the beautiful Christ which cometh and calleth us, like Christ does his own sheep, by name! We can no more get along without this winsome loveliness called the Bible, than we can get along without our mothers. Having had them we are miserable for them forever. And we would have to have our mothers in eternity to make eternity seem glad. And I have not found anybody that understood mothers, and I have not found anybody that understood the Bible. But mothers are lovely, though misunderstood, and non-understandable; and because we don't know so much about mothers as we might they are mighty lovely to have around and figure them out and have a chance to wonder what they mean. And the Bible—the Bible is without comment. Why so? The answer—so everybody can become acquainted with it. Why so? So that every-

body can say his own word. Is a body's mother's love written? No, it is not written, it is caroled out of her son's heart. He writeth his mother's story. He singeth his mother's love. He writeth her wonders, not on the gravestone but on his heart and on his hands, washed with his tears; and in the opening heavens when he crieth to God, "Oh God, for a mother that I had I bless Thee!" Even so we lift our voices and our songs for the Book of God that cometh to everybody and says, "*I am Thy Book.*"

Now, I am the son of a foreign man and a foreign woman, and they came over here so they could get to see each other. And they saw each other—that is sure. And by and by, as the woman and man have seen each other, and seeing each other have loved each other, and loving each other have married each other, so my father and mother did. You can fall in love in any language, thank the Lord! (Laughter and applause.) And you can marry in any language, thank the Lord! And this is the thing that I have remembered about it, never having known my mother, waiting now and waiting yet, and waiting for some dreamy, shadow face to come—waiting for my mother's face—my father having long since slipped out into the land of morning to clasp my mother by the hand and walk the shining ways called the ways of the Providence of God. Yet this I know, that my mother and my father afterward met and married and were beautifully poor, so that I, a Methodist preacher, have never had to learn poverty, having known it from the first (applause). And my father gone to heaven years since, and my mother who had gone before him, from the summits of the Rocky Mountains years and years ago, before I knew her kiss, left no library to me—no other books but only these, "The Saints' Everlasting Rest," and the Bible in two volumes. O me! There are ancestors of great repute for some. As Tennyson has said, "There be those sprung from the midriff of an hundred kings"; but I would rather have been the son of a woman and man who in their penury could not leave to the child of their love, to the child of their heart and hearth, anything but a Bible, than to have been descended from all the majesties of history. It was better so. You will excuse me, won't you, though it is sleepy-time and the babies already are abed, and the birds long since have tucked their heads under their wings and are soundly asleep. Here now I lift a note of laughter for the Book of God—just a note of laughter for the Book of God.

A man some time ago said to me, "The Bible has had many critics"; and he said, "It is made up of many things," as if I, being

only a minister, knew none of these matters. Oh, it is lovely to be ignorant! (Laughter and applause.) And it is calamitous to know so much that you must tell it all the time to everybody. This is a thing I have noticed, that the Bible is a wonderful symposium of God, and tells about wandering minstrels and beggars and poets and prophets and kings that lost their crowns; but God never thought it worth while to hunt them up because they have a heart—and those sunburned sons of deserts, those laughter-makers of the world, those people who turned midnight into the minstrelsy of morning because they saw God! Through them all we got together that strange, composite, eternal music called the Bible. What I rejoice in to-night is that the Bible can by its shaping words make the world anew. (*A voice—Amen!*)

You don't have to have a Congregational minister with it to give explanations of it. And you don't have to have a Methodist minister to exhort on it—thank God! And you don't have to have anybody to speak about it. No, verily. Or not to speak about it—like the Quakers. When they do speak they say something when they talk. And it might be well for some of us to hold our peace until we have something to say. But in anywise the Book of God can be trusted alone.

I have heard the cry of death in the dark, with no star to lighten the way, and only the muttering thunder as an accompaniment to the rustle of the sable wing of the Angel of Death. I have held the Book at the dying pillow and the dying eyes shone out and saw a great light, thank God! It is good to have a book like that around. You are never alone when you have that Book of Books with you. I have preached a good deal about the Bible. I was hired to preach, but really I always knew enough to know that the most important and beautiful part of the sermon was never the sermon but the text. And the text came from the Bible, thank God! I knew that if I planted the text in the soil of the soul I might go away, but the text would take root and grow, and by and by become like the cedars of Lebanon.

Now I know we do not understand it very well; but, honestly, we understand it better than we think we do if we only use the little sense that we have. I was a farmer boy and I knew so little that it was lovely, and I never enjoyed anything more than the little I knew, because every day I learned a lot more, and at the end of the day I did not know much, but a little more than in the morning. So every day in the year was a kingdom of prosperity in the kingdom of my

knowledge. And I was a farmer boy and I kept the New Testament in my back trousers pocket. And when the horses would stop to consider at the end of the row (laughter)—horses are great on ruminating and considering—but when they would stop to consider at the end of the row, I would take the Book of God out and I would read a little Scripture, and then I would parse it, for I had no grammar; yes, I would parse a little Scripture and learn my grammar. What happened to me was this: I did not misunderstand the things very much. I did not have to be rectified very much in my theology. When I got to be theological and became a D.D., and an LL.D., I did not have to change it very much. But I know it was beautiful, and the farmer lad, knowing nothing but the west and south wind in his face, and the blowing to and fro of the tasseling corn, and the growing of the corn, and reading God's Book out of doors—that is how he became matriculated to literature and history and nature and astronomy and the wide world and the world to come—just because he had the Bible. It was quite a book. I did not understand it much, but I understood more than people reckoned on. And all of us understand more than we reckon on. If we would read commentaries less and trust in His Word more and use our imagination (such as we have), and dream and live over it and pray and hope over it, we would have more sense and better theology. Now, that is the truth.

When I heard the word that this dignitary used it made me so inclined to anger that I repressed it. He used the word "predestinate." That always makes a Methodist angry. He said we were predestined. Why! Methodists are predestined to nothing but backsliding. For years I have heard people talking about the immanency of God, and they said we had lost God, and they have said that in the present century people were under the impression that God had gone over and become a carpenter and left his job. I tell you, that as a farmer boy in Kansas, plowing the fields and shucking corn, I just read the beautiful Book that Jesus Christ left, that he wrote no word of, and I never got the notion that God had gone away. I got the notion that God was around but was not noisy (laughter). I got the notion, too, that he was around picking flowers like Jesus did, that he was around loving the babies like Jesus did, that he was around calling people by their first names, as Jesus did; and sometimes as I went along I heard a voice in my ear and it said— "William, William"—and I said—"Oh, Christ, here—here—here!"

I rather wonder whether if we only took the Bible as a lamp-

light to the path, love to the heart, a candle to the soul, whether we should not find the rapture that anyone feels in the first intimation of God and the realization that he is ever recurring? The Book of God is right here. You know, when the Book of God comes around it is beautiful, and wholesome too; and how homely it is, and how usual it is, and how unusual, and how everybody does not mind it much, and yet how everybody minds it a lot (applause and laughter).

When I was in the old country some time among my ancestors, whom I was glad to forget and forsake, I could tell where all stood in the social status by how they bowed to each other; and by the grace of God and the kindness of my parents I was born in a country where you could not tell anybody's social status by how he bowed. You could not tell that the chairman of to-night had been the guest of kings and feasted with emperors. You could not tell one man's place from another's. Why? Because, before God, in America, we be equal by the Bible! (*A voice*—Thanks be to God!)

You know we Methodists have a habit of calling each other brothers. Excuse me—we have a habit of calling all the folks that are not women brothers, and all the folks that are not men we call sisters (laughter). And you know when sometimes I, a Methodist preacher, say Brother So-and-So it may sound foolish; and when I say Sister So-and-So, just as society says "Mrs.," people smile a little; yet I take their smile as a kind of cordiality and thank God. I like it. Why? Because I am following the program of God. (*Several voices*—Hear, hear!)

We be brothers. We be brothers and we be friends of Christ. He said we were his mother and his sister and his brother. Ah me! We be the household of Christ.

And, do you know, I love the Bible because anywhere I go it is such a good sword for fighting if fighting be necessary. It is a sword, and sometimes you have to fight. No doubt about it. The members have to be whipped. No doubt that is true. And sometimes the preacher has to be thrown out. That is true. And a sword is very profitable, and sometimes we need a lot of punishment—and it does us good.

And sometimes, too, we need a light—not the stars. I have traveled many dark nights when I would have traded all the stars for one lantern (laughter). It is not that I do not love the stars; it is not that I have not sat under their drip of beauty; it is not that I have not held out my hands and felt the light of the stars fairly splash

upon my palms. Please God, I will feel that way many times hereafter. But when I want to go some place in a hurry I cannot keep my head in the air, but must keep my feet on the ground. That is, where the walking is good. And the lantern is a lamp to the feet. And so the Bible is a lamp to the soul, a light to a path. Where is the path going? It says—"Everywhere—everywhere." To the grave? No, everywhere. To the grave? No, to look in it. And, into a grave to walk in it; and out of a grave to go past it; and on the rest of the road to eternity. I love that. I love to know that the walking shall be good, by the grace of God, and by the Book of God; and that I shall walk up over the land and come to the sea and shall remember how Christ walked on the water, and I shall see his path and walk after him, and the walking shall be good. And then I remember he walked on the land and he walked on the sea and he climbed on the mountains, and the climbing was sweet; and then one morning he got eager for his Father's house, and he walked across lots up through the sky; and I shall see his path and walk thither and find him in his Father's house—thank God! What is that? That is the Bible, the sort of book that calms you through desert regions, stormy water, calmitous disasters—all shortness of breath, all reaching of hands, all calling voices, and all fair haven, where in everlasting rest the anchor drops and the sails go out no more with the ship forever. It is the Everlasting Book of the Everlasting Soul!

Now I am grown up. I am a year younger than Darwin's "Origin of Species." I was issued a year after that book, and I have lived through the domineering influence of physical necessity and environment and heredity, and I thank God to-night I have lived through them up into the freedom of the soul. But I always knew it in the Word of God—I always felt the thrill of it in the Word of God. I knew just as well as I knew anything then and know it now; not better, but as certainly, that God had he not meant it would not have said—"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man will open the door I will come in." I knew God would not fool me and knock at my door if I could not open it to him. Nothing like sense in the family. What was that? That was the freedom of the soul.

I had a friend who used to belong to my church, and lived through my preaching; and when a man does that we preachers love him. That is a great triumph for a minister. I had a member that did so and I used to love him—love him—love him—love him! I didn't dare to tell him how much I loved him because he was married, and his

wife might get irritated, because a man's wife wants a monopoly of all the loving he gets. And then when he had gone away under another preacher he used to come a thousand miles Sunday to see his minister. And I used to say—"What made you come so far?" And he would say, "Every sermon you preach I think I must hear—because you will be going away some time." Then one time he was himself journeying, and came to a town, and was so sick that they put him in a friend's house he loved. And all the time, as he would stumble out of his stupor, he would say, "Is this the station where I get off—is this the station where I get off?" And they sent for his wife, and she came and he would look at her face and not know her, and only say, dimly, "I must get off now, for this is the station, I reckon, where I get out." And they sent for his son. And when the son arrived he asked the same question, and the boy said to him, "Daddy, this is not the station where you get off"; and he looked up and said again, "Is not this the station where I get off?" And then one night when he said, "Is this the station where I get off?" Christ said, "Yes, this is your station," and he got off at the station of death; and when he looked up to see the name of the place the name of the station was Everlasting Life.

Oh, Bible, stay by me and make it light!

There were a man and woman I knew, once, and all night long she was waiting at her daughter's bedside, and the father of the girl and the husband of the woman was hurrying by the fastest train that ran to get to them; but it came so slowly and the night was so long and the girl was getting ready to go out into the country where the evening has no recurrence and only deathless morning shines, with dew upon the flowers and mercy in the wind; and the mother held her hand and said, "Don't go yet, daughter; don't go yet, daughter; don't go yet, daughter—Daddy will be here in the morning." And the poor tired voice of the poor tired girl who had been slowly dying for thirteen years, and now was dying swiftly, was heard to say, "Oh, I am trying to stay until Daddy comes, but I have not the strength." And then the mother took her hand and said, "You must stay until morning." And then the father came in the morning and the girl had not been able to stay. And the woman lay with her face over the two dead hands of the sweet, dead girl, and the man who loved the mother and the girl most in the world found an envelope torn, and in it was a letter he had written to the wife he loved; and scrawled on the back of the envelope—by the hand of the woman who all night

long had been attending the dying daughter, saying, "Don't go, don't go" (and that dying daughter, the dim voice of the girl saying, "I am trying, but I cannot wait long")—on the envelope was written in the poor, staggering, straggling hand, as if written by a wounded wing of a dying bird—"He giveth power to the faint and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."

Oh, no, we have to have the Bible yet. So long as people have to live, so long as people have to have strength, so long as people have to die, we have to have the Bible. Oh, blessed Book! I lift my love note to thee. If any deny, still thou art the language of God. And the wayfaring man though he were blind and dumb and deaf can hear thy voice, can see thy shining way and have a lamp to light him into everlasting light (applause).

A DIVINE INSTITUTION¹

THE founder, upbuilder and owner of the Sanitarium at Clifton Springs, N. Y., was Dr. Henry Foster, a man of rugged strength of character, mystical piety, sound common sense, business sagacity, rare medical insight, and knowledge of human nature and practical wisdom.

Near the end of his long life, Dr. Foster, instead of retaining for his family or friends the famous institution which was the result of his prayers, his wisdom and his fifty years of toil, gave the entire property away. To whom did he give it? He committed it to the care and control of a Board of Trustees, but they do not own it. They only hold it in trust. Who then, are the owners? By Dr. Foster's decree, a majority of the trustees must always be made up of prominent official representatives of five of the principal religious denominations. Of the thirteen trustees, eight are on the Board automatically by virtue of the positions they hold in their several denominations. By Dr. Foster's order they are as follows: the senior secretaries of the Foreign Missionary Boards in the Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian and Reformed (Dutch) Churches, together with the Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of Western New York, and a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, selected by the Board of Bishops of that communion. These eight men are on the

¹This is in no sense a business advertisement. The institution is a non-commercial enterprise. When the owners of such an institution are unaware of their ownership and unacquainted with their property, it is a favor to them to apprise them. And it may be a duty to mankind to make it known as one of the works of God. The Editor of the *METHODIST REVIEW* has never been connected with the institution in any way, but has known it intimately for twenty years.

Board of Trustees, not as individuals, nor in any personal capacity, but solely as officials of their respective churches. Through this majority of eight out of thirteen trustees, Clifton Springs Sanitarium is under the control of official representatives of the religious bodies named. The other five trustees are elected by the Board of Trustees of the Sanitarium, and include two eminent physicians in Buffalo and Pittsburgh, one honored Judge and one business man. The Board of Trustees, thus constituted, holds the property, elects the medical superintendent, the business manager, the chaplain and other officers of the Sanitarium, and directs the policy of the institution in accordance with the will of the founder, as expressed in the Deed of Trust.

But who are the real owners of the Sanitarium? We answer, the six bodies, whose official representatives constitute the controlling majority of its trustees, are the owners. *No other owners exist anywhere.* Proof positive of Dr. Foster's intention that it shall belong to them fully and forever, for the benefit of mankind, is found in the Deed of Trust by which he gave away his property. That document orders that if the Sanitarium, in its management, shall ever be prostituted to private and selfish interests, or shall be diverted from the spirit and purpose and directions of its founder, the trustees shall close the institution, sell the property, and divide the amount received therefor equally between the several missionary societies represented by the Board of Trustees, to be used by said societies respectively for foreign missions. Thus, these six religious bodies, through their representatives, control the institution so long as it exists, and if it shall ever be discontinued, the value of the property will be distributed to them.

Clifton Springs Sanitarium, by its long and extraordinary history, its wide benefactions, its large and distinguished clientele, is known to multitudes in many lands; but the many millions of Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians and Reformed Dutch Church members are not aware that this noble institution belongs to them. Those six great bodies are proprietors, unaware of their ownership and unacquainted with their property.

This ownership involves the owners in no financial responsibility. The institution is more than self-supporting and is not a beggar, but a benefactor. The sound and careful business management, which alone could have built up such an institution and maintained it for over half a century, adjusts rates and prices for board and treatment

to the cost of things in a way to maintain financial credit and insure solvency.

Being the property of six religious bodies, the Sanitarium is eminently Christian, but perfectly unsectarian. No denominational predominance or preference is visible anywhere in the institution; not in the personnel of the business management or medical staff or employees, nor in the chapel services, nor among the patrons, guests and patients. Of eight ex-officio trustees, one is Baptist, one Congregational, two Episcopalian, two Methodist, one Presbyterian, one Reformed (Dutch). Of five elected trustees, there is at present one each from the Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopalian, Congregational, and Baptist Churches.

As owners naturally desire some account of their property, a brief description is here furnished: An attractive, fully equipped, up-to-date Sanitarium, with property valued at \$750,000, including the large, modern fire-proof six-story main building, a commodious and comfortable annex, three cottages, electric light plant, three beautiful parks, a dairy farm of three hundred and fifty acres, furnishing meats, poultry, fresh eggs, milk, and vegetables, for the Sanitarium table; complete equipment for scientific diagnosis and for hydropathic, hot air, electrical, and ex-ray treatments; all kinds of baths, including the Nauheim; twelve physicians, one a woman, with Dr. Malcolm S. Woodbury as the wise and capable head of the medical staff and general superintendent of the institution; a fully equipped surgery, with the eminent Dr. Martin B. Tinker of Cornell University as chief surgeon, and two assistant surgeons; a receiving matron; seventy nurses; expert masseurs, masseuses and bath attendants; writing and reading room with sixty periodicals, and a library of three thousand volumes; a very beautiful chapel for religious services, lectures, concerts, and various entertainments; two dining rooms; attractive parlors; gymnasium, bowling alley and amusement rooms; a sun-parlor on the roof; tennis court and golf links on the Sanitarium grounds; the Sanitarium well located in the lovely village of Clifton Springs, conveniently accessible by the Lehigh and the New York Central roads.

The most unusual distinction of this unique institution is that it occupies a superior moral eminence and has a dignity all its own by reason of the fact that in this keenly commercial age, it is an entirely non-commercial "proposition." Its founder, Dr. Foster, in the Deed of Trust by which he turned it over to five great Denomina-

tions, forbade that it shall ever be controlled by selfish interests or lowered from its high and beneficent purpose and made to serve private ends. All the receipts of the Sanitarium, beyond current expenses, cost of maintenance and necessary betterments, go to philanthropy, in concessions for the benefit of three professional classes, missionaries, ministers, and teachers.

We are not losing sight of the fact that the first question sick people and their friends ask concerning a *Sanitarium* is its *medical* standing, its record for curing diseases, the completeness of its equipment for treatment, the trained ability of its physicians and surgeons, the modern scientific up-to-dateness of its methods. To this question the facts answer that a multitude of people in various parts of the world testify to the eminent success of Clifton Springs Sanitarium in curing its patients. In this matter of prime importance it has a record which ranks it with the best of other Sanitariums, no one of which has completer equipment. It has a high reputation for thorough and accurate diagnosis of obscure and complicated conditions.

Two things deserve emphasis: first, the sanity of this Sanitarium. It is free from fads and hobbies of every sort, medical, dietetic, or religious. It has no cranks upon its staff. Its methods of medical practice are such as are approved by the medical profession as being sane, scientific, and judicious. It relies little upon medication by drugs, and most upon corrective and upbuilding treatment, for the restoration of healthy functions. A special diet, suited to the particular case, is prescribed and furnished whenever indicated by the patient's condition: otherwise a normal and relishable table with a wholesome variety of pure and deliciously prepared food is provided.

The second emphasis is on the cheerful and genial atmosphere of the institution, sickness being kept in the background as far as possible, and the friendly social life suggesting a home rather than a hospital; immensely therapeutic to mind and body, especially to those who are nervously exhausted and depressed.

In addition to adequate resources for curing acute and organic diseases, the Clifton Springs Sanitarium is a refuge and haven of rest for tired brain-workers, over-taxed professional men and women, for business men broken by the merciless severity of commercial stress and strife, for convalescents from hard hospital experiences or wasting illnesses, and for all kinds of sufferers from overstrained nerves and exhaustion of vital energies. A great host of these have found rest and comfort and restoration in its soothing and healing ministries.

This article, unsolicited by the institution, is by one fully informed but never connected with the institution and without any personal stake in it; and is prompted solely by the conviction that the members of the six religious bodies to whom the great property belongs should be apprised of their proprietorship. Being apprised, they may possibly care to go and inspect their newly discovered property and ascertain its value. We take the risk of promising that a visit and a fair trial of its advantages, following the reading of this exposition of its character, will convince them that the institution of which they are part-owners is not less than divine in its inception, its intention, its atmosphere, and its long and illustrious service to mankind. It is eminently worthy to be the recipient of gifts from persons of means for the endowment of rooms or for additional buildings to enlarge its usefulness and beneficence. Because it is in very truth a divine institution—sane, scientific, and competent—we count it a Christian duty to spread abroad a knowledge of the truth concerning it.

THE ARENA

[The following letter, recently received by the editor of this REVIEW, is one of many similar. Its publication here will not displease our readers.]

DEAR BROTHER: I joined the Annual Conference on entering De Pauw. I was informed that as a probationer I was supposed to subscribe for the REVIEW. It was a delight to me from the very first number, for I discovered I was not in strange company, as Bishop E. H. Hughes, then president of the university, contributed an article on "The Bible and Education." In the next number the first article was by Dr. Post, subject, "The Small College," and in the same copy my presiding elder, Dr. E. A. Schell, wrote on "The Double" (Isa. 40. 2). The magazine grew on me as I went through school and the Conference course, so that when I was no longer required to take it I continued through sheer love. Since then there have come into my hands back numbers running into the '70s, and I can truthfully say the REVIEW was never better than it is to-day.

I have taken the Homiletic Review, Barton's The Expositor, The Twentieth Century Pastor, besides a little acquaintance with other such magazines, and can assure you that for real homiletic helpfulness nothing equals the REVIEW. Never a number comes without suggestions for some sermons, and there are illustrations in plenty for the spice of sermons. The splendid thing about the REVIEW is that it does not label all this

under "Outlines for Sermons," "Illustrations," etc., but each fellow has the fun of finding these things for himself. I do hope, Dr. Kelley, the dear old magazine will never descend to handing out ready-made sermon material which will save preachers real work in hunting for gems worth using. I have preached three baccalaureate sermons to the high school graduating class on my present charge and two of them were largely taken from material from the REVIEW. For instance, one year I spoke from John 8. 32 and received many helpful suggestions from Dr. Mains's "The Invincibility of Truth" (January-February, 1907), and Dr. Brown's "Absolute Truthfulness" (January-February, 1913). This year I studied Chrisman's "The White Water Lily" (May-June, 1915), Peck's "Along the Beach" (September-October, 1914), Quayle's "Did You get Anything?" (September, 1915), Peck's "Beginner's Luck" (January, 1916), Plantz's "Our Need of the Productive Scholar," and Humphrey's "The Joy of the Amateur" (October, 1913), and from these sources I had an abundance of help. I might go on and speak of numerous sermons that were born of a seed picked up in the REVIEW. The book reviews are the best I have ever seen and they bristle with sermon suggestions. To-morrow night I shall preach on "Apostate Saul," the beginning of which came from reading the book review in the current number of Hastings's "Greater Men of the Bible."

But it is not for homiletic material alone that I read the REVIEW, for really this is only a by-product. Not many of us preachers can buy a great number of new books in the year, but we do want to keep in touch with the latest in biblical, philosophical, and literary criticism, and here we have it in concise form bi-monthly. Take for instance in this current number Dr. Faulkner in his comparison of Ritschl and Wesley, Neeld's "Rabindranath Tagore"; what better treatment could we ask than these articles? In Luccock's "The Advertising Man Talks" we preachers have a store of lessons to think over and practice.

The REVIEW is so superior and fresh that I wonder why any of our preachers fail to see its value and to continue as subscribers after their Conference course days are over. Maybe some of them are like one of our young preachers who recently borrowed a whole volume a few days before Conference to read to meet the requirements. I expect to continue a subscriber as long as the present high grade is maintained.

North Indiana.

A WORKING PASTOR.

LIBERALITIS

A young preacher had been appointed to an important suburban church. His first sermon was lacking in some minor essentials, from the view point of some of his specializing auditors. He was awake to the situation, feeling keenly the critical atmosphere. Before he pronounced the benediction he said: "I am here to serve. I desire to do it in the most effective way. I shall be in my study on Tuesday, and will be glad

to converse with any who may have suggestions to make as to how I may best perform my duties as preacher and pastor."

The first man to call was a Mr. A, prominent in the business and fraternal order circles of his city. After the formal greetings he said: "I am a very busy man, but I wish to take a few minutes to offer a suggestion, since you have invited it. My suggestion is this: If you expect to succeed in this city you will need to be liberal in your views. There are a great many very fine men in this city who may not agree with the revival program that you gave us Sunday morning. Some of them I know will take a glass of wine now and then, but they are good fellows, very charitable, and you should be broad-minded enough to throw over them 'the mantle of charity.' They will stand by you if they find you to be liberal in your views. Think it over. Good morning!"

The next to call was Professor B. "I am glad," said he, "of this opportunity to offer a suggestion to one much younger than myself. I know this church and its needs, and wish to say that this is not an age of theologies, but of psychologies. Doctrinal sermons are out of date. To announce a series is to predispose the people to stay away. I am interested in your revival program, but after many years of thought I am convinced that if people are to be converted it must be at 'the psychological moment.' Our publishers are putting out a stream of books on psychology. Our public school libraries are heavy with books on child psychology. Our Sunday school periodicals and teacher-training courses are full of psychology. If you are to succeed in this age you must understand the laws that govern the mind. I shall be glad to do anything that I can for you. Remember that the modern preacher must be liberal in his views; that the mind is the broadest thing in the universe and that psychology is the science of the mind."

The next to call was a social settlement worker. He began very abruptly: "I liked the spirit of your discourse Sunday morning and I have no objection to your revival program, but it won't work in this city. Here is a program that will." Then he put in the preacher's hands the results of the survey that had been made of the entire city, locating every saloon and place of evil to be removed, every place of business to be encouraged, etc. Then he gave to him plans for a new parish hall, with bowling alleys, pool tables, basketball court, shower baths, Boy Scout room, room for Camp Fire girls, and full gymnasium. "Here is a workable plan. Work it and you will accomplish the results that you desire. A good many preachers are too narrow in their views of the work of the church. We need men of liberal minds who can see the value of the program I have suggested. This is my suggestion. Good morning!"

As the social service worker passed out the young preacher dropped into his study chair and said to himself, "Whatever happens, the members of this church do not want a 'narrow' preacher. I resent that characterization of my Sunday morning sermon, but perhaps my point of emphasis does need to be changed in this city. At least I have received this morning plenty of food for thought." As he was thus meditating the door bell rang again and Dr. R was ushered into the study. In

the most hearty and cordial manner he addressed the young and somewhat perplexed minister.

"I presume I am not the only one who has called to give you good advice."

"Well, no. Three have been here, all urging me to be liberal. The first was Mr. A, the prominent business and lodge man, the second was Professor B, the psychologist, and the third was our social service worker, with his elaborate program."

"I am not at all surprised," said Dr. R. "These are all good men, but they are specialists, and naturally see things from one point of view. I was very much interested in your morning sermon, and in view of what you have just said wish to add another suggestion. The text that you chose, 'Ye must be born again,' gives the fundamental and vital principle for your ministry. The protest of Mr. A is not so much to your sermon as to your text. He is the head of a certain order that recently buried one of our prominent citizens. Although this man was living a double life, and no one knew it better than Mr. A, yet he urged that he be covered with 'the mantle of charity' while he consigned his soul to immortal bliss. Your text and sermon put the lie to what he had said but a week previously, and naturally he resented it.

"As to Professor B the case is different. He is active in the devotional life and will stand by you in your revival work. The difficulty with him is that he has prepared so many charts and has classified so long the faculties of the mind that all must work for him according to fixed laws. But the deeper psychologists, such as Professor James, admit the 'law of the sudden leap,' and the fact that life is a much profounder thing than any expression of it. Miracles, conversion, and the unclassified and unclassifiable effects of prayer are duly recognized. Professor Sweet points in the right direction when he says, 'Back of the mind is the race and the history which made it. Back of the discovery of truth is the search for truth. Back of the search for truth is the longing for truth. Back of conscious longing for truth are the depths of personality reaching down to the secret springs from which our elementary and irresistible impulses flow. This leads us through personality back to God, the Creator of the mind and the Giver of life, and it was God who said, 'Ye must be born again.' I think you are on the right track, even from the standpoint of psychology.

"When it comes to social service, I think that we are all agreed that the church has been long remiss. Social service opens one of the avenues for the larger expression of the Christian spirit. There is, however, in some quarters a radical tendency to make of sociology a whole religion and to worship at the social service shrine. We have advanced far enough to see that not all has been accomplished that was once expected by social service programs. Not all Young Men's Christian Associations have kept the study of the Scriptures and the devotional activity on a par with the 'gym' and the 'pool.' We do not criticize these. 'This ye ought to have done and not to have left the other undone.' Community centers are splendid things, but only as a means to an end, and

that end is the Christian life. When the end is lost in the means a new form of idolatry arises.

"The trouble with this city is that it is infected with a mental disease called liberalitis. It is very contagious, but I trust you are immune. The cure will be found in a close study and daily practice of the Scriptures. When Jesus said to Nicodemus, 'Ye must be born again,' he made the Christian life begin, not in a theology, nor a psychology, nor yet in a sociology, but in a life. He again teaches this truth in the parable of the seed: 'So is the kingdom of God as if a man should cast seed upon the earth and the seed should spring up and grow.' When Paul speaks of the church as the body of which Christ is the head, of which we are members 'fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth,' he is speaking in terms of biology. This gives us the conception of an organism as the fundamental characteristic of the church rather than an organization. The true church is planted, not just organized. Organization has its important place as a means through which life is to express itself. In no sense is it a substitute for regeneration.

"Christianity, then, is a biology; it is a life. Robert E. Speer has well said: 'We shall make a great mistake, and the world will miss the very power which it is needing, if we go into bondage to social forces or to an impersonal order and miss the truth of the incarnation. . . . Christ came as a new person and the gospel is nothing but his offer of an ever-recurrent incarnation, of a ceaseless giving of God in new personality. The need of our new age is simply this: New life from the new man mediated into society through new men.' Christianity, then, as a life, formally stated gives us a correct theology; the faculties of the ego or deeper self related and explained in terms of life give us a correct psychology; and life set in helpful operation for the transforming and uplifting of society gives us our program for social service. The broad-minded man, therefore, is not the man who winks at sin and includes all kinds of conduct among the things allowed, nor the man who explains everything by his theology or his psychology, nor yet the man who does everything by social service, but the man who, born again, knows God and has a theology that grows out of that experience; who knows man not only by a study of the works on psychology, and by personal contact with life, but also by that deeper intuition by which a new-born man recognizes the deeper religious intuitions of the soul. He is the man who goes forth to regenerate and transform and organize society into the Kingdom of God."

As the young preacher came back to his study, after bidding his biological friend good morning, he said to himself, "Who ever dreamed that so much could be found in a single text!"

C. E. SCUDDER.

Englewood, N. J.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB**THE DISCIPLINED LIFE**

2 Tim. 3. 16

THE Greek is a language rich in synonyms, each having its distinct shade of meaning, although often used interchangeably when there is no danger of the misapprehension of its meaning.

A reference to the Greek of 2 Tim. 3. 16 will show the Apostle Paul's care in the selection of his words. The Revised Version renders it: "Every scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction which is in righteousness." The marginal reading should be noted here. Instead of "Every scripture inspired of God is also profitable," the margin reads: "Every scripture is inspired of God, and profitable." Again for "instruction" the margin reads "discipline which is in righteousness." The English Lexicon (Webster) gives as synonyms of discipline "correction, chastisement, punishment inflicted by way of correction and training." The writer would employ the word discipline as that kind of training which provides proper instruction, develops character, and molds the life.

It stands for all those influences by means of which a human life advances from its lower to its higher stages, from its actual to its ideal, from the immature to the mature, from babes in Christ to the full-grown disciples. It is the training of man toward the perfected life to which Christianity points the way and provides the means of attainment.

No form of life can reach its best without discipline. The tree must not only be planted on the appropriate soil, it must be directed and pruned from time to time. The dead branches must be taken off, the crooked and undeveloped parts must be removed, space must be provided for its larger growth, the soil must be fertilized afresh. In other words, the tree must submit to discipline. It is so with the life of man. It needs the home with its mellowing and sacred influences, the church with its means of grace, the Word of God which reveals the Christ, the school with its social nurture and intellectual processes adapted to each developing period. It must have "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

The topic, "The Disciplined Life," was suggested to the writer by Bishop Wescott in one of the many suggestive and instructive books which proceeded from his fertile pen, Words of Faith and Hope. He says: "We live commonly (so it seems) at random, without plan, without discipline. We trust to an uncultivated notion of duty for an improvised solution of unforeseen difficulties. We yield to circumstances without the ennobling consciousness of self-sacrifice or the invigorating exercise of will. We fail to test our powers betimes, by voluntary coercion or effort, that so we may be supreme masters of ourselves when the hour of struggle comes. It is as though while pilgrims and strangers we cared to learn nothing of the region which we must traverse, as though while soldiers of Christ we awaited blindly the attack of an unknown enemy; as though while

'fellow workers with God' we were content to use no training for the fulfillment of our part in his designs."

There is probably no sphere of human activity in which the disciplined life is more important than in that of the Christian ministry. The duties of the minister of Christ are so varied, requiring so many qualities of mind and heart, that a life that is untrained cannot achieve the highest results.

There is, first, the disciplining of the heart. It is needless for our present purpose to enter into minute psychological distinctions concerning heart, mind, spirit, but we assume its general meaning, of the affectional or sympathetic nature, which is so necessary in order to meet the full requirements of a Christian pastor. The heart finds its best discipline in communion with God. It is not easy to enter into the heavenly fellowship. It is true that God is ever near us. He is on our right hand and our left, he is in our chamber at night and in our office or place of study in the period of daily activity. We cannot escape from him if we would, nor would the Christian ever be satisfied if he was not conscious of God's presence and fellowship.

But to enter into the fellowship of the heart with God we need also the constant discipline which comes from self-sacrifice. We must be in close communion with the "Father of mercies and the God of all consolation." We do not always keep in mind the tenderness of God toward those that are in trouble and who have wandered from the right way. His constant appeal is "Return, ye backsliding children"; "As a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." The disciplined heart has entered into the fellowship of the All Merciful and thus is able to enter into all human fellowships.

There is next the intellectual discipline. We study to acquire knowledge, but the true object of study lies deeper than that. The disciplined mind is the door by which we enter the palace of knowledge. The mind does not hold its own unless it constantly submits to discipline. The undisciplined garden, in which all the various seeds are sown without plan as to the order of the crops or the fertility of the soil, becomes a waste of desolation in which nothing worth while can flourish. So an intellectual life crammed with all sorts of subjects without plan becomes a medley of confused thought, without vitality and without value.

Discipline of our mental powers requires their exercise upon lofty subjects which demand the use of all the faculties in harmonious proportions. The danger of many is the selection of easy subjects, subjects which require little attention for their mastery, rather than those which require time for their full comprehension.

Intellectual discipline is also secured by concentrating the mind upon some book or some special department of thought. There are some books that no minister should omit, not only for their teachings but also for their intellectual discipline. Such a book is Butler's *Analogy*, an edition of which was prepared in the last years of his life by the Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, the distinguished scholar and statesman. It is an old book, but it is as fresh and stimulating as when it was issued.

A disciplined life includes moral discipline. There is a sense in which moral conceptions are intuitive. A study of the history of mankind shows that some conception of right and wrong is innate in human nature. There are virtues that are commended and wrongs which are condemned by the conscience anterior to our Christian conceptions.

Christianity has accepted all the good that has been promulgated in all races and civilizations and has given it vitality. It has clothed it in flesh and blood and made it effective in the upbuilding of humanity. In his letter to the Romans Paul declares that even in their heathen state the revelation of God's power and Godhead made them "without excuse."

Notwithstanding this revelation in the conscience and in divine revelations men need moral discipline. Contact with the world blinds the moral sense, the evil tendencies of our nature weaken the moral nature, the flesh and the spirit are so contrary to one another that we cannot do the things which we would. At this point man's helplessness to save himself leads to the humiliating confession, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin" (Rom. 7. 24, 25).

Hence the need of constant self-discipline. The minister must watch the first inroads of low motives and unworthy deeds. He will do well to take note of the temptations to which he is exposed. The minister's temptations are those that belong to humanity as such, but he has temptations peculiar to his office. He must exercise his will power, conquering by divine grace. If his temptation is to earthly ambitions, such as high position and general self-advancement, not taking into account God's will concerning him, he must resist. In other words, he must submit to God's discipline.

The disciplined life can be secured only by the submission of the human to the divine will. In this, as in all other aspects of the minister's work, Christ is the perfect example. Christ said, "I seek not mine own will, but the will of him that sent me" (John 5. 30). It is thus that we are to become acquainted with the true gospel teaching. "If any man will do my will he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." More clearly rendered, if any man will to do my will he shall know of the doctrine.

This perfect submission is not easy. It is often a long, weary road before one reaches it. He may fall in many pits, where he seems to have lost his road, but if he looks right ahead he will see clearly, and will hear the voice which says, "This is the way; walk ye in it."

No age in the world's history has made such demand for disciplined lives in the ministry as the age in which we live. The sages of the world are uncertain of the way in which humanity is to come to its own. There is no voice which men recognize as the voice of God. The teachers who are to lead the people require the highest discipline. Without high motives, study, and discipline no life can meet the sublime opportunities which the world offers to the gospel ministry to-day.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE LANGUAGE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

"THE New Testament is the most important monument of the East that we possess: those who study it have therefore a claim upon the East." These are the concluding words of Professor Adolph Deissmann's preface to his work, *Light From the Ancient East*, published some time ago and later translated from the German into English by Lionel R. M. Strachan, M.A. Without this book, from which so many *data* are taken, this article could not have been written.

The main thesis of Professor Deissmann's volume is to prove that a correct understanding of the New Testament is impossible unless we recognize at the start that the apostles and early missionaries had to do chiefly with the non-literary, lower and middle classes of the Mediterranean world. The New Testament, though for all time and for all people, is essentially an eastern book. The thought, though fast becoming the property of all men, was cast in a Semitic mold, and the language, though colored with Aramaic idioms, is, nevertheless what has been termed the popular, non-literary, cosmopolitan Greek of the imperial period, and "is morphologically identical with the Hellenistic language."

The study of the Talmuds and Mishna as well as Greek and Latin literatures will, no doubt, help to a right conception of early Christianity, and no Bible critic can afford to neglect the aid afforded by any of these. We believe with Dr. Deissmann that valuable as these are, the non-literary records from the days of Alexander to the reign of Diocletian are of much greater value. Indeed, it is of the greatest importance that critical students of the New Testament should be familiar with the non-literary records of the period when Jesus and the apostles lived, for these ancient documents on papyri and ostraca reproduce the exact thought and very words of the very people with whom the early missionaries came in most direct contact. They are true, unerring witnesses of the life, customs, mode of thought, desires, as well as the exact words of the uncultured classes to whom the new religion appealed with special force at the outset.

Our Saviour was a plain man, the son of a carpenter, and the apostles, with the possible exception of John and Paul, had but little in common with the higher, cultured classes. Their little world was below the level of the literary men of their age. Their message, as a rule, appealed not to the man "higher up," but took hold immediately of the peasants, the artisans, and the fishermen all along the Mediterranean coast. These toiling masses, though ignorant of the great literary treasures of their age, could, nevertheless, understand and speak cosmopolitan Greek, and welcomed the new preachers of a new gospel. Though the great literary men of the apostolic age have little or nothing to say about the common people, we are not left without more reliable testimony of their state and condition. Though these humbler ones could not inscribe their names

on marble and brass, they made abundant use of papyri and ostraca, that is, broken pieces of potsherd, which having served their purpose were dumped into the dirt-heaps of small Egyptian villages. It is these, after centuries of silence, which reveal to us the condition as well as the language of the poor in the days of Primitive Christianity. Some years ago the Berlin Academy of Science published in three large volumes a kind of "Who was Who" in Imperial Rome from the time of Augustus to Diocletian. It contained the names of 8,644 men and women known from literature and the inscriptions and deemed worthy of a place in this great *Prosopographia*. The names of John the Baptist, Jesus Christ, Paul, and Luke, to say nothing of scores of others mentioned in the New Testament, were conspicuous by their absence. Time, the great avenger of the neglected, has changed all this, for of the 8,644 noticed in this great biographical work no four names are as well known to-day as John, Jesus, Paul, and Luke.

It is fortunate that a scholar of the ability of Professor Deissmann has devoted so much time to the study of papyri and ostraca, these venerable witnesses dug out of ash-piles in the Nile Valley; for by so doing he has made the study of the New Testament the easier. He has dispelled many a learned theory and has pointed out many parallelisms and points of agreement between the language of these vulgar texts and that of the New Testament. He has done his work in a broad-minded way, without ever being dogmatic.

Here let us emphasize the great service of archæology, not simply of the nineteenth and preceding centuries. The great monuments in classic lands on stone, metal, etc., have been most carefully studied by men like Boeck, Mommsen, and other eminent scholars of the past century. The immense collections in our museums have been of incalculable service to the student of history and civilization. But as far as New Testament study is concerned, the work done during the past forty years by scholars of various nations in the ruins of Anatolia, that is, Asia Minor, Egypt, Greece, and the islands of the Mediterranean, etc., has been of far greater value. The revelations have been such as to necessitate the re-writing of grammars and lexicons. And, best of all, it has presented us with a clearer view of the Gospels and Epistles.

By far the greater part of these revelations were on papyri and ostraca, the poor man's material for recording his business and thoughts. Papyrus, as durable as the pyramids, has been employed for millenniums: never more so perhaps than in the days of Saint Paul. It is very probable that some of his epistles were on papyrus. Papyri, though brought into the museums of Europe nearly 200 years ago, were regarded, at first, as nothing more than objects of curiosity, and little or no practical use was made of their contents. There has been a great change in the last half century. Numberless papyri, in more or less perfect condition, have been discovered and deciphered during this period. The services of Grenfell and Hunt in this branch of study are known to all students of archæology.

Now, what makes these papyri recently discovered at Oxyrhyncus and elsewhere of such value is that they are what Dr. Deissmann has called non-

literary, coming from the lower strata of society. They consist of business and legal documents, wills, deeds, bills of divorce, magic formulas, children's school exercises, letters of friendship, etc. There were, too, a few purely literary as well as a number of excerpts from the Greek classics and a few quotations from the Bible. They cover a period of 1,000 years—from about 300 B. C. to 700 A. D. Though there are papyri in the Hieratic, Demotic, Hebrew, Aramaic, Coptic, Arabic, Latin, etc., the bulk of them are in the colloquial, cosmopolitan Greek. These old documents give us a very correct picture of every-day life of the common people, especially those dating from the days of the Primitive Christian Church. Many of them are dated exactly—to the year, month, and even day of the month—just as a letter or contract of to-day. "Paradoxical as it will seem to many," says Deissmann, "let me say that the non-literary papyri are of greater value to the historical inquirer than are the literary." Though but few of them are of Christian origin, they are yet valuable as side-lights, since they often aid greatly in determining the meaning of many words and expressions employed in the New Testament.

The Coptic papyri have been of great help in the study of Gnosticism and other heresies.

But the discovery and decipherment of ostraca have been, if possible, of still greater help to students of the New Testament. These inscribed pieces of broken pottery, apparently useless, and consequently neglected as trash for centuries, have proven quite helpful to the philologist and historian. The scientific study of ostraca is comparatively modern. Two of its chief promoters are Professor Wilcken of Germany and Dr. Crum of the Egyptian Exploration Fund. The ostraca, like the papyri, are written in many languages—mostly, however, in Greek—and for the greater part are non-literary. Few of them have quotations from the Greek authors, the Old and the New Testaments. One ostrakon is inscribed with the Lord's Prayer.

These recently discovered papyri and ostraca have shown conclusively that there is no justification for the old belief that the New Testament was written in a language peculiarly its own. On the other hand, the language is precisely the same as that spoken and written by the common people of the Mediterranean basin in the imperial age. It was the non-literary Greek, not the Greek of Plato and Demosthenes, but rather that of the working man, the traveler, and business life of the period.

Christ, no doubt, spoke Aramaic, and possibly Greek. The same will be true of the apostles. The New Testament—Matthew's Gospel excepted—was written in colloquial Greek or the language understood by the common people all along the Mediterranean coast. As Christianity was to be a world religion, it was necessary that the most cosmopolitan language of the age should be used in promulgating the new religion.

It has been aptly said that the New Testament is the best monument of late colloquial Greek. This greatest of all books makes no effort after elegance of diction or even conformity to grammar and the canons of literature. This non-literary style, this colloquial Greek, the language of the shops and market-places, of the peasant and fisherman, must have

been the best adapted for the preaching of the gospel in the various great centers.

The learned expositors of the New Testament of the last century, misled by the grammarians and lexicographers, were fond of labeling a very large number of words as "biblical" or "peculiar to the New Testament and Apocrypha." There were at one time no fewer than 500 to 600 such words. Of these more than one hundred have been found in late classical Greek, and a still greater number on the papyri and ostraca of recent finds. So to-day, instead of five hundred or more "biblical or New Testament words" the number has been reduced to fifty or less. No doubt further investigation will reduce the number still more.

Deissmann gives a long list of such words and expressions, and by so doing successfully refutes the old theory, and shows that Christianity coined but few new terms. But as it did put new life into old religious formulas, so also it did put new meaning into some words. The new religion was for all mankind, beginning at Jerusalem, but branching out from this great center in every direction; the spoken word first, and that in Aramaic, without a single line in writing. Once the narrow borders of Palestine crossed, the non-literary, cosmopolitan language, understood very generally, must be used. The apostles passed on their missionary journeys from one center to another, made converts everywhere as they went, but, not able to remain long anywhere, they were forced to write friendly letters to those left behind, and that in a language understood by both preacher and convert. Most of these letters, especially those of the greatest of the apostles, were private, intended for one person, or at most for a small group of persons—not for the public. It was not in the mind of Paul that any of them should ever become public, any more than the private letters written in our day. The letters of Paul, at first purely private, were raised to the dignity of literature afterward when the piety of the churches collected them by copying and so made them accessible to the whole of Christendom. Had Paul intended to write for posterity—and nothing was further from his mind—his style might have been different. Deissmann well says: "Paul, whose yearning and ardent hope expected the Lord, and with him the judgment and the world to come, . . . Paul, who reckoned the future of this world not by centuries and millenniums, but by years, had no presentiment of the providence that watched over the fate of his letters in the world's history."

As with the bulk of Paul's letters, so with second and third John; they are too purely personal in content and purpose, and written in the same non-literary style peculiar to the common people of that age. When, however, we come to the Epistles of James, Peter, and Jude, they are more general and, consequently, so much the more literary in style and scope. These are addressed not to one person, nor yet to one church, but to the multitudes scattered abroad. As the Jews of the Dispersion, no doubt, for the greater part, were more familiar with Greek than Aramaic, current in Palestine, these Epistles, too, are written in the colloquial Greek tongue.

Strangely enough, Paul, the most cosmopolitan of all the apostles, wrote private letters and did more personal work than any of the others.

Though he traveled more extensively than any other apostle, and knew more men, there is less of the general and more of the particular in all his letters. He did not remain long in Corinth, Ephesus, Thessalonica, Philippi, Rome, or any other large city, so he kept in touch with his beloved converts by means of correspondence.

Now, if we read the papyri and ostraca and other monuments of the apostolic period, and compare them with the New Testament, we see a remarkable correspondence in terms and expressions. This applies especially to the titles given the emperors, to Jesus Christ, and God. The very same appellations applied to the Father and our Saviour are found on the monuments as titles of the emperors and rulers, who, as is well known, were raised to the rank of the gods. If Dr. Deissmann be correct, our Saviour very adroitly set his seal of disapproval upon emperor worship in the familiar passage: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." Be that as it may, it is a matter of history, that titles due no human being were freely given to the emperors.

The emperors are constantly addressed as "god" or "divine" on the monuments. Julius Cæsar, for example, is called "the god made manifest, the offspring of Ares and Aphrodite, and common saviour of life." An inscription of 17 B. C. discovered in Egypt speaks of Augustus as "god of god," and even the monster Nero is named "the good god." This, as any one may see, stands in striking contrast with the words of our Lord: "None is good save one, even God."

Take again the title "Son of God," a favorite expression of Paul's and a very common one on the Roman monuments. We find the following inscription to Augustus on a marble pillar at Pergamum: "The emperor Cæsar, son of a god, the god Augustus, of every land and sea the overseer." The term overseer is frequently applied to Jehovah in the apocryphal books. On a votive tablet to Nero at Magnesia occurs the following: "Son of the greatest of the gods, Tiberius Claudius."

The title divine is likewise given to the emperors in both early and late inscriptions. This continued long after the state had become Christian. We also find the word *κύριος*, translated Lord in our English versions, used in the same way. This is the equivalent of Jehovah of the Old Testament and is constantly applied to Jesus Christ, as in the phrase, our Lord Jesus Christ, and so too to heathen gods and kings. We read on one inscription, "Our Lord Serapis." Ptolemy XIII is addressed on a monument as "the lord king god," and on another he and his associates are called "the lords, the most great gods." On a tablet to Nero we read, "the lord of the whole world."

The apostles, of course, were familiar with the cult of emperors and rulers. No one can read 1 Cor. 8. 5, 6; Phil. 2. 9, 11, and other passages without becoming aware of at least a silent protest from the apostle against the blasphemous practice. Jude must have experienced something of the same resentment when he wrote: "Our *only* Master and *Lord* Jesus Christ." The early Christians, notably Polycarp, felt the wickedness of the custom of deifying the rulers, and suffered death rather than con-

form to the practice. And so did the Jews on more than one occasion. (See Josephus, Wars vii. x. 1.)

And lastly let us mention that the emperors were, likewise, addressed as "Saviour of the world." This what Deissmann calls Johannine expression was very frequently applied to Hadrian, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, and other emperors.

But what is still more striking is the fact that the word *εὐαγγέλιον*, gospel or good tidings, is not, as we had all been accustomed to believe, of Christian origin, but was used before the beginning of our era. Two inscriptions are quoted by Deissmann. One reads: "But the birthday of the god [Emperor Augustus] was for the world the beginning of *tidings of joy*." The other is in a note of congratulation to an officer, and reads: "Forasmuch as I have become aware of the *tidings of joy* concerning the proclaiming of Emperor Gaius Verus Maximus Augustus, the son of our Lord, most dear to the gods."

No one can read these ancient papyri and ostraca without being struck with the numberless parallels and points of agreement, not only in vocabulary but even in thought, between them and the books of the New Testament, especially the letters of Saint Paul, the great traveler.

"It was no blind chance," says Moulton, "that ordained the time of the Birth at Bethlehem. The ages had long been preparing for the royal visitation. The world was ready to understand those who came to speak in its own tongue the mighty works of God. So with the time came the message and God's heralds went forth to their work, 'Having an eternal gospel to proclaim unto them that dwell on the earth, and unto every nation and tribe and tongue and people.'"

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SOME RECENT BOOKS ON DOUBT AND FAITH

THERE is a type of apologetic that in recent years has fallen into general disrepute, both abroad and in this country. It is the apologetic that spends itself almost wholly upon the reasoned contradiction of specific doubts and has but little time and strength left for the systematic exposition of the nature and grounds of the Christian certainty. As compared with these occasionalistic and hence rather fugitive apologies of Christianity such fundamental treatises as Frank's *System of Christian Certainty* and other representative books from various quarters—for example, from Herrmann, Schultz, and Kaftan, from Sabatier and his colleagues in Paris, and from Gaston Frommel in Geneva—marked a very significant advance. Yet of course an apologetic must not be so broadly fundamental as to neglect to give an explicit answer to the current attacks upon the faith. The proof of Christianity is essentially timeless, as above time and for all time; and yet in every age the demonstration of the

grounds of the faith must be eminently timely. It is very interesting to note with what tact and skill some of the modern theologians, both conservative and liberal, weave into their fundamental or systematic apologetic the more pragmatic interest of answering the specific doubts of the time.

In recent years few problems have been so intensively studied as the problem of Christian certainty. The discussion of this theme does not address itself to "those who are without," but belongs to the inevitable task of the self-knowledge of Christianity. Before one can give an answer to the questions of the doubter one needs to have fairly examined the grounds of one's own assurance. The breadth and depth of recent discussions of the theme may be judged in such works as the third edition (1914) of Ihmels' "Die Christliche Wahrheitsgewissheit," Heim's "Das Gewissheitsproblem in der systematischen Theologie bis Schleiermacher," and Kähler's "Die Heilsgewissheit" (1912). Ihmels' book is an exceedingly thorough and able study, and is characterized by an eminent fairness in its historical and controversial parts. The first half of the book is historical, but it deals only with certain typical Protestant theories of Christian certainty: Luther, the dogmatics of the Lutheran orthodoxy, the period of pietism and supernaturalism, Frank, Herrmann, and the history-of-religion school. Heim's book is wider in its scope, but it closes with Schleiermacher. It is a critical history and is designed as a contribution to systematic theology. It is an exceptionally able book. Heim's own position, which is of no little significance, is reflected in his critical observation. Kähler's briefer discussion of the certainty of salvation—it constitutes a double number of the series "Biblische Zeit- und Streitfragen"—was the last complete writing of that eminent theologian, who was great alike as thinker and as Christian. It contains no significant thought that had not already appeared in the author's larger works, his Christian Doctrine and his book on Reconciliation; but it is a most welcome summary and recasting of that which constitutes the heart of his theology. His theme, it will be noted, is the certainty of *salvation*, while Ihmels' is the certainty of Christian *truth*. Heim's critical history includes both parts of the problem of certainty; and of course the two parts are universally regarded as being at bottom inseparable.

Ihmels has earnestly endeavored—in our opinion with good success—to overcome a certain subjectivism in the standpoint of his teacher Frank, who made the self-consciousness of the regenerated Christian the starting-point for his system of Christian certainty and for all his theology. With unmistakable definiteness Ihmels sets the objective revelation in the central place, as that which constitutes both ground and content of Christian experience; but he also shows that the revelation is and can only be certified to the individual by a subjective appropriation. Herein he is in full agreement with Kähler, whose writings it was that influenced him to his significant modification of the "Erlangen theology."

The influence of Albrecht Ritschl upon the development of apologetic theology was peculiarly one-sided. He utilized the Kantian philosophy in such a way as to carry quite beyond bounds the theory of the antithesis

between religious and all scientific and philosophical knowledge. The earlier Ritschlians were so impressed by the thought that faith is independent of "world knowledge" that they too readily inferred that theology too had no interest in the problems of world knowledge. "But" (as Wobbermin, a Ritschlian of the younger generation, has well observed), "what holds good for faith as faith does not necessarily hold good for theology as the scientific exposition of the faith. Even as applied to faith the assertion that faith has no points of contact with world knowledge is one-sided. It is quite true—and to have brought this truth in perfect clearness to the consciousness of Christian thinkers is the great merit of these theologians—that faith does not require such points of contact, that they are not an inevitable necessity to it, and that as faith it has the right—in given cases even the duty—to close its eyes to them. But even for faith itself points of contact with world knowledge can arise. For the God of the Christian faith is the Creator and Ruler of the world. And theology as science is not at liberty simply to ignore the difficulties which here arise for thought. Rather there results from them the task duly to leave to the persuasion of faith and the truth of faith their character as persuasion of faith and truth of faith, but yet to put them in relation to all scientific knowledge and to all philosophical problems, and to strive toward the harmonious working-together of the different fields. Only thus can we hope to attain to a unified total view of the world, in which religion—and I mean particularly the Christian religion in its specifically Christian peculiarity—suffers no prejudice, but has its established place."

These words of Wobbermin's precisely represent the prevailing attitude not only of the younger generation of Ritschlians, but also of the majority of Protestant theologians throughout the world. There must doubtless have been something very refreshing and liberating in the confident and spirited assertion, especially by such men as Ritschl and Herrmann, of the doctrine of the freedom and independence of faith—that faith has not to wait upon science and philosophy, but maintains her own free right. But the over-emphasis of the independence of faith has had to yield in our day to a strong and wholesome reaction.

Perhaps no one has done more in recent years than Wobbermin himself to show the relations of Christian faith and thought to current philosophy and science. Besides his earlier work on *Theologie und Metaphysik* we would direct special attention to two of his books: "*Des Christliche Gottesglaube*," etc. (*The Christian Belief in God in its Relation to Present-day Philosophy and Natural Science*, third edition, 1911, pp. 175) and "*Monismus und Monotheismus*" (1911, pp. 212). The study of these books (or of the equally able and more systematic work by Wobbermin's successor in the Breslau professorship, Rudolf Otto, entitled "*Religiöse und Naturalistische Weltansicht*," in the English translation *Religion and Science*) should effectually dispel for anyone the illusion that with the passing of controversies over such points as "geology and Genesis" the fundamental problem of "faith and natural science" has been definitively settled. One distressing doubt of former years seems, indeed, to have been pretty well cleared up. Most Christian thinkers have come to dis-

tinguish the sphere of revelation from that of "world knowledge," so that no fact belonging to the world-process can stand in conflict with the reality of the personal self-revelation of God. The latter has to do with the personal nature and will of God and his moral purpose in the world. The sacred writings, which bear witness to this revelation, vindicate their divine character solely through their power to mediate the knowledge of God. That their writers in no way differ from their contemporaries in respect of the ground, means, and measures of their knowledge—and ignorance—of nature and history as such in no way damages the grand certainty of their knowledge of God himself. This insight is now happily shared by most evangelical thinkers. Also a certain important implication of this truth now finds pretty general recognition. Kähler has shown that the damage that here and there results from the historico-literary criticism of the Bible never comes from the criticism *as such*, but always and only from the negative or destructive dogmatic motive that uses historical criticism merely as a tool to further its ends. So also by strict analogy we may affirm—and this view now finds the widest acceptance—it is never the particular concrete results nor the recognized methods of natural science that directly occasion difficulties to faith, but only the philosophy of nature that underlies or is associated with the scientific research.

We have had occasion to commend Helm's studies in the problem of certainty, the inner aspect of the problem of the warrant of faith. We must also recognize the unusual vigor and ability with which he handles the questions which arise because of the modern attacks upon Christianity. In the "Apologetic Part" of his "Leitfaden," after setting forth impressively—and from his own rather original standpoint—the fundamental principle of the Christian apologetic, he takes up "the application of the principle to the three most important attacks upon Christianity." These, according to Helm, are: (1) Naturalistic monism (based upon the principles of physics); (2) evolutionism; (3) physiological objections to the soul's independence of the body. Helm's discussion of these matters is keen, original, and stimulating. Incidentally it may be remarked that Helm is undoubtedly one of the coming men in theology. Recognition came to him rather tardily. After a period of pastoral service he was for a few years the general secretary of the German Christian Students' Federation. This was followed by a period of seven years as *privatdocent* in Halle. Shortly before the outbreak of the war he was appointed, at the age of forty, to the chair of systematic theology in the newly created evangelical theological faculty in Münster. But even while yet *privatdocent*, he enjoyed, according to the testimony of American students in Halle, an extraordinary popularity. If some of the regular professors enrolled a larger number of students for their courses, not one held a like proportion in regular attendance, not even Loofs nor Lütgert nor Von Dobschütz. This very unusual attractive power lies not so much in his skill as a lecturer as in the freshness and originality of his thought, and especially in a peculiar faculty of setting the problems before his hearers with such vividness and compelling force as to insure attention and to arouse an

eager desire for the answer. In following Helm's arguments no one can have the feeling of walking in a beaten path.

But what is that "methodic principle" that is to be applied in the answer to the various attacks upon Christianity? Helm argues that the common aim of all the significant modern attacks upon Christianity is to destroy utterly the traditional—essentially mediæval—view of the world, which has been held to be involved in or presupposed by the Christian revelation. This view of the world is characterized by a system of fixed demarcations, such as: man—animal and plant world—inorganic nature; sacred history—profane history—natural history; ethico-religious sphere—natural instincts; mind—matter; ego—world. The seemingly obvious reply to this tendency to obliterate all these absolute distinctions in a universal relativism is to compromise with it. Thus one concedes to it without reservation those domains in which it has already attained to a universal recognition (e. g., astronomy and physics), utilizes as secondary supports of the faith those demarcations concerning which science is divided in opinion (e. g., the relation between the animal and plant world and inorganic nature), and then with all the more decision intrenches itself in the affirmation of those demarcations which for the time being are called in question only by a few radical investigators (e. g., the demarcation between mind and nature, ego and world), in order upon this much reduced basis to erect the Christian system of thought.

Helm regards this compromise procedure as powerless to afford any real relief. "Where relativism in the thinking of a man has attained to an independent dominion, it becomes manifest that it lies in its very nature to proceed irresistibly, and to see in every limitation that is set for it only a new object for its tendency to crush and level everything." Consistently logical relativism cannot be overcome by damming back its stream and limiting it to certain domains. It can be overcome only by showing that relativism, when strictly carried out, proves to be only a gateway to something else—to something absolutely valid.

Helm then shows that the process of reasoning upon the problem of "the acknowledgment of an absolutely valid content" in religion generally passes through five stages. 1. The submission to the absolute content is unquestioningly sincere, and every contrary view appears as sin and not deserving a scientific discussion. (This is the attitude of the simple Christian.) 2. The stage of compromises and concessions, of a division of the field (e. g., the natural and the supernatural, etc.), wherein it is attempted to prove that the absolute content of religion belongs to the higher sphere, out of the reach of scientific research (e. g., that Christ is proved by his miracles to belong to the supernatural sphere). 3. But here the careful thinker is forced to recognize that these divisions into distinct domains must, if they are to serve as a basis for faith, be logically absolutely evident. The attempt, however, to prove them to be necessary leads every time to a *petitio principii* (e. g., the distinction of mind from nature presupposes that the act of self-discrimination is not in turn a product of nature, but the act of a mind distinct from nature, whereas it is the existence of this mind as distinct from nature that was

to be proved). When one perceives that such reasoning in a circle characterizes the dividing into distinct domains at all points, one has reached the stage of skeptical relativism. 4. But just so soon as relativism takes itself seriously as the comprehensive principle of all thought, it is forced to perceive that, in order to exist as a consistent view, it must at one place have broken over its own bounds, since else it must regard itself only as a relative intellectual phenomenon, quite equal in value to any opposing phenomenon (say the mediæval orthodoxy), but also quite devoid of the right to set itself above any. In spite of itself it has recognized the necessity of regarding some one standpoint as absolute, although no theoretical basis for the choice seems possible. "All those demarcations into separate domains, which as inductively demonstrable distinctions had fallen prey to the relativistic disintegration, now receive a new meaning as indirect expressions of the logically inescapable necessity of regarding some content as the fixed point by which to orient oneself. Thus there arises the position of abstract antinomy." 5. The abstract antinomy seems to offer a choice among contradictories; but the necessity of submission to unconditionally valid reality must be recognized. The whole process that leads to this abstract position is the product of the sinful desire to escape the reality—that is, the fact of Christ—to which one should simply submit. (Submission to reality is not the false subjection to the authority of church or dogma, or even of the letter of Scripture.) "Thus the repentant return to the first stage is necessary." The fifth stage is identical with the first.

One of the masters of apologetic in our day is Hunzinger, now chief pastor at Saint Michael's, Hamburg. He is not only a man of solid learning and wide reading, but also a writer and speaker of very unusual force. There are several collections of his apologetic lectures and essays. Perhaps the most interesting of these is that which bears the title: "Die religiöse Krisis der Gegenwart." It is made up of ten peculiarly vigorous and illuminating papers. The first two are "Concerning Doubt" ("The Power of Doubt in the Present" and "Illusion and Faith"). Hunzinger is "positive" and evangelical, but few theologians know as well as he how to speak to the modern man.

Another theologian who has rendered excellent service by means of apologetic lectures in various cities is Hilbert, now professor in Rostock. His course of six lectures on "Christianity and Science" have rendered an excellent service, both as spoken and in book-form. But the apologetic lecture has become in a measure the fashion of the time in Germany. Men like Seeberg, Schaefer, Lütgert, Stange, and Dunkmann have had unusual success in these lectures for a larger public. And of course many excellent apologetic papers have appeared in the series: "Biblische Zeit- und Streitfragen."

Herrmann has begun the publication of a series of pamphlets on "The Christian Religion of Our Time." The first number appeared in 1914, and its theme is "The Reality of God." It has all the concentration and force that generally distinguish the writings of this master.

But the book which in its way has interested us more than all the

rest in our list is one by a Danish theologian, Pastor H. Martensen-Larsen, of Copenhagen. Dr. Martensen-Larsen (who is a grandson of the well-known Bishop Martensen) has written a book of enthralling interest on *Doubt and Faith*. It has made a marked impression in Denmark and the other Scandinavian countries, and (through the translation of Frau Professor Buhl) in Germany. It well deserves translation into English.

The book is a wonderfully frank and vivid account of the soul-history of the author in his struggle for a satisfying faith. A special significance belongs to the book because it is the confession of a pastor. It is a fresh proof of the fact—which should be self-evident, but is so often forgotten—that the pastoral office is no security against crushing doubts. "It is," says a Danish reviewer, "one of the most earnest, most personal books, that ever have appeared in the Danish language. And it gives so penetrating a treatment of the modern religious life-problems that it probably has a service to render even outside of Denmark." Intensely personal as the book is, it is not narrowly personal, not merely individual. The author is a man of wide outlook, varied acquirements, great intellectual sympathy. He is conscious that his case is typical, and he writes for thousands who meet like problems with his own. The wealth of reference to the lives and spiritual struggles and religious persuasions of other men and women, to the great evangelical hymns with their living confession of faith, to significant words of Scripture, to current religious thought and theological controversy, this gives to the book a wonderful charm. The best of all is, the author really attains to a solid, joyful faith, and he is able to show the grounds. His difficulties were both theoretical and practical, but they always concerned the reality of religion. (The German translation, entitled "*Zweifel und Glaube*," is published by Deichert, Leipzig, popular edition 1916; price, 3.50 marks).

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Book of Devotions. ADDRESSES BY THE BISHOPS. 12mo, pp. 189. New York and Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

EARNEST addresses by the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the devotional meetings held every morning during the General Conference of 1916 preceding the regular daily business session. They are warm from the hearts of the picked men of Methodism, whom the Church has chosen and ordained to be its leaders. Into these addresses they have put brain and soul with force and fervor for spiritual and practical effect. Needless to say, it is a stirring, helpful, stimulating book. We present some extracts without naming in any case the speakers. Our readers may test their familiarity with the style and personality of the different bishops by trying to discern the authorship of each extract.

Guess whose this is: "It is a blessed truth, that the Lord is our helper. But there is something better than that for every Christian heart—we may be helpers of the Lord; and our joy is not in the fact that the Lord helps; and our joy is not in the fact that by-and-by if we are faithful we are going to get through the gates into the city; but, after all, the very crown of our joy is that he calls us friends, and permits us to help him in the great world-task. The greatest joy a Christian can know is in being a worker with God. The branches cannot bear fruit without the vine. But, O mystery and wonder!—the vine cannot bear fruit without the branches; and Jesus Christ in some great sense is dependent upon you and me. He cannot do the work he wishes to do in this world without these men and women who are before me—without his church. [When Stradivari, master maker of incomparable violins, was urged to give himself rest, he answered: "If I cease, I sin, making a blank instead of violins. God cannot make *Antonio Stradivari's violins* WITHOUT Antonio."] I have had a good many answers to the inquiry which I have been reading for a good many years in the books, 'Why did Jesus come into the world?' I have been told that Jesus came into the world to teach the Fatherhood of God; and I think he did. And I have been told that Jesus came into the world to work some strange change in the mind of God; and I cannot understand it. And not having had a sufficient answer to that inquiry, I think I have a right to make an answer for myself; and my answer to that question, 'Why did Jesus come into the world?' is this: He came to get some hands and feet. He came to get some hands that he might minister to the wants of mankind, that he might lay them upon blind eyes, and behold, they should see! And put his fingers into deaf ears, and behold, they should be unstopped! And lay his cooling hand upon the fevered brow, and behold, the fever should cease! He came to get some hands, and he came to get some feet that he might go about doing good. He came to get some lips that they might speak messages of love, his matchless parables, his words to the sorrowing and to the sinners. And he is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever in his great yearning, my brethren; and his yearning to-day is that he may be incarnated, that he may get some more hands to lay upon blind eyes, that he may get some more feet carrying him about doing good, to get lips to preach his gospel in all the lands. And our joy is that we may be so identified in spirit and in task with Jesus Christ that we can say with the great apostle, understanding at least something of that mystic glory, 'I live, and yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life I now live in the flesh I live by the faith and impulse of Jesus who loved me, and gave himself for me'—blessed exchange—'gave his glorious self for my selfish self. And now the life I live I live for him and with him.' And, brothers, I want to come back to that great truth, that we may be of help to the Lord. And O what helpers we may be! Someone said—was it Moody?—that the world had never seen what God could do with one consecrated man. I change that a little this morning as I stand in the presence of the representatives of my great church, and say that the world has never seen what God can do with one fully consecrated

church. O that we may see it! O that we may be the body of Christ in very deed, individually and collectively! Reading my Scriptures one day I ran across this expression—I had seen it many times, but it came to me, with new force: 'workers together with God.' And then I thought about it, thought about the possibility of all my church working hand in hand, eye to eye, no divisions, no selfishness any place. Brothers, what is our motive? We must be workers. What shall be our great motives? Sometimes in a pastorate, when I had some difficult task, perhaps had to make some call that seemed to me difficult, I would, before going out, sit down to the piano and run over some of those martial hymns: 'Work, for the night is coming'; 'Onward, Christian soldiers,' and try to inspire myself to my duty by singing some of those hymns. And sometimes it would not work, sometimes it would not inspire me. And I said: 'I worked yesterday and I shall work to-morrow. Why should I work to-day? To-day is vacation time?' And then I would turn over to some of those tender hymns:

Do you know the world is dying for a little bit of love?
Everywhere we hear their sighing, for a little bit of love.

And sometimes I was *inspired* by the thought of the need of my people, and would go out and do my duty, and pick out some difficult task. But at other times I said: 'What of it? I too am sighing for a little bit of love, a little bit of comfort, for some one to say a kind word. It is a difficult thing to live in the public eye and have no one that understands. I guess I will rest to-day.' I was *not inspired*. But I will say to you this morning, if my task was difficult, and I turned to some of those hymns and understood the truth of some of those hymns like

Saviour, thy dying love thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold, dear Lord, from thee,

I never failed to find some *inspiration* for my task. Corot, the great French painter, said: 'There are days when it is I who paint; in those days the work is bad. The days when it is not I, an angel has come and worked for me; then it is good.' Then Corot *was inspired*."

Whose words are these? "We think of God as our helper who is near at hand. I have often wondered why it is that it seems so easy to picture God as in the far distance. Possibly it is because we always conceive of him as the Infinite One and so disassociate him from everything that is essentially human. I have thanked my heavenly Father, literally hundreds of times, that I cannot remember the time when I began to pray. Before the date that memory records I had learned to hush my infant prayer at the knee of my Christian mother. But I remember very distinctly my conception of God's relation to the world and his relation to my own life during the early years of my Christian experience. I thought of him as away yonder in the infinite distance. That in the exercise of prayer I must breathe out my petition; that it traveled, to be sure, as if on the wings of the morning, until at last it found God's throne, and then

the answer came back as if with the lightning's flash—that was my conception—God away yonder. I hadn't gone very far in the experience of the Christian life until I began to find in the Bible the corrective of my wrong thinking concerning God's relation to my life. I was reading in the old prophet, and I came upon this: 'Behold, before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.' In the Psalms I found: 'Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.' I turned over to the pages of the New Testament. I heard the great Apostle on one occasion addressing a multitude of people who never before had heard of the true God. I heard him say to them: 'Though he be not far from each one of us: for in him we live, and move, and have our being.' And so I modified entirely my conception of God's relation to my own life, and now no longer in the exercise of prayer do I picture him at an infinite distance. I love rather to appeal to him under the figure of that beautiful couplet in one of Tennyson's poems:

Speak to him thou, for he hears, and Spirit with spirit can meet.
Closer is he than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

And this is the message of the Word of God regarding God's relation to the world and to our own lives, that God is nearer to us than the friend who sits by our side, closer to us than the companion of the joys and the sorrows of our lives; nearer to us than the very children who are bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. I wish we might have the simple faith just to take him at his word. I am not at all afraid of atheism as a philosophy. That any man should be asked to believe that this world with all its marvelous mechanism and its fine adaptation of means to ends happened without intelligence or reason, is about as preposterous a proposition as a rational mind could be asked to entertain. But I am tremendously afraid of that practical sort of atheism which conceives of God remotely, which enables us to come into the house of the Lord one day in seven and recite glibly the words of the Creed, 'I believe in God the Father Almighty'—and all the rest, and then go out and live for six days in the week practically as though there were no God. May I bring an illustration? One of our little girls was having a desperate time some years ago with the table of nines in the multiplication table. She had learned all the rest. I said to her one day when I happened to be at home: 'Now, my dear, I want you just to go into the room and close the door and learn that table.' So she went in and in about three quarters of an hour she came out, her face all aglow. She said, 'Father, I can say it now from beginning to end without hesitation and without mistake,' and so she did. I planted a kiss upon her cheek and told her

how glad I was that she had mastered it. She loitered around a little, and I saw there was something in her mind, and in a moment, she stepped up and putting her arm about my neck, said, 'Father, do you know how I did it?' 'Why, yes, my dear. Of course I do. You just boned down to it in good, earnest, honest fashion, with the determination that you would make it your own.' 'Well,' she said, 'I did, but before I did that, I got down on my knees and asked God to help me.' That is a little child's conception of God's relation to our life, which she had gathered from the instruction largely of her dear mother. But I submit to you that that is the true conception of God's relation to our lives.

There is no place where earth's sorrows are more felt than up in heaven.
There is no place where earth's failures have such kindly judgment given.
For the love of God is broader than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind.

Philosophy is about done, thank Heaven, with the conception of an absentee God. Let us have done with it in our own thinking, and in our own living, and picture God always as nearer to us than any human friend can possibly be. 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.'"

Who said this? "I read once of an artist who was desirous of painting the picture of the three crosses on Calvary. He painted first the face of the unrepentant thief; that was easy, for he had seen many men like that. Then he painted the face of the repentant thief, upon whose face the light was breaking as he got the glimpse from the other world. That was harder, for he had never seen a face of just that kind. But after weeks and months of endeavor he was measurably satisfied. Then he painted the central cross and the central face. He tried day after day, week after week, month after month, to paint that face, but failed. Then in despair he seized his brush, and simply put upon that central cross one great burst of light—and he could not have done anything more inspired than that if he had worked a thousand years. That is what it is—a great burst of light. There was the agony; and out of that comes the light that reaches down to you and me. An old Roman said, when the Christian system was being introduced: 'This system cannot stand because it is founded upon a cross, upon the death of its own leader, upon a catastrophe; it cannot stand.' That is just why it does stand. It stands because it is founded upon the spirit of self-sacrifice, upon the throne of a God who is willing to give himself with a perpetual burning that he may stand at the center of this system, not for the glory that will come to him, but that out of his suffering and sorrow the light may reach to the sons of men. 'The Lamb is the light thereof.' The self-sacrificing Son of God is the light thereof. The new Jerusalem cannot come in this world, the needed social reorganizations cannot come, the redemption of the nations cannot come, until the spirit of self-sacrifice has spread abroad everywhere. It is your part and my part to put ourselves, by the grace of God, who is the chief burden bearer, where we can make the Lamb the light of this world."

Whose is this? "The holy hour of prayer is sometimes profaned by irreverence. I have heard sometimes in the pulpit, while prayer was being made to God, the turning of leaves of a hymnal or the making of arrangements for the rest of the service that had not been thought out and ordered beforehand. A member of this Conference told me of a rebuke that came to him in his early ministry. There was a rank unbeliever in his town, almost an atheist. One night at a revival service he was surprised and delighted to find him there. Asking a brother to pray, he went to talk with him, while seeking ones were bowing at the altar. Going around to the back of the man, he leaned over and began to approach him as to his soul's welfare. The man lifted his hand and said: 'Hush! Hush! That man is talking with God.' O may prayer be to us more sacred and reverential, may we bow before him as we talk with God! But the basis of all true reverence, my friends, is really reverence for one's self, for the dignity and nobility of one's nature created in the divine image. There is a great word of Milton which Canon Farrar said had exercised a larger influence over his life than any sentence in all literature: 'He that holds himself in reverence and due esteem, both for the dignity of God's image upon him, and for the price of his redemption which he thinks to be visibly stamped upon his forehead, accounts himself both a fit person to do the noblest and godliest deeds, and too much worth to defect or to defile with such a debasement and such a pollution as sin is, *himself*, so highly ransomed and ennobled into a new friendship and filial relation with God.'"

Who said this? "I glory in this, among other facts, concerning the church of Jesus, that it is not a society of the sanctified alone. I glory in the church that it is not a collection of persons perfect in all their reactions to the opportunities of life. I glory in the Christian church that, after all, it is a hospital, in which we have some skilled physicians, and some bright-robed nurses who minister with all the sweetness of woman's loving heart. Thank God, we have also in the church some bruised and broken bodies, some wan and pallid faces, some struggling, imperfect souls that are reaching up into a righteousness which they do not possess. Strengthen ye the weak hands of the feeble folk in the Church of God. Some years ago a relative of my own had a fault, which he escaped at times for weeks and months, but then was tripped again. He was a member of the church, and underneath all, like Peter when the Lord asked him over and over, 'Lovest thou me?' down in his heart he did have the love of God. The church bore with him, and held fast to him. Once in a while the stronger men in the church said a word of cheer to him. Finally God so strengthened him that he mastered the temptation of his life. Then he used to stand in the prayer meeting of that old church and say: 'Brothers, I want to thank the church that when I was disgracing her she held on to me. I would have been in hell had it not been for the mercy and greatness of the church.' 'Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong.' You will recall the incident of General Chaffee at the battle of El Caney. As he was inspecting the forces, the bullets zipping

about him in every direction, he saw a soldier lying face down in a trench: 'Why are you lying there?' he called. 'I am scared,' the soldier answered. 'What business have you in the army, if you are frightened like that?' Then he looked down at the upturned face, and saw it was that of a boy of only eighteen years, who ought to have been at home with his mother. The general said: 'I would like to find the man that put you in the army. But it isn't half as dangerous as you think it is. Just stand up by my side, and I will stand by you.' Then the weak mortal stood up by the side of his commander, and at his direction trained his gun and fired point-blank into the air. The general said: 'That was pretty good, but your hands are trembling. We will try again. Lower your gun a little more.' He lowered the weapon, and this time he fired straight ahead, and it is said that when retreat was ordered a little later they had to take the boy by the collar and drag him away. He had become a soldier because a soldier had given strength to his weakness. Would that God might help us, first to get strength where alone it may be had, and then to impart it to others."

Who told this story: "You remember William Rugh, the newsboy of Gary, Indiana. I may not be fully familiar with all the details of the story, but there was an accident in which a girl was very seriously injured. She was taken to the hospital, and the surgeon said that she could not live, her burns were so serious, unless they could get new skin enough to graft upon her poor burned body. William Rugh, that humble newsboy, read what had happened in the papers that he was crying on the street. He did not know the girl; he never had seen her nor heard of her; but when he read that if they could get enough skin to graft on her body, they could save her life, he said, 'I will offer my "game" leg.' He went to the hospital and they took him at his word. They amputated what he called his 'game' leg, and grafted that skin onto the body of that little girl. She lived, and is living to-day; but William Rugh died. When he was dying of the attack of pneumonia, which set in after the operation, the little girl sent him a bouquet of flowers; and as they laid them on his bed, he looked at them, and with a wan smile said, 'Just tell her I am glad.' He knew he had to die, but he was not sorry. And when his mother was crying by his bedside as if her heart would break, he weakly put his hand on hers and said: 'Don't cry, mother. I never amounted to anything before, but now I have done something for somebody.' And his spirit went home to Him who did something for everybody, thank God, but He did it by giving His life for everybody."

And you can easily guess who is talking now: "Was not beloved Bishop Smith here four years ago? Yes. Where is he now? In heaven. Was not Bishop Walden here four years ago, with his stooped shoulders and his strange, keen eye? Yes. Where is he now? In heaven. Was not Bishop Warren here with his stalwart figure that looked as if he could walk across the landscape of eternity and never get tired? Yes. Where is he? He is on the landscape of eternity, taking his walk. Was not Robert McIntyre here four years ago, with his dreamy, far-away look? Yes. Where is he? He is where he looked. Was not Bishop

Moore here, with the spirit of a soldier and the heart of an angel? Yes. Where is he? He is over where soldiership and angelhood are one. Was not Naphtali Luccock, that crystal soul and winsome personality, here? Where is he now? He is with the crystal Christ. Ah, that company of bishops, brethren! They were here but a few years ago, and they are not here now. But we have got to get acclimated to the country where we are going to be forever. 'Our conversation is in heaven.' What is conversation? Well, I am sure it is all we are in the long run. If you listen to a man talk long enough, you will hear all he knows—plus. 'Our conversation is in heaven.' Ah, brothers, whether it be exegesis or no, let us know this, that whatever we say ends in heaven. Why? This end of the sentence is here, but the other end of the sentence is always in heaven. A woman, a preacher's wife—and her husband is here this morning—said to me with a strange quaver in her voice like music beginning, 'You know that our daughter, our only daughter, is in the glory land.' Ah, me. She began talking of a daughter here, and she ended talking of a daughter there. The other end of our conversation is always in heaven, thank God. We are all orators when we get religion, because the other end of our talk is heavenly eloquence. Some one says, 'This word means 'occupation.' Yes, it does, thank God! It means occupation—our occupation is in heaven. You say 'No. It is in Dover. It is in New York. It is in Kansas City.' Where are Dover, New York, and Kansas City? They are down at the foot of the hill called Zion, right down at the foot of the hill; and if you look up, when the smoke shifts you will see the glittering of the holy towers, and hear the voice of God as he looks over and says, down to the world, 'Good morning, Occupation. Good morning.' Down at the foot of the hill the job goes on, but up at the top of the hill the job concludes. Money—I heard that word once, although I am not strictly familiar with it. I have heard the word. What is money? Something to be earned on the ground and invested in eternity. That is money. And as we work at our work, what are we doing? Said a woman, 'I am just an ordinary woman, and I am taking care of the baby.' Thank God, God is mothering the baby too; and you and God together will rear that baby. A woman who is rearing a baby, what is she doing? Rearing somebody for eternity. Our occupations are all not only under the eye of God, but they are in the territory of eternity. Our occupation is in heaven, thank God! Man, you who sweep the street, sweep it well, and maybe God will give you a job sweeping the golden pavement after a while—if you do your work well here. He will need somebody to do that sort of work, when some of the saints come in and walk over the pavement; he will need some one to sweep the dust away. Man, you who are a statesman, get eager for God, and maybe he will call you into his Cabinet in heaven. Our occupation is in heaven, thank God. But our friendship, where is it? It is in heaven, too. You know, I am one of the vagabonds of God, by the grace of my brethren. They said to me, 'Brother, you go as an itinerant; and out in places where people are not careful what they hear, you speak.' So there I am; and do you know, people sometimes say to me, 'Why, brother, do you not get tired of going

around and seeing people? No, praise God! Why? Because I am making friendships for eternity. I am just picking up some new friends, so that if I get to heaven, with God lifting a lot and myself lifting a little, when I come to the door of eternity maybe a great company will say, 'Brother, welcome.' Our friendships are in eternity. Here we are, all together, and the next time we meet we will be in heaven. Thank God! We must not miss it. In heaven is our appropriate country. Robert Browning talks about our appropriate country. Our appropriate country is in heaven, and we are in it now, but in which end? The north end. O listen, brothers! The north end of heaven is where the eternal cold stays, where the spring winds have no warmth, where the winters are all the year round wild and tumultuous. What is the south end? Where everlasting spring abides. In the south end of heaven we are going to be put. We are in the north end of heaven now, but flowers are blooming even here on the snowdrifts, thank God! There was a man I knew who had a daughter, and that daughter had never been away from her home at all, to speak of. There came a time when she was going to be married. Her father's custom had always been to tuck that girl in bed at night. No matter how late he got in—and he was out late of nights on the Lord's errands—the door was left ajar and he was ordered by his child to come and tuck her in bed; and so always, whatever time of the night he came in, he would go in softly and tuck her in and kiss her; and sometimes she would partly awaken, and say, 'Hello, daddy,' and he would say, 'Good night, sweetheart.' And so it came to the last night that she should be under his roof. He went in, and his heart was full of aching and full of tears, but he neither showed heartache nor tears. He smiled at her, and she said to him, 'You are going to tuck me in'; and he said, 'Yes, I will tuck you in.' So he went in that last night that she was to be under his roof and under the shadow of his love, and he tucked her in and she put her arms around his neck and drew him close, and he put his arms around her and said, 'O, my daughter'; and she just said, 'Daddy'; and he tucked her in. I wonder if God, in the last night that we are to be in our home on the ground, will not come down and tuck us in. When our eyelids droop, and our voices falter, and we can hear no sound, some one will be there, and it will be God, and he will tuck us in; and he will say, 'Sleep sweetly,' and then he will stay right there and will not go away, and by and by he will awaken us with a kiss and say, 'It is morning.' And now, what do you think of your bishops, O readers of the METHODIST REVIEW?

Ancestral Voices. By JOHN A. HUTTON. Crown 8vo, pp. 261. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50, net.

If only, instead of a mere notice of this book, we could put a copy of it into the hands of every thoughtful and studious minister! Seldom have we marked and turned down the corners of so many leaves in a first rapid reading. Dr. Hutton sees in these troubled and tragic times a conflict between the "Ancestral Voices of the Soul"—its deepest

intuitions—and the merely rationalistic way of conceiving man's true function in this world. Chapter headings are such as these: "The Twentieth Century—So Far"; "Is an Age of Faith Returning?"; "The Cry for Freedom—Nietzsche"; "The Cry for Control—Tractarianism." But the part our readers will value most is those five intense and searching chapters on "The Sense of Sin in Great Literature," showing by powerful illustrations how the world's great books support the teachings of the Christian Scriptures—greatest of all books. The book grips us on its very first page where the author tells his state of mind just before the outbreak of this gigantic European war: "I had just finished reading a book by Holbrook Jackson, entitled *The Eighteen Nineties*, in which one was permitted to see, in the light of certain pathetic and terrible examples, the failure and inevitable nausea of naturalism as a formula for life or for art. It was like the reading of a tragedy. Those young bloods set out into life, one and all, as though there were no laws, no nature of things; and one by one they ran their heads against one or other of those stone walls which are there—the rude precaution of society, or the more delicate embarrassment of God, for the defense of some final decency. They all went to the Devil or returned to God; and these last with an abjectness and confusion of the soul which, I believe, must have mixed with grief God's joy at their return. One went mad, one died in prison, and another made a clutch at God as he was slipping out of life, with a cry as much of indignation and despair as of faith. 'I implore you,' wrote Aubrey Beardsley on his death-bed, 'to destroy all copies of ——— and bawdy drawings. Show this to ——— (naming a friend), and conjure him to do same. By all that is holy, all obscene drawings.' And the words, 'in my death-agony,' were added after his signature. There are certain invincible forces working subtly in the depths of men's souls, to lay them open to the revenge and indignation of something deep and holy. The churches with a future are the churches with a high threshold; when the day comes for any general movement toward faith among the people, they will be attracted, not by appeals which are easy and obvious, but by appeals which are exacting and mysterious, having as little as possible in common with the standards of value which please men in the days of the flesh. There is a charge from outsiders that the present break-down is a reproach to Christianity; in the sense that it is due to the failure of Christianity. We must contradict such a charge. This break-down in civilization is due first and last, in its principles and in its processes, to the neglect, and indeed to the explicit repudiation, of the entire body of ideas, and warnings, and motives, and beliefs—ideas concerning human nature, and the nature of things—which came into the conscience of the world with Jesus, a body of ideas and beliefs for the obedience to which He laid down His life, and for the propagation of which He attached some men to His side and appealed to them never to let them die. This whole tragedy has come about, first and last, because of the neglect or denial of the Christian view of God and the world. For, whatever more we are to learn from this eruption of natural force through the heart of man, which is raging about us like a sea of fire, already surely we have learned that we had all fallen

into a way of dealing with ourselves and with life which, we see now, falls utterly face to face with man in his heights and depths. The fact is, we of this generation for the first time are in a position to understand Christianity and the great insights which Christianity has registered in its doctrines concerning God and man. We are beginning to understand Christianity in the only way in which you can understand anything, namely, by perceiving the kind of thing this life of ours would be were Christianity even now to fail. We have been taught the nature of things in the only way in which people can be taught the nature of things, and that is by seeing things running loose for a time. No argument could ever have led our age even to suspect that human nature when it escapes from the shadow of God is as wild as it ever was. That man by nature is wild, that man by nature is simply a bit of nature, and liable to behave like an earthquake, or like a tidal wave, or like a wild beast in some functional ecstasy—how were ideas of that kind ever to be brought home to us, and made effective for the rebuke of man's headlongness? We had all allowed ourselves to suppose that knowledge, increased amenities, *savoir-faire*, would soften and tame the primitive passions. We see now that we had no reason to think that knowledge and social amenities would have such an influence. We know that knowledge by itself does not make us less selfish or less determined to have our own way, or less churlish if some one gets in front of us. We know that something must take place within us, which is more like crucifixion than anything we can think of, before we ourselves gain a clean victory over some ugly passion or temper. We had no reason whatever to suppose that Europe could for fifty years be steadily undermining the fabric of Christianity in societies, and laying base insinuations all about the roots of the human soul, and yet at the same time would have the power, or would have the wish, to rebuke the ancient lust of the eye, and restrain the ancient pride of life. What has happened in our day is simply this: we are seeing what life will be, and must be, if the great things that Christ means are not true and are *not felt to be necessary*. For until a thing is felt to be necessary it is not believed in: for we believe not with our heads, but most frequently by the help of a shudder passing over us at the prospect of the alternative. What we are seeing to-day is perhaps the first organized and reasoned repudiation of the mind of Christ concerning the nature of true goodness. And the darkness which has come over the whole earth is once again the protest of the wider order against a local and temporary blasphemy. I believe the very depth of the darkness which has fallen upon the modern world will lead the soul of man in our day, and in our children's day, back to humility and faith. We are so made that we do not see things until they are gone from us. We know nothing about ourselves until we have found ourselves out. We were all too secure to feel our need of God. What errors certainly we had fallen into—what assurance, what pride, what dullness toward the very religion we profess! How we had come to look upon faith in Christ as something which a man might have or might not have: that it depended largely upon his temperament or upon his reading! How little we understood

that faith in Christ is an absolute necessity if human existence is to remain sane and not a contradiction in terms! And now the world has gone wild, has broken loose. And why has it broken loose? Through what sluice-gate has the black flood poured? Through what bulwark, ruined now, and shattered, and undermined? Simply for this reason, namely—*Europe to-day is not unanimous about God*. It is without any decisive and implacable sense of the nature of God. The Church must define the nature of God, define the essence and moral quality of the Great Power behind all things, and say explicitly that, for the Church, the character of God is *Christ*. For the name of God—in the sense of the Inscrutable and Infinite Power behind all Creation—is a name which may be invoked by any audacious and sanguine human being. It is simply a 'Graven Image' of the Ineffable. A man's appropriation of the name of God may simply mean that he himself is passionately persuaded of his cause, and that he anticipates great difficulties. But the name of Christ is a name which no one can invoke with any reality if the cause for which he invokes that name is a cause which cannot be made to look harmonious with the mind of Christ. The word of God is a purely human and natural word, and it has for the time being lost its baptismal grace. By itself it has no more moral or intellectual content than the symbol 'x.' The word God is not our characteristic word. And I can now well imagine the circumstances in which Saint Paul broke out with words which have in our day an extraordinary freshness and urgency: 'For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or on earth; as there are gods many, and lords many; yet to us there is one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we unto him; and one Lord, Jesus Christ, through whom are all things and we through him.' We quote part of Dr. Hutton's chapter on Tractarianism: "Stripped of all that was merely local or temporary, the problem as the tractarians perceived it was precisely the problem which confronted Faust in the very moment of his dying. He saw, you remember, a great wave of secular knowledge let loose from the hard-won maxims of the human race; and in antagonism to them, he saw that wave creeping up over the sand on a long promontory. He saw it rising up and up toward two buildings erected there on the shore of the inexorable ocean of time. The two buildings were the twin edifices of the Christian spirit in the world—namely, a Christian church and a Christian home. Heedless of the value of these, he had consented to their destruction. But, as the smoke of their burning blew toward him, he realized how he had injured the human race, and in a cry of agony that he might be spared, if not to replace those ancient haunts of the spirit, at least to offer mankind some other reason and retreat for life, Faust fell down dead. The tractarians set themselves, as they believed, to save society as they and we know society. Society, as we know it, is a Christian product. Marriage, as we know it, is part of the Christian discipline or 'kultur.' The tractarians chose as their way of influencing the world that the church should stand aloof from men. The first thing was for the church to save herself, to establish anew her bodily existence in the midst of all human contentions. The world as such was

almost wholly evil. The contentions of men were all rooted in self-seeking, however their spirit might be cloaked in high-sounding words. The human reason had got out of hand, and was now intruding into matters for which she was in the nature of things not competent. Criticism, analysis, had reached a point where thinking had become a vice—simply another form of self-indulgence, and so on. The tractarians were right in believing that the church is strongest when she is in protest against the spirit of the time. It is minorities which control the world. And in taking the high ground which she did take, it was only a late instance of a recurring and invincible instinct of the Christian spirit. Already we can detect this exclusiveness in the New Testament. 'Beloved, we are of God, and the whole world lieth in the Evil One.' It is the very breath of the Old Testament, subsequent to the Exile. Chronicles may not be good history, but it is excellent devotion, and represents the attitude which the church will always take in a day of general apostasy. The finer souls will draw together, to cherish in each other's breast the sacred fire. The church will always pass into a period when she will cease disputing with the world—as I think she should now cease—and should proceed to cultivate her own life. There are things which are not true for the world, which are binding on members of Christ's body. No good comes of bullying men of the world with the enunciation of our higher principles. These the world rejects because it has no taste for them. We must convict the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment to come. And there are times—I hold the present to be such a time—when we can do this only by the manifestation of a holier and more satisfied life within the Christian community. We must not hesitate to tell men that Christianity is torture to the natural man; and that that is so because, in the bracing language of our fathers, the natural man is damned." We cannot refrain from quoting this: "There is something which claims my allegiance in a saying of Newman's to the effect that the vicissitudes in the soul of a poor Irishwoman are of more consequence to God than the fall and the disintegration of empires. At any rate, I challenge any Christian man to preach the converse. Perhaps it is not too much to say that never, during the course of well-nigh two thousand years in the world, did Christianity so widely lose the character of a spiritual religion as during the last half of the eighteenth century. Not in England only but in all Protestant countries the general aim of its accredited teachers seems to have been to explain away its mysteries and to extenuate its supernatural character; to reduce it to a system of Ethics little differing from the doctrines of Epictetus or Marcus Aurelius. Religious dogmas were almost openly admitted to be nonsense. Religious emotion was stigmatized as enthusiasm. A bishop of that period prepared his own epitaph—which still exists—to the effect that he was, and he thanked God for it, the foe of all enthusiasm. Theology had sunk into an apologetic which seemed to be satisfied if it had demonstrated the possibility of the bare existence of a Deity. Morality rested upon the lowest instincts of human nature, as, for example, that God is stronger than we are and able to denounce us if we do not do good. The categorical imperative was, 'Be

respectable,' and proofs were continually being led in the sermons of the time that religion is on the whole conducive to pleasure. The age seemed smitten with an incapacity for producing deep or strong feeling. . . . Such a state of matters could not continue in a race which, to say no more, had been wont to draw from deeper wells. There was sure to be a cry of hunger which would satisfy itself somehow. Into this emptiness came John Wesley and the grace of God by his word. Though the tractarians had nothing but hard words and an intellectual contempt for evangelicalism as they knew it, they have one and all of them paid tribute to the work of Wesley, acknowledging freely that he restored the ideal of supernatural grace to the religious life of England. Newman himself passed through a spiritual crisis in no way differing from a typical Methodist conversion; and however much he may have resented the surroundings and manners of evangelicalism he never moved away from the discoveries of himself and of God which had been borne in upon him at the first. Christianity was always to him a tragic experience, in which a man is saved from some elementary terror, not by any process of enlightenment or alleviation, but by the reception and acceptance of something proposed and offered, something which his own reason, his taste, his pride may resist, but something which his essential nature is crying out for, something which has its only but sufficient evidence in the utterness of his own collapse, and the certainty of his own ruin if he continues to reject it. The tractarian spirit will always descend upon the church in an age in which serious men feel that it is no time for half-measures." Here is the story of a horse thief who gave the stolen horse to a woman to carry her sick child to a doctor, when he was fleeing for his life. He let the woman and child ride off with the horse, and he stayed behind to be hanged. Looking round upon the court full of wild men and women, he sees that the very telling of the story has made them all go soft. He says: "Gosh, when I think that I might have been safe, and fifty miles away by now, with that horse; and here I am waiting to be hung up and filled with lead! What came to me? What made me such a fool? That's what I want to know. That's the great secret. . . . It wasn't a man. . . . He done me out of it. . . . He means to win the deal and you can't stop Him. . . . Boys, I'm going to preach you a sermon on the moral of this day's proceedings. . . . I started in to be a bad man like the rest of you. . . . I took the broad path because I thought I was a man and not a snivelling, canting, turning-the-other-cheek apprentice angel serving his time in a vale of tears. . . . Why did I go soft? What's *this* game that upsets *our* game? For seems to me there's two games bein' played. Our game is a rotten game that makes me feel I'm dirt, and that you're all rotten dirt as me. T'other game may be a silly game; but it ain't rotten. When I played it, I cursed myself for a fool, but I lost the rotten feel all the same. . . . What about the croup? It was early days when He made the croup, I guess. It was the best He could think of then; but when it turned out wrong in His hands, He made you and me to fight the croup for Him. You bet He didn't make us for nothing, and He wouldn't have made us at all if He could have done His work without us. By

Gum, that must be what we're for! . . . He made me because He had a job for me. He let me run loose till the job was ready, and then I had to come along and do it, hanging or no hanging. And I tell you, it didn't feel rotten: it felt bully, just bully. Anyhow, I got the rotten feel off me for a minute of my life; and I'll go through fire to put it off me again. . . . By Jiminy, gents, there's a rotten game and there's a great game. I played the rotten game; but the great game was played on me; and now I'm for the great game every time. Amen." We cease quoting with this: "There is no single fact about human nature to which one may quote such a unanimous testimony from all great literature as to this fact: that the soul of man lies open, with an incurable openness, to the challenge and appeal of the holier way. It is this very idea, and the fertility of his application of it, which for myself I have always held to be the distinctive message of Robert Browning. Caponsacchi can go on living his double life with only slight spasms of discomfort, until one day he sees the sweet pure face of Pompilia. Whereupon the world begins to give way under him. Away along the corridors of his life tapers begin to light up the darkness. The life he had been leading becomes in one moment impossible forever. Sebald could still hold down the man of God within him, could still confuse his conscience with reasons and examples from the behavior of the world, until Pippa went by that spring morning, singing. Whereupon there was kindled in him, and through him in Ottima, a moral fire which made death more desirable than one further hour of the old dishonor. Ned Bratts and his wife could brazen out the disgrace and punishment of this and that, until, in Bedford Jail, they met John Bunyan, who took down 'the Blessed Book' and spoke to them about God, about Christ, about forgiveness; whereupon it was with them also as if something had been killed forever, and something had been born."

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Society and Prisons. By THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE. 8vo, pp. 246. New Haven: Yale University Press. Price, cloth, \$1.35 net.

A NEW and better day has dawned for the unfortunates in our penal institutions, and Mr. Osborne is one of the pioneers, who at serious cost to himself has ushered in this more humane era. His reinstatement as warden of Sing Sing was the result of a victory over the powers of evil—political and otherwise. In connection with this notable event a complete psychopathic clinic was installed at Sing Sing by the Rockefeller Foundation. Its business will be to examine all the prisoners and separate the feeble minded and degenerate from the normal, and thus place the work of prison reform on a scientific and Christian basis. A recent examination by this clinic showed that three convicts were suffering from delusions of persecution; they were promptly sent to the Clinton Prison at Dannemora. This noteworthy advance is of the utmost importance to the preacher because it unfolds a modern method of approach to the outcast

which is in perfect accord with the spirit of Jesus Christ. It is a practical application of what Dr. Hyde has so fascinatingly described in his recent Yale lectures on preaching as "The Gospel of Good Will." One of the chapters of this remarkable volume is on "Restoration to Good Will: Repentance and Forgiveness." It is prefaced by a passage from a speech by Mr. Osborne delivered to the inmates of Auburn Prison when he was chairman of the commission on prison reform. Dr. Hyde's exposition indorses Osborne's principle that the purpose of imprisonment should not be punishment but reform, of a kind that will restore self-respect to the prisoner and send him into society, not as an outcast, but as a respectable citizen. According to a statement published in 1914 by the United States Census Bureau there were in 1910 no less than 2,823 penal institutions, from which 476,468 inmates were discharged. When it is remembered that the real prison problem is that of the recidivist, we are all the more interested in the methods of the new penology, whose aim is "the transformation of the prisoners from vindictive foes of society to its disciplined and well-disposed servants." This is the subject of Osborne's Yale lectures on the "Responsibilities of Citizenship." They breathe the enthusiasm of humanity which was first kindled to a live flame in the heart of the Son of man. He exposes the serious misconceptions which have prevailed concerning the criminal and makes a severe indictment in these burning words: "For, while there is no such thing as a criminal type, there is a 'prison type'; the more shame to us who are responsible for it. Forth from our penal institutions year after year have come large numbers of men, broken in health and spirit, white-faced with the 'prison pallor,' husky in voice—hoarse from disuse, with restless, shifty eyes and the timidity of beaten dogs. But these are creatures whom we ourselves have fashioned; the finished product of our prison system. These are what we have to show for the millions of dollars wasted and the thousands of lives worse than wasted because of our denial of common-sense and humanity." Osborne's contention is that the criminal is a perfectly natural human being, that he can be reclaimed, and that he should not therefore be foreordained to a life of wickedness and social perversion. He criticises those who still urge that it is useless to deal kindly with the prisoner, that appeal to their manhood is wasted, and that the old system of severity, stupidity, and brutality is all that society owes to the criminal. He justifies his sharp criticisms by offering numerous illustrations in support of his better thesis. Chapter II on "Courts and Punishment" reveals a condition of affairs which are in themselves criminal and which explain how the course of justice has been so frequently thwarted. The next chapter is a searching discussion of the ineffectual attempts to deal constructively with the prisoner, due largely to ignorance of his character, vagueness concerning the nature and purpose of punishment, and the indifference of society to these wards of the State. Mr. Osborne obtained his information of prison life at first hand by serving one week as a voluntary convict with one of the roughest gangs in Auburn Prison. The story of this experience is given on pages 119-137. It throws a lurid light on conditions that should

never be tolerated. The Mutual Welfare League was organized by the prisoners of Auburn in the interest of self-government. One chapter is devoted to the activities of this organization, which has already done so much to restore confidence to the prisoner in his struggle back to citizenship. Its motto is "Do Good—Make Good," and what it has accomplished in Auburn and Sing Sing is an earnest of yet larger usefulness in these and other penal institutions throughout the country. The basic principle of the new penology is stated in these words: "The problem of crime is primarily neither a mental nor a physical problem, but a moral one. No man can be reformed except his conscience be quickened; unless there be established, either consciously or unconsciously, natural and healthy relations between the criminal and society—between the sinner and God. The successful prison system must approach the problem from the spiritual side; aiming to solve it by making men *feel* right." This last chapter is of the utmost value and should be carefully studied by all who are interested not only in the welfare of the criminal but in the general wellbeing of society. The advantages of the new system are: 1. In the matter of physical health no doctor's reports are necessary; the very appearance of the men speaks for itself. The slouching gait is gone; the prison pallor is gone; the hunted look in the face and the restless eyes are gone. Everywhere about the prison you see men who stand erect and look straight at you; men who can talk with you man-fashion. 2. The improved physical condition is accompanied by improved mental condition. 3. It is, however, the moral improvement that is the most wonderful thing of all. It is not merely that vice has been materially diminished; the very standards of conduct have undergone reconstruction. There is less drug and liquor traffic in Auburn and Sing Sing than ever before in the history of these institutions. Mr. Osborne closes with these optimistic sentences: "But we have not yet realized democracy; we have only made a very small beginning in the work of translating that glorious vision into practical reality. It is our duty, as Americans, to learn to apply the great underlying principles of democracy to all social problems: the family, the school, and college, the factory—and even the prison. The welfare system means a training in democracy; it means applied Christianity—for it is a practical effort to operate the prisons on the basis of the Golden Rule; and *it works*." This is one of the best books on the literature of penology, especially as it blazes a trail which leads prisoners to the City of God through the merits of the only Redeemer.

In Slums and Society. By REV. JAMES ADDERLEY, Hon. Canon of Birmingham. 12mo, pp. 302. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, cloth, with portrait, \$1.50 net.

DESCRIBED by the publishers as "A book of friendly, intimate, and harmless gossip" about people and things in a long busy life, flavored with kindly and mellow humor. To the sub-title, "Reminiscences of Old Friends," might be added "and Enemies," though in many cases the enemies or opponents of this genial fighter became his personal friends.

A many-sided oddity Adderley is, an actor and friend of actors, an author and friend of authors, an Anglican clergyman in prominent ecclesiastical circles, a socialist with reminiscences running wide in so many different departments, from slums to high society. He speaks in the first person singular because reminiscences compel it, but wishes to call attention to the people he has met, not to himself. Of himself he says: "I am what Dean Farrar called a certain new-made bishop, 'A third-rate ecclesiastic.' Like the late Lord Lyttelton, 'I go third-class because there is no fourth-class.'" When Adderley was quite a little boy he made up his mind that he could not be a parson because he would never be able to give the blessing at the end of the service without a book. He used to wonder what he could do in and for the Church which he always loved. Robert Eyton's wonderful sermons converted him to a practical Christianity and made him offer himself for work in response to a call for helpers. Eyton set him to work as a lay district visitor. Adderley says: "I shall never forget my terror when I first knocked at doors to ask people to come to Church. A woman looked out of an upper window and shouted: 'Well, young man, what do *you* want?'" The author thinks that if the poor are visited thus, so should the well-to-do be. Bishop Wilkinson when vicar in Eaton Square insisted on his curates visiting the rich. One curate on entering a handsome house was ushered respectfully into the midst of a select circle of ladies and gentlemen and began at once, "Do you have family prayers?" Another curate stormed the proprietors of the shops and warehouses in their places of business all over the parish. When Adderley concluded that he was a failure as a district visitor he wrote to "Father" Goulden, the ritualistic rector of Saint Alphege's parish in Southwark, London, offering himself for work. He says, "Goulden had no mercy on the neophytes among his church workers. He planted me down in charge of a club of rough boys with orders to manage them. Those boys were simply terrors. I could not keep them in order. But in the rough discipline they gave me and in my other work I learned much that stood me in good stead in after years. I also learned from dear 'Father' Goulden to combine the best in evangelicalism with the best in ritualism, as the most successful of the ritualists have done, they being intensely bent on the conversion of souls through earnest Gospel services." Goulden was called a Methodist and Adderley, who was called Methodist in *Who's Who*, says, "It was 'Father' Goulden who made me so, and I thank him for it. It has always kept me in sympathy and fellowship with Nonconformists. The happiest moments of my life have been when fraternizing with the Free Churches, and participating in their services. A Nonconformist minister wrote a book, *The Bitter Cry of Outcast London*. That book was the turning point of my career. It pleaded the pitiable need of the neglected East End of London, its frightful physical and moral condition. It roused even the universities and the aristocratic West End. Toynbee Hall was started, and Oxford House soon after. Then I wrote to my dear friend Scott Holland and told him I would like to go there. When I went to him to receive advice about working at Oxford House in the slums, he

offered a beautiful prayer over me, asking Him 'who was always loyal to the Father' to bless me and help me in my work." Adderley became head of Oxford House. C. G. Lang was a law student and a Presbyterian. Through lecturing at Oxford House he was led to join the Church of England and prepare for the ministry. When vicar at Portsea he used to have a blackboard in the pulpit and teach the congregation like children without making them feel they were being treated as such. When he had to preach before the Duke of York (now King of England) Lang was told the Duke did not like missionary sermons; so he preached a good strong one on foreign missions. Within a little over twenty years this Presbyterian law student became an archbishop in the Anglican Church. Our author says, "Lang is one of the few who can preach a really good sermon. His sermons are intelligible and intensely practical, at times eloquent. His exposition of Scripture is almost unrivaled. He owes this power to his Presbyterian training, for none knows so well as the Scotsman how to expound. And Lang is also a real orator. Moreover his spirituality is intense. Having to deal officially with a refractory person, he said afterward, 'I felt I could not ask that man to kneel down and let us pray about the matter.' He feared there would be no real response in the man and it would do no good. Lang has all the strong religion of a Scotsman combined with the love of souls which produces the faithful pastor." When the Assembly of the Scottish Church heard of Lang's advancement to a bishopric it wired him, "Come back to us and all will be forgiven." Canon Adderley says, "I have never been so important a person as in those early days at Oxford House. I was the 'ecclesiastical young man' beloved by bishops and church ladies. I was asked to address all sorts of meetings, and was looked upon as a sort of freak—the fellow who might be living in luxury in Belgravia but preferred to live with poverty in Bethnal Green." When the saintly Dr. King first made his bow to an Oxford audience as a bishop, he told them how the Church should treat the poor in the slums. This is part of what he said: "I was wondering where to find a text for my sermon to-night. All my books are packed up. But in my room there was a match-box, and on it was printed 'Rub lightly.' That's it. Beware of the ecclesiastical 'must.' You must rub, but it must be a light rub." When Dr. King was tried for excessively ritualistic practices an American said, "You English are a funny race. You don't often get a saint, but when you do you try to put him in prison." In his diocese Bishop King fascinated the plowboys and farmers. One of them said: "I war cuttin' turnups t'other morning, and they were that awkward, an' I broke out swearing; but then I remembered what t'old bishop said when I war confarmed, an' so down I plunged on my knees among t' turnups an' prayed to be forgiven." Once a Salvation Army officer attended the church service called Evensong; and when the giggling choir boys were singing the words, "Have mercy upon us miserable sinners," he cried out, "Turn us all into good shouting saints, Lord." Our author regards Canon Scott Holland as "the greatest prophet and priest of the Anglican Church." "He is very much alive, one who may

be called the Peter Pan of the Church—the boy who never grows old. Right through all the dreary days of Huxley and Wace, of Temple and the older Kensit, of Liddon and 'Lux Mundi,' of Henson and the Christian Social Union, up to the days of Chesterton and Dr. Saleeby, Redmond and Carson, Lansbury and Lloyd George, Asquith and the Pankhursts, Dr. Holland lives and laughs and loves, and never quarrels with any one. We cannot forgive the tame asses of the desert who cannot detect the tremendous earnestness beneath his fun. His fun is really the exuberance of his Christian joy and hope. He is being 'saved by hope.' He cannot help laughing at a politician floundering in theology; a comfortable statesman looking for votes while the poor are looking for bread; a Radical minister persecuting people for their opinions; or a bishop seriously alarmed because we do not have 'Matins at 11.0' in Tibet, or expound the Act of Uniformity to the Fiji Islanders. [The Bishop of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, preaching to Indians on the reservation actually chose as his subject Apostolic Succession.] British anti-Socialists who do not go to church, but are terrified by reports of continental atheism; political Liberals who have forgotten all their principles of religious equality; the old gentlemen at the Carlton Club who see the pope and his cardinals lurking beneath the folds of an Anglican chasuble; Secularists who, with ponderous mid-Victorian arguments, declare that Christianity is played out—at all these and many others Dr. Holland just smiles and goes on his way, 'walking and leaping and praising God.' He will never give in. He will never despair. All will come right, not, of course, by 'muddling through,' but by active, energetic life which is bubbling and pushing and means to come out. This is what makes him the greatest of all our speakers on foreign missions." Adderley further says of Holland, "He has the mind of a poet." Read this description of spring: "No! There is nothing in the world more beautiful than the coming of spring on an English countryside. Each year we doubt whether it can be so absolutely enthralling as the records in our memory assert. And then right in our face the whole miracle is done again. It is flung at us in its infinite variety, in its rollicking exuberance, in its unstinted and immeasurable splendor. Our former language, excited and ecstatic as it was, turns out to be miserably inadequate to the actual facts which laugh it down into humiliating insignificance. That glow of the gleaming green on the larches is far beyond our finest remembrance of its fascination. The yellow flush on the willows, the purple tufts of the poplars, the sudden outbreak of the hazels, the shimmering glory on the birches, the sheen of the sunlight on the deep lawns of grass. These are what they were when 'the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy.' And the cherry-blossoms are unimaginable, humming with the live music of the bees. And the sweet breaths of air positively pulse with the song of nightingales; and the dome of heaven rings with the crowded gladness of the lark: and the wise thrush 'recaptures' with overwhelming success 'his first fine careless rapture' and sings and sings it over and over again, as if his and your delight in it could never end." Dr. Joseph Parker called Canon Knox

Little the greatest Anglican preacher of his day, a wonderful teacher of the simple gospel. When this Dean of Manchester started revival services (called a Mission) in his cathedral, he chose Knox Little to be the revival preacher. Multitudes crowded the cathedral and hundreds made their first confession of faith in Christ. Canon Adderley says: "The stories of this great Mission are a romance in themselves. Omnibuses full of people singing hymns on their way to church; hotels emptied during the luncheon hour because the lunchers were hungering and thirsting after something better which they had gone to the cathedral to partake of; enemies of the Church converted into the staunchest of friends; hard-headed business men flocking to the Sacrament—these are only some of the incidents of that great revival." A Methodist revival in an English Episcopalian Cathedral! Are some Episcopal Churches more Methodist, more aggressive and outreaching after souls, than some Methodist churches are? Robert Dolling was a alum parson at Portsmouth. He was a friend of Father Tyrrell. They each had a burning love for souls, Tyrrell for the harassed doubter and Dolling for the tempted and the outcast in all ranks of society. "Authorities" never understood either of these two men. "They would not let him preach the gospel, and now they won't let me," said Tyrrell once, looking at Dolling's portrait. Adderley says, "Dolling was a genius. It is pathetic that he should have had to speak of his mother the Church of England as 'having a perfect genius for destroying enthusiasm.' Bob was a difficult person for the Anglican mother to manage. It is a sad thing that his wonderful work came to an untimely end. The authorities lost a treasure to the Church when they allowed him to go. He had the most extraordinary personal influence of any man I have ever met. Men and boys of all classes simply surrendered to him because they could not resist. He had an intense love which conquered all. Of course such a man could not be constrained by rules, and the Prayer Book is a very provoking book to any priest who wants to save souls. A parson who is filled with the Spirit and longs to get at the souls of poor and rich does find himself handicapped by our antiquated forms." Dolling dared to conduct revival services without the Prayer Book! A heinous offense! Of Philip Napier Waggett the author says, "When Aubrey Moore passed away Waggett was the only man who could succeed to his position in the Church as its best apologist on the side of science and theology. It is his skillful, artistic way of putting things which makes him so powerful an apologist. To him the truly scientific way of apologetic is not by logical reasoning but by experiment. I remember his once telling me that a scientific man is always much more impressed by the holy life of a saint than by any arguments from the professional apologist. He was always a little impatient when people asked him for scientific reassurances in order to bolster up their religion. 'The truly religious man does not want to know why he stands on his hind legs when he prays by the graveside of his wife, but whether he is going to see her again.' All the same, I think Philip is a little provoking sometimes. There are people who are beset by the over-confident unbelievers who tell

us that nearly all scientific men are atheists, and we rather like to have a Cowley Father who can show cause why you can be scientific and Christian at the same time. Of course it is the fashion to say that the quarrel between science and religion is all over now that Queen Victoria is dead, but if you live near factories you cannot feel quite so sure about that." Of Oscar Wilde the author says, "He was a genius in the sense of Sir Herbert Tree's new definition, 'An infinite capacity for not having to take pains.' Yet he must have put himself to a good deal of trouble to think out many of his epigrams, as he also did to prepare his correct costume before going to a party. The quickest repartee he ever made was, I should imagine, when he declared that there was no subject on which he could not speak at once, and some one suggested 'The Queen!' 'She's not a subject,' said Wilde. He was always brilliant, even in prison. I was with him at Reading Jail the day before his release. He was naturally very much excited at the prospect, and chattered away poetically about God's beautiful earth and sea in which he was once more going to revel. 'But think,' he said, 'that I have now got to live for a year on what I used to spend in one week!' He declared that he had learnt a wonderful thing, called 'humility,' during his time in prison, and then sampled it by speaking of his prose as 'the finest prose in the English language with the exception of Pater's.' The nicest thing he said to me was at the beginning of our interview. 'Have you ever visited a prisoner before?' I was obliged to confess that I had not. 'Then, bad as I am, I have done one good thing. I have made you obey your Master.'"

Commencement Days. A Book for Graduates. By WASHINGTON GLADDEN. 12mo, pp. 257. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.25 net.

The New World. By HUGH BLACK. 12mo, pp. 240. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, \$1 net.

THESE two volumes are addressed to the youth in our colleges and universities and, indeed, to all thoughtful young people of the adolescent period. Dr. Gladden writes from a friendship of two generations of college and university graduates, to whom he has frequently spoken on commencement seasons, always giving them of his best thought. Some of the choicest of his choice utterances on such occasions are found in this volume. The burden of his discourse is an exposition of Paul's words, which we give in the forceful translation by Weymouth: "Whatever is true, whatever wins respect, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovable, whatever is of good repute—if there is any virtue or anything deemed worthy of praise—cherish the thought of these things." Dr. Gladden is one of the veteran preachers of the United States who has remained young by constant interest in life, and by keeping abreast of the thought and aspiration of the times. These addresses on ideals and standards touch the right note and summon the rising generation to the spiritual heroism and sacrificial service of Jesus Christ. Here are a few

sentences from the chapter on "Castles in the Air": "Experience is a good teacher, her lessons are well worth heeding, but she is by no means infallible. Patrick Henry is reported to have said that he knew of no way of judging of the future but by the past. That was an unguarded saying. Was there no prophetic soul in this fiery orator, dreaming of things to come which the past had never seen? The future grows out of the past as the plant grows from the seed, but you can hardly judge by looking at the seed what the plant shall be. . . . All progress, all reformation of men or societies, all millennial hopes and aims spring from the belief that the thing which hath *not* been is the thing that shall be, and that the thing which hath not been done is the thing that shall be done. And this thing which the past has not seen and the future is to see, this thing that haunts our imagination and kindles our hope, that abides in the realm of the ideal and has not yet been realized, that is still a castle in the air waiting for its foundation—this is one of the great forces of progress, one of the mighty strongholds of freedom and righteousness." In a spirit of healthy catholicism he deals with art, poetry, music, literature, books, and reading, in the light of the needs of youth, and says much that is thought-provoking and which kindles the spirit toward the heights heroic. He warns against the "sectarianism of culture," which is one of the snares of the specialist. "The man of science often sneers at philosophy and history and literature; and they of the other guilds undervalue his pursuits. But we must not disparage any of these." A chapter of special value to the preacher is on "Some Things I Have Learned." The first lesson was the value of punctuality. "It is, indeed, a valuable moral lesson. The lack of promptness and punctuality is a serious fault. It is a bad kind of selfishness. The indolence or carelessness which makes you tardy is a species of self-indulgence. It is not honest." Another lesson was the value of work, and that hard work is good for the health. Another was that it pays for an employee to do his level best all the while for his employer. The best wisdom that he has won in his life work is expressed in these terse sentences: "One thing I am resolved upon: I will not be a sponge or a parasite. I will give an honest equivalent for what I get. I want no man's money for which I haven't rendered a full return. I want no wages that I haven't earned. If I work for any man, or any company, or any institution, I will render a full, ample, generous service. If I work for the city, or the State, or the nation, it shall have my best thought, my best effort, my most conscientious and efficient endeavor. No man, no body of men, shall ever be made poorer by their dealings with me; if I can give a little more than I get every time, in that shall be my happiness. The great commonwealth of human society shall not be the loser through me. I will take good care to put into the common fund more than I take out." This is certainly excellent counsel, and wherever it is followed will make for the establishment of truth and peace. A good address is that on "Short Cuts," whose appeals are both wholesome and timely. The conclusions on the subject of books are worth quoting: "So far as you are able, read your own books. Read the great books carefully. Choose your books as you choose your companions, with a clear view of

what they are able to do for that which is best in your nature. Within the boundaries of sanity and decency cultivate a catholic taste." From this book of healthy suggestions for the practical guidance of life, we turn to Hugh Black's contribution. We take this opportunity of expressing our satisfaction with his decision to remain in this land and not accept the call to the City Temple pulpit, which is acknowledged to be one of the greatest preaching places in the English-speaking world. He is surely rendering a large service in our colleges as well as in the various churches of the country, where he always has interested audiences to listen to his sturdy messages of faith and optimism. This volume is the result of interviews with college youth. Its purpose is to understand the causes of unrest in the religion of our time, to enforce the need of restatement, and to indicate the lines of the probable statement. The breakdown of faith is not confined to any section or church. In one university he dealt with a Jew by blood but not by faith, who confessed to him that his parents belonged to an Ethical Culture Society which had nothing in it for him. In another university he met a student who had been brought up a Roman Catholic, and belonged to a pious family, but he found himself out of sympathy with the dogmas with which he had associated Christianity, and in consequence was desolate in spirit. In a State university, a young woman student, of Puritan ancestry, came to him in similar distress. These typical cases could be duplicated a hundred times. The discussions in this volume have these troubled souls in mind, and we are confident that these lucid interpretations of life in its central and vital interests will revive, restore, and impart faith where it does not exist. On the acid of criticism he says: "We have to beware of the paralyzing effect of criticism on religion, and this is to be done by realizing the limitations of all criticism. We can see this paralysis in literature and art when criticism is allowed too large a place. A poet may be so finical about the right words, so afraid to venture anything, so concerned about perfecting his poetic apparatus, that he can produce nothing, or when he does it may be refined away to mere elegances of speech without virility, without thought, without any spiritual meaning. . . . In all art, such as the interpretation of beauty in painting, or the interpretation of thought by writing in literature, or by speech in oratory, the first and chief factor is intuition. It is not attained by analysis, by criticism, by resolving the thing into its component parts. It is creative, constructive, a great emotion which opens the eyes to the beauty or the truth." He honestly faces the doubt and anxiety of troubled souls and optimistically concludes that spiritual interests are paramount, and that Jesus the Master of the spiritual world is the assurance to us of eternal things, the assurance of God.

Child Study and Child Training. By WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH. 12mo, pp. vii+319. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, \$1, net.

A GREAT many books have been published since Horace Bushnell wrote his epoch-making book on "Christian Nurture" in which he set forth the

principles of religious education with prophetic insight. That was in 1847, but since then how numerous and even radical have been the social and industrial changes, and with what subtlety the enemy has been plowing towards the home! Dr. Forbush has written a great deal on the problems of youth and the forces that are working for the betterment of American young people. We mention with special appreciation "The Coming Generation." His latest volume has in mind the needs of parents who are really the teachers of their own children and who must be instructed how best to discharge their sacred responsibilities. The emphasis is laid throughout these chapters on the central significance of the home and its cooperation for the wellbeing of the Church and the advance of Christ's Kingdom. The guidance that is necessary cannot come from indefinite generalizations, pious lamentations that things are bad, or pessimistic outbursts which reflect favorably on the good old times. The new day has its own set of problems, and the most pressing have to do with a closer relationship between the home, the church, and the day school. All this is carefully discussed here, with practical suggestions how best to promote the highest efficiency and the best interests of the family. The pastor who is keenly concerned in this question will find this book of the greatest help; parents will be grateful for its specific considerations; teachers in the day school and the Sunday school will find it most suggestive. Here is a paragraph from the chapter on "What Complete Parenthood Involves": "Each period of childhood brings its own special joys to parental life. The hour of the annunciation has been to many a young man and woman the first sacred contact with reality. The months of waiting are the first experience in meeting a situation which one's own will and efficiency are powerless to control. They represent a veritable waiting upon the fates. The day of birth is the most poignant single experience which man or woman ever faces. Its happy culmination is life's most solemn joy. The pathway of growth along which a young child passes is even to the most unobservant an unbelievable path of light. Adolescence, which has become almost a cant word, is, in fact, the Golden Age. It is followed by a few years, too few, of real companionship with the maturing man. Then comes the excitement of parting, for college, for new fields of work, for a new home, and then the living of life over again in our children's children." From the chapter on "What the Body has to do with Character," we quote a timely warning. After referring to the temptations of our age to stimulate the passions through art and dress and social pleasures, he writes: "This renaissance of bodily pleasures is peculiarly dangerous to the young. The glories awarded by the newspaper press even to high school athletes would turn the heads of anchorites. A life set to the pace of the automobile, to the time of the dance and the exhilaration of football and the hunt does not easily plod on the ways of duty, sanity, and service. It is hard for warm-blooded, virile, and passionate youth to live chastely in a perfumed, sensual, and even degenerate atmosphere. A social atmosphere in which men of middle age can play with comparative safety is maddening or deadening to high school boys and girls." What havoc is being wrought in society by its

false standards has been recently exposed in "The Thirteenth Commandment," by Rupert Hughes, which turns the searchlight on the twentieth century as Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" lashed the sins of the early nineteenth century. The titles of some of the chapters suggest the character of the problems which are discussed, from the standpoint of parents and their children's needs. "Habit-Forming," "Will-Training," "How to Teach a Child to Pray," "Parents' Problems connected with the Day School," "Certain Common Faults of Children," "Amusements and Social Life," "Money," "When the Children Become 'Young People,'" "Vocational Guidance," "The Church and Her Children," "The Goal: Service for the Kingdom." The book brings out the thought repeatedly that parents must live *with* their children in healthy companionship, which is a far deeper matter than living *for* them, and, moreover, more difficult. The responsibility which this involves and the dangers from which the children may be saved are impressively shown. "It is because of the emotional as well as the physical tension of the time that we need to study the problem seriously (of establishing favorable conditions), not only as individual parents, but also to unite in groups sufficiently strong to create public sentiment against the wearying and precocious social demands upon young people's lives in our communities to-day. The parent who tries alone to segregate his own children from such social opportunities as are expressed by the continual round of parties, school dances, automobile trips, theater parties, moving picture shows, has an ungracious and almost impossible task. It is all the more difficult because the restless youth has for a time seemed to outgrow his quiet home, whose resources are with difficulty extended to represent all the excitement and hospitality he craves." The briefly descriptive reading references at the conclusion of each chapter offer guidance for more extended study. The laboratory experiments are intended to aid discussion in parents' classes. The whole question demands serious attention and Dr. Forbush has furnished the best book dealing with it.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

William Newton Clarke. A Biography, with Additional Sketches by His Friends and Colleagues. 8vo, pp. viii+262. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, \$2 net.

THE life of a quiet scholar and thinker does not have the elements of a man of action, and those who determine personal worth by spectacular tests may conclude that there is in it nothing to record. That this is a popular fallacy can be illustrated by this biography of Doctor Clarke, whose contributions to Christian theology have produced great and beneficial effects. "He was never strong, and the most of his energy went into his work. His life was uneventful, and with the exception of seven years in Canada, it was spent in country places. He was deeply interested in public affairs, and his opinions on social and political questions were

clear and decided and freely expressed. He was in sympathy with all efforts for the removal of unjust and injurious conditions, and worked throughout his life for the uplifting of humanity, yet he was never prominent as the exponent of any movement or cause. In his case no materials existed for a stirring or picturesque biography. From first to last he kept the even tenor of his way, loving the work to which he was called, and doing it easily and with joy." His concise description is a fitting introduction to the story of his life and work, which is written without sentimental eulogy but with a dignity and quietness worthy of the subject of the sketch. Mrs. Clarke has done her work well. The second part of the volume is equally satisfactory. It consists of testimonies and estimates which will be greatly appreciated by those who are familiar with Doctor Clarke's writings, and which will also create a desire in others to become familiar with his most helpful books. It is interesting to read that his early training was received at Cazenovia Seminary. We quote with pleasure what he wrote about our beloved Bishop Andrews, of affectionate memory, in connection with the semi-centennial celebration of Cazenovia in 1908. "I have two visions of Professor Andrews, as we called him then. I see him as he stood addressing us on our graduation day, July 15, 1858, in the old stone Methodist Church, with the platform between the front doors. Handsome, flashing, eloquent, he gave us wise counsel out of a warm heart, and bade us farewell. I see him again as I saw him for the last time, in New York, after he had lived a long life of high service—handsome still, but far more, a lovely presence, serious, dignified, graceful, beautiful in a ripe old age." We must quote another short paragraph, for it has a close relationship with the work which Doctor Clarke so excellently accomplished, and we are grateful to know that Methodism had a share in it. "I have sweet remembrances of the tender and beautiful religious revival that occurred in the spring of 1858, in my last term. My own religious experience then began, in meetings of the young men in the old western building, replaced by the present Callanan Hall. Very delightful are the memories of that time." He worked with industry but without anxiety. His purpose was to be spiritually serviceable to the spiritual needs of all and so he appealed with directness and met with prompt and grateful response. He realized that religion had been too much intellectualized and that there were many who were out of sympathy with current religious thought but who had not yet found spiritual satisfaction. He thus became a reconciler and was peculiarly qualified for this difficult task by his sympathetic comprehension of everyone's point of view. He faithfully discharged his mission and enabled many to adjust their religious thought to the changed conditions of the modern world. Professor Fosdick's testimony is true of others: "There are doubtless many who can say, as I can, that but for Doctor Clarke they would not be to-day in the Christian ministry. When the old theology was clashing with the new, and bitterness was deeply felt upon both sides; when, watching the conflict, the young men of undergraduate years saw clearly that for them it was no longer a question of old or new theology, but of new or no theology,

Doctor Clarke stood as the proof to us that it was possible to be a Christian and reasonable, a disciple and a modern man, at once devout and intelligent. How many of us came to look to him as our spiritual godfather! How many of us are chiefly thankful for this, that he did not leave us to be driven from faith and the church by reactionaries, but made it possible for us to become in the new generation preachers of the Gospel of Christ." It was inevitable for such a teacher to be misunderstood, and even be regarded in some circles as a pernicious perverter of Christian truth. He however remained patient and cheerful, sustained by his unflinching trust in God and his consciousness of the divine presence. His theology was the product of reflection and experience, and yet he was familiar with the best writings in his own and kindred fields of thought. It is this experimental note which is one of the most refreshing features of his books; to this must be added the clear style, the lucid reasoning, the logical arrangement, the simple exposition, which distinguish a master of thought and language. "The spiritual reality that constitutes the heart of Christianity is a divine, holy life in the soul of man, making him a new creature in holy love and godliness." This concise sentence, which was once uttered in the class-room, expresses the deepest convictions of this noble teacher who had the prophet's gift of vision and the mystic's sense of certainty. He once said that if he was arranging the work of a theological school he would put first of all, for beginners, a course in "What the Bible Is." How he reached such a conclusion is memorably described in his volume, "Sixty Years with the Bible." This record of the experience of one who was a student, lover, and user of the Bible relates the processes through which he passed until he came to see that this sacred volume must be read with a sense of its historical and spiritual perspective. By the side of this autobiographical testimony, we would place "The Use of the Scriptures in Theology." Most valuable is the clear way in which he emphasizes that it is the Christian element in the Bible which must be received as the constituent matter into Christian theology. He goes on to explain: "That is Christian which enters into or accords with the view of divine realities which Jesus Christ revealed." Much confusion will be saved where this standard is accepted, and the preacher who makes a careful study of this little volume will be grateful for the expansion of view which it affords. One who walked with God consciously and easily as a man might walk with a familiar friend, and who also knew that the heart of theology is the doctrine of God in his relations with men, would presumably write on this subject with a degree of certitude. This is the case with Doctor Clarke's volume on "The Christian Doctrine of God," which is an interpretation not only in the light of the teaching of the Bible, but also of the Christian life of the centuries, and particularly of the Christian life and knowledge of our own day. Had space permitted we might have enlarged on these and other volumes and especially his latest on "The Ideal of Jesus," which is fittingly dedicated "To the Christian Brotherhood," and in whose chapters he unfolds with the discernment of love and the enthusiasm of loyalty the Master's whole revelation and testimony concerning the life of man. We congratulate

the younger preachers who are required to take for collateral reading and study in the fourth year: "An Outline of Christian Theology." It is indeed a volume which should be mastered by all preachers. Anyone who will read this life of one of the foremost Christian thinkers of our day, who was also a noble Christian saint, and then take up the careful study of his books which have been briefly described in this notice, will get a grip on the Christian message and be able to preach it for the benefit and blessing of needy souls.

The Self-Discovery of Russia. By J. Y. SIMPSON. 8vo, pp. 227. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, \$2 net.

THERE are many reasons why so much interest has been awakened in Russia. Shut off from the rest of the world by reason of distance, difficulty of access, language, political organization, and social conditions and habits, this country of extremes has at last had the veil lifted. This was done for the first time when she was defeated by Japan, but it has been since the European explosion that she has appeared in her true light. The exercise of the imagination is necessary to realize the vastness of the Russian Empire, which exceeds eight million square miles and has a population of one hundred and twenty-five millions with an annual birth-rate of three millions. Napoleon's prediction, that Europe will become Republican or Cossack in a hundred years, awaits fulfillment. Meanwhile strange results are coming out of the crucible of war, which are of the profoundest interest to those who are concerned in the spread of the Kingdom of God. An intimate study of Russian life and ideals has just appeared, written by Professor Simpson, of New College, Edinburgh, the successor of Henry Drummond, and author of "The Spiritual Interpretation of Nature." There is nothing of sentimental gush or vapid cynicism in these pages. The book is dedicated "to Russia, merciful in victory, patient and calm in tribulation, and with the vision to act and to endure." The first chapter discusses with knowledge and insight the possibilities of political freedom and self-government, on the basis of what has already been accomplished by the unions of the towns and zemstvos (county councils) in the interests of the war. The future political progress of Russia will largely depend on the way in which she learns the lesson of trustful cooperation between the people and the government. Indeed this is a lesson that every nation must learn, from newer points of view, for the democratization and Christianization of the world. An important section of this book is devoted to a scientific study of the prohibition of vodka in the villages and towns and the economic results which have already affected every aspect of human life. The chief witnesses to these desirable changes are the insurance agent, the physician, the trader, and large employers of labor. A few testimonies are worth quoting for the encouragement of those interested in the cause of temperance. An official correspondent declares: "I simply cannot describe the good results, because with the shutting of the government shops the people are as if they were

born anew, or as if they were freed from servitude, as it was in 1861." "One hundred million rubles per month used to be spent on vodka; to-day it remains in the economy of peasant life. On all hands the people demand that it shall be banished forever. The last speech I heard in the Duma was that of a peasant delegate insisting that the permanent prohibition of vodka be embodied in legal enactment now." A priest writes: "You cannot see hooligans. The women are grateful; the children rejoice. They all thank God for such good results of temperance. And I, priest of my Church, am rejoicing too, and should like permanent prohibition. Police houses of detention are empty now: there are no drunkards. The wild young people are quite calm and different, showing that vodka was the reason of their wildness." Another testifies: "You cannot see a woman now with bark shoes, nor children going to school in tatters. 'We have war and sorrow, but we have no wine: that is our joy,' say the women." It is acknowledged that the state revenue, the seven first months of 1915, showed a deficit of four hundred and sixty million rubles through the suppression of the liquor monopoly. It is also acknowledged that the beneficial consequences are incalculable in the industries and in all the strata of society. We can therefore confidently predict that an adequate adjustment will be made by the government, that means of education and entertainment will be provided, and that throughout this extensive prohibition territory there will be achieved a great triumph for the welfare of humanity. The progress of this cause deserves our most careful study, for which Professor Simpson furnishes valuable material. The chapter entitled "On the Galician Front" deals with the war situation and the *morale* of the Russian army, which is described as "the greatest democracy in the world." Sidelights of Russian traits are also given in this volume; those who desire to read a graphic description of Russian character under the thin guise of fiction will find it in "The Dark Forest," by Hugh Walpole. What will be the fate of nearly twenty-two million Poles is discussed with statesmanlike grasp in the chapter on "The Future of Poland." What is written about "Religion in Russia To-day" is nothing short of a revelation, even after allowance must be made for the enthusiasm of the author who does not take sufficient note of the brutal religious persecutions inflicted by the Oriental Orthodox Church of Russia on some of the religious sects like the Stundists, the "Old Believers," the Molokans, and the Doukhobors. On the subject of Christian union the following remarks were made to Professor Simpson by a Russian leader: "Inter-ecclesiastical history is much more important than international history, because the life of nations is limited to this earth, whereas a Church is a body constituted both on earth and in heaven. I often think about the question of reunion. It will come first between the Greek Church and Protestantism, not between Rome and the Greek Church. Churches like the Anglican Church and the Greek Church have more psychological affinity with one another than with Rome. Rome is based on subordination, whereas the Eastern Church is based on coordination. The Church of Rome is a monarchy and a despotism, whereas the Greek Church is a federation of fourteen different Churches, a sort of ecclesiastical republic.

In this matter of union no Church should be asked to cede something to the other. They must endeavor to recognize one another as perfectly orthodox, as true, that is, to Scripture and to the spirit and teachings of the Seven Ecumenical Councils." It is very gratifying to read of the spirit of longing shown by the priests of the Greek Orthodox Church for the revival and redemption of religious life generally. Among the laity "there are brotherhoods or unions of zealous orthodox souls who gather in special houses, listen to the preaching of particular priests, and sing evangelical hymns." All these are signs of the better day which will dawn not only for Russia but for the whole world.

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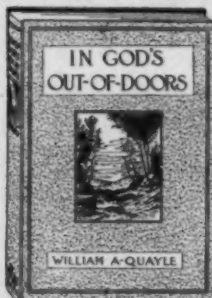


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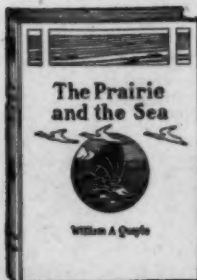


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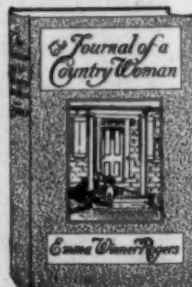
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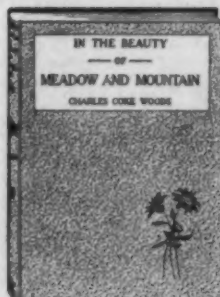
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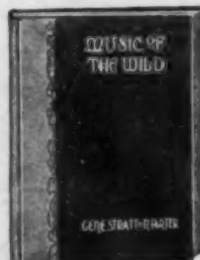


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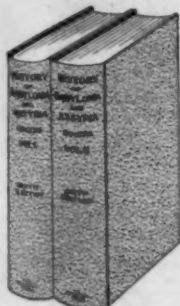
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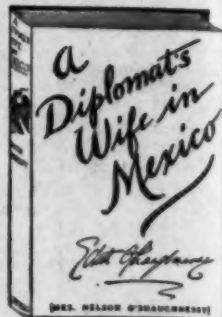
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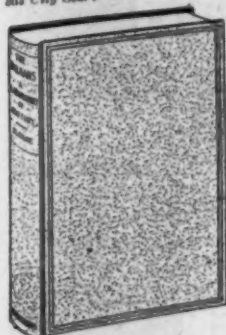
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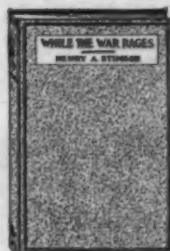
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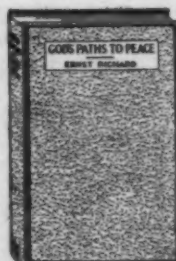


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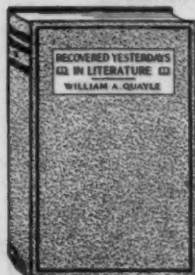


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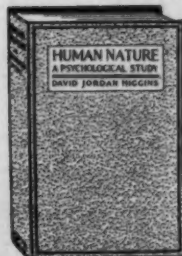
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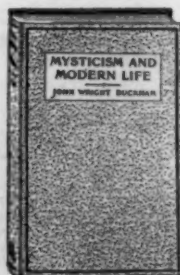
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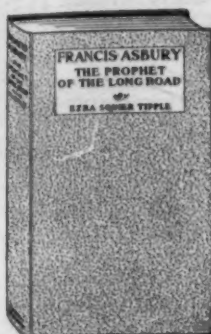
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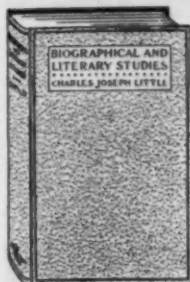
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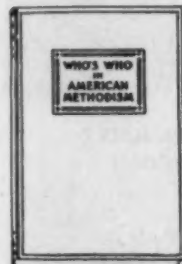


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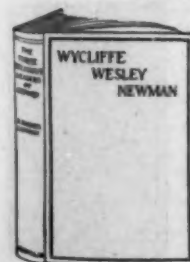


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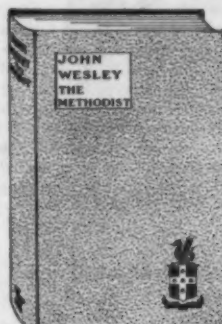
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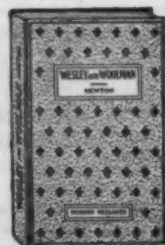
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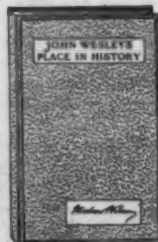
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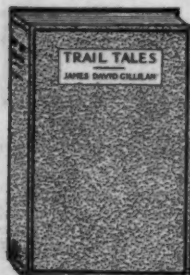
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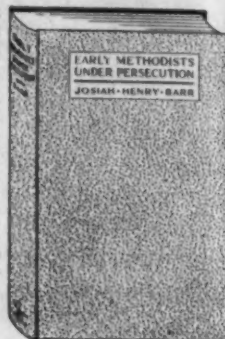
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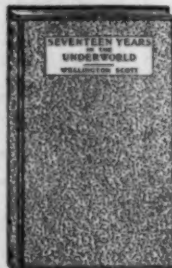


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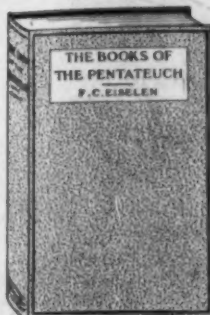


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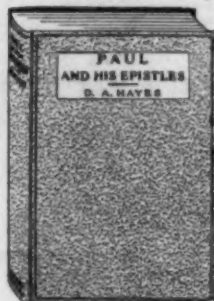
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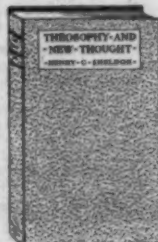
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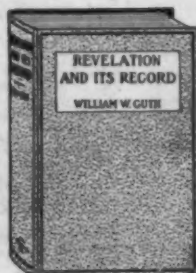


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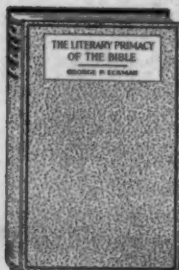
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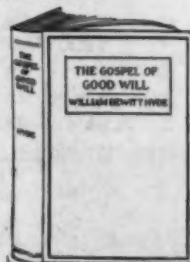
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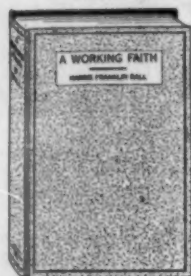
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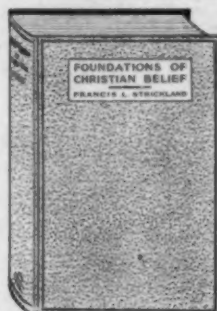


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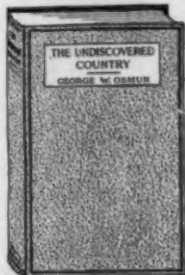
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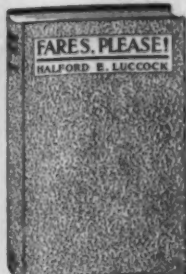
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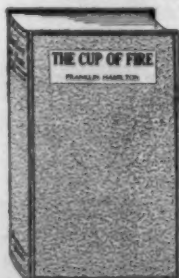
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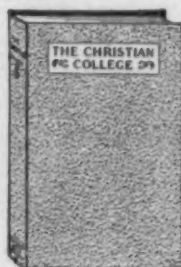


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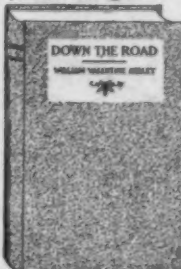


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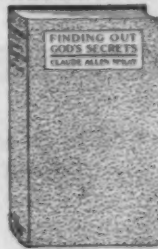
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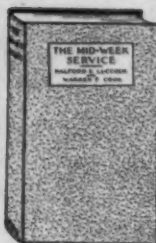
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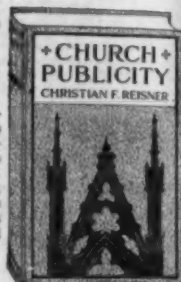


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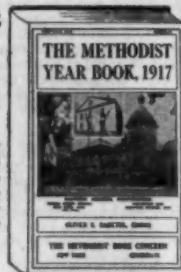


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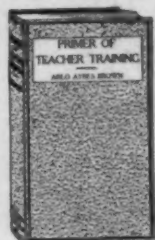
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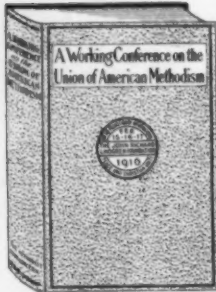
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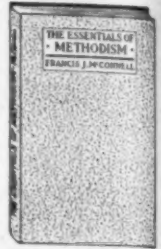
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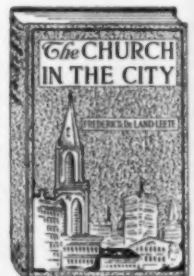
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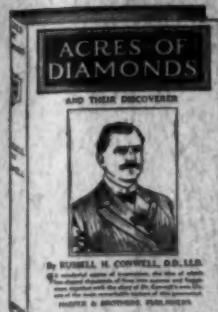
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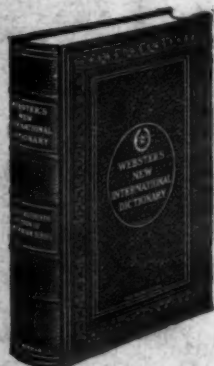
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